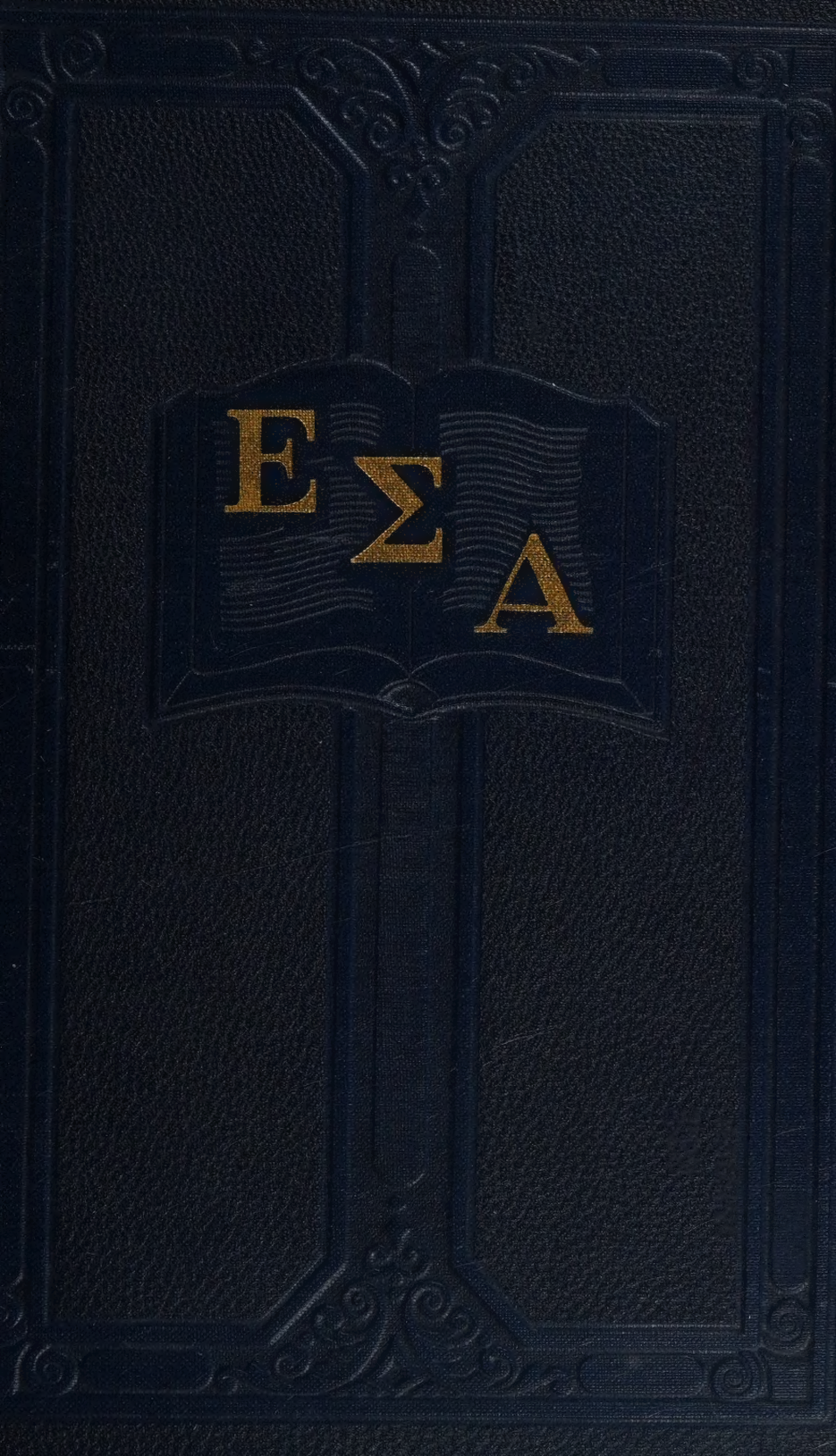
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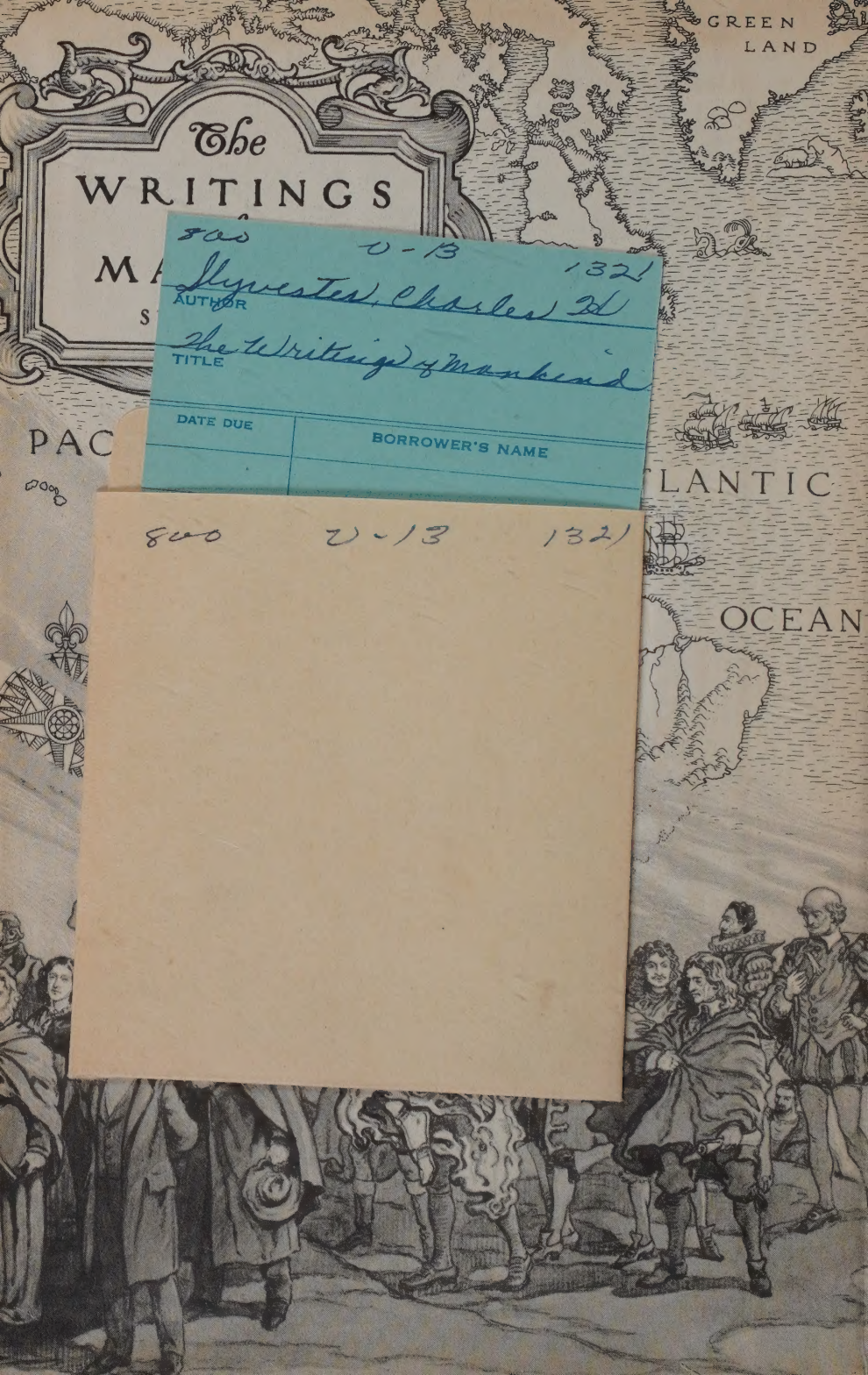

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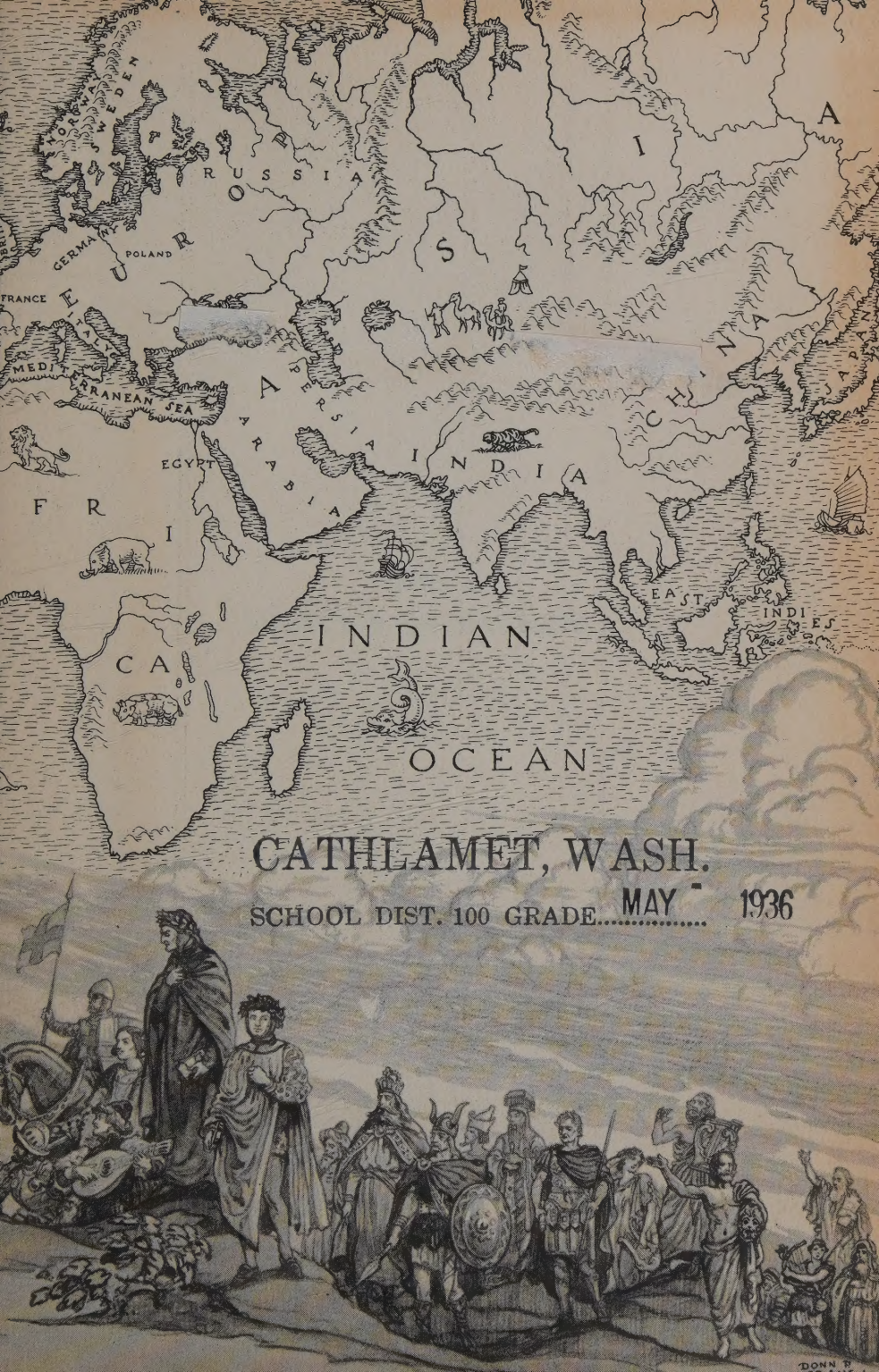

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THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

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STREET SCENE IN LATIN QUARTER, PARIS

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THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

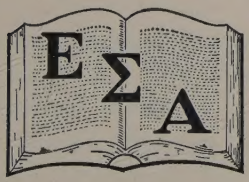
By

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

VOLUME THIRTEEN
FRANCE-GERMANY



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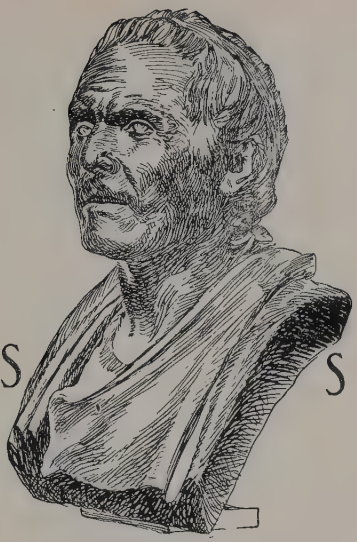

CHAPTER XXI

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (CONCLUDED)
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA; ROUSSEAU

DIDEROT. As we look back upon the stormy times which preceded the French Revolution, one of the most striking figures is that of Diderot, a quiet, persistent philosopher who made his bitter attacks upon Church and State and carried to completion what was, perhaps, the greatest work of the age. His own dying words sum up his doctrine: "The first step toward philosophy is incredulity." A friend of his writes: "When I recall Diderot, the immense variety of his ideas, the amazing multiplicity of his knowledge, the rapid flight, the warmth, the im-

petuous tumult of his imagination, all the charm and all the disorder of his conversation, I venture to liken his character to Nature herself, exactly as he used to conceive her—rich, fertile, abounding in germs of every sort . . . without any dominating principle, without a master, and without a God."

Denis Diderot was born in 1713 at Langres. He was educated at the Jesuit college in his native place and was intended for the Church, but distaste for the religious life was followed by equal dislike for the law; finally, he refused to return to his father's house, and remained in Paris to make his living by writing. At first he wrote on any subject that would bring him pay; in 1746, in his *Philosophical Thoughts,* he set forth the skeptical doctrines of his age, and by a subsequent work so antagonized the government that he was imprisoned at Vincennes. On his release, his wide knowledge on all subjects was recognized, and, as the book-sellers were then contemplating a translation and revision of the Chambers encyclopedia, he was engaged by them in conjunction with d'Alembert to do the work. A revision of the English work was soon found to be inadequate, and the great *Encyclopedia* was projected.

In his latter years Diderot fell into great poverty, and feeling it his duty to provide a dowry for his marriageable daughter, determined to sell his precious library. It so happened that Catherine II of Russia had become an admirer of his work and hearing of his des-

titution generously purchased the books and made him custodian of the library while paying him a salary for fifty years in advance. As an expression of his gratitude Diderot journeyed to St. Petersburg and spent months at the court in friendly visits with his benefactor. However, in 1774 he returned to Paris and for the ten years that remained of his life wrote and conversed with friends in the inimitable style which gave to his brilliant ideas a lasting value.

Marmontel has said: "He who knows Diderot only in his writings does not know him in the least." None realized more vividly than himself the haste of his fluent composition or the reckless prodigality with which his ideas were flung from his pen. In fact he laughed immoderately when a collected edition of his work was mentioned, feeling that most of his writings were ephemeral, and was satisfied if his stimulating ideas had brought into activity the minds of his readers.

II. The "Encyclopedia."—The *Encyclopedie, ou Dictionnaire Raisonne des Sciences, des Arts et Metiers* (*Encyclopedia, or Classified Dictionary of Sciences, Arts and Trades*).

In 1728 there had appeared in England the famous Chambers *Cyclopedia,* a scholarly and practical work, much more important than its feeble predecessors and really the first scientific work of its kind in English. Through translations into the Italian and French languages this work exerted a profound influence upon continental literature of this kind. The

original translation into French being considered inadequate the publishers engaged Diderot at the paltry salary of six hundred dollars a year to revise the work. In the fertile brain of Diderot the work became immensely greater, designed "to exhibit as far as is possible the order and system of human knowledge," a dictionary... "of the sciences, arts, and trades to contain the fundamental principles and the most essential details of every science and every art whether liberal or mechanical."

D'Alembert was associated with him, and scholars everywhere in France welcomed the idea, and the greatest men in the monarchy contributed their aid. Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Grimm, Buffon, Turgot and a host of writers of less importance contributed articles on topics, each in his own field of accomplishment.

As the undertaking progressed, it incurred the enmity of the Jesuits and the Church in general, as well as of the government, and every effort was made to suppress it. But for the persistent and secret favors shown by Madame de Pompadour, it is altogether probable that the enemies of the *Encyclopedia* would have triumphed. As it was, the twenty-eight volumes appeared at intervals from 1751 to 1772, the final one twenty-one years after the project was begun. Later, additional volumes to the number of seven were added, making a total of thirty-five.

Through all that long period of time, Diderot was the animating spirit, and the amount of work he did seems incredible. Moreover, it required a vast amount of courage and tact, for often he was driven to conceal his own opinions or to shade them in such a way as to save the work from destruction. Whatever one may think of the philosophy embodied in various articles, there is no question but that it was a mammoth undertaking, executed in a most remarkable way, for when it was finished the scientific knowledge of the age was classified and presented in popular form, and the rationalistic philosophy of the day, with its mixture of truth and error, of knowledge and ignorance, was all expressed and recorded. So noted did the work become in France that the devotees of the philosophy embodied in its pages came to be known as *Encyclopedists,* and as such they are often yet referred to.

III. The Philosophes. Around the *Encyclopedia,* or following its doctrines to a greater or less extent, grew up a host of active, determined, brilliant writers, who undertook to expose the wretched conditions of social and political life in France and to bring about a new order. The schemes proposed were innumerable, and by their means the public was kept continually stirred to a height of enthusiasm, while the Church and the government were driven to the greatest extremes in maintaining their positions. So great a ferment has rarely been seen in any nation, and certainly

never one which produced such astonishing results. We have already seen the beginning of things, and Voltaire's long life covered the whole of the period to which we allude.

The Encyclopedists, or, to use the more general term, the Philosophes, included among their numbers not only Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau, whom we discuss at considerable length, but also a great number of other writers, each distinguished in his own way, who added to the learning, wit and argument of the period. They raised a world of questions upon every subject, advanced new theories and proposed new systems. Much of their work was visionary, but they awoke a wonderful enthusiasm, not only in their own country but throughout Europe, and by their persistence in demanding free thought untrammeled by religion or government they established for the human race the right of investigation and examination of all subjects. Not yet can the end be seen of this spirit in mankind. Moreover, through them the idea of a common humanity received such encouragement that it has come to be a ruling principle in the world. Deaf to warnings, ignoring punishment, imprisonment and even death, they exposed the abuses of the French judicial system, they arraigned arbitrary imprisonment, torture and the extreme punishments of the penal code, denounced the horrors of the slave trade and revolutionized public sentiment even among the ruling classes.

From Painting by Mme. Vigée Le Brun, Museum of Versailles

MARIE ANTOINETTE
1755–1793

It was a royal battle, continued for many years, for the government responded by trying to stamp out the spirit, and carried its tyranny so far that few of the Philosophes escaped imprisonment in the Bastille and more than one perished on the scaffold. Bigoted leaders in the Church were roused to equal indignation and thundered their denunciations against the brilliant group. Of course, it is impossible to defend all that the Philosophes advocated or to claim that they were wise in many of their demands.

Voltaire and Rousseau died in the same year, and only about ten years before France was in the throes of the Revolution, which they had done so much to bring about. It must not be understood, however, that the Philosophes expected to overwhelm and destroy their government. They were working for reformation, not revolution, when they began, but the monarchy was so besotted in its ignorance, the people so overwhelmed by the tyranny and restraints that were placed upon them, that no peaceable solution was possible, and it was only through a period of horror and bloodshed that France found peace.

The names of a number of the Philosophes are so well known that they are familiar in the literature of all European nations. Besides those whom we have treated at greater length, a few deserve at least a passing notice. To begin with, there was Helvetius, descended from a line of physicians, who, at twenty-three,

was appointed farmer-general, a position which was worth a large income. His famous *De l'Esprit* brought such opposition that the three retractions he wrote were unable to hold his office, and his book was burned by the public hangmen. His writings were of the utilitarian type.

Then there was the wealthy d'Holbach, hospitable, intimate with such distinguished men as Diderot, Hume, Garrick and Rousseau, who attacked Christianity and religion and asserted that happiness is the end of mankind. Both Frederick the Great and Voltaire answered his arguments, while Rousseau, in *La Nouvelle Heloise,* sketches him as the virtuous atheist.

Marmontel, professor of philosophy at Toulouse, came to Paris at the instigation of Voltaire, wrote tragedies, became historiographer of France, but finally because of his writings lost his position, was compelled to move from Paris, and thereafter lived in a state of destitution. He was the light, good-natured philosopher.

A great statesman, an economist of the period, was Turgot, educated for the priesthood, but unable without hypocrisy to take holy orders. His wise policy might have ended in destroying the servitude of the peasant class had not the courtiers, nobles, farmers of the revenue, and others who lived at the expense of his class, united against him and driven the grave and noble statesman from office.

Jean le Rond d'Alembert was a brilliant and witty mathematician whose given name was derived from Saint-Jean le Rond, the church near which he was found when a baby; but his humble beginnings did not prevent him from attaining such distinction that he was admitted to the French Academy, and became one of the most influential of the *Encyclopedia* writers.

Condorcet, a man of penetrating intellect, wrote philosophical and mathematical studies with a remarkable facility and with such merit that he was received into scientific societies generally, and finally into the French Academy. At the opening of the Revolution he sided with the people and expressed so eloquently his enthusiasm for liberty that he became a leader among the Girondists; but on the fall of that party he fled from Paris, only to be arrested and brought back to prison, where he was found one morning dead in his cell, having taken poison which he had carried with him for some years.

Condillac was one of the influential psychologists who lived quietly on his own estate, but discussed clearly the principles in which he believed. But they were of such a nature that during the eighteenth century they were influential, were seemingly disapproved during the early part of the nineteenth century, but later on came to be considered more reliable. At one time he was instructor to the nephew of Louis XIV, a position which he obtained because of the excellence of his writings.

For thirty-seven years Melchior Grimm, a German by birth, lived among the French, the intimate friend of Diderot and of other important eighteenth-century authors. His office in literature seems to have been to furnish by means of letters to the royalty of the north—Germany, Russia, Switzerland and Poland—a reflection of all that was happening in Paris. This he accomplished by criticism, anecdote and lively raillery with so much clearness and sureness of comprehension that his letters are indeed mirrors that reflect Parisian affairs.

The first man to suggest the existence of a doctrine of evolution was George Louis le Clerc, Count Buffon, the natural historian and curator of the French zoölogical gardens. His colossal *Natural History,* though full of errors, contained a great mass of information and advanced many theories which then he was unable to support by facts, but which since have been definitely proven. It was written in a rhetorical style, which, however, was greatly admired by his contemporaries.

IV. Rousseau. One of the most striking figures of the eighteenth century was Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose career was peculiar from the beginning. He was born in 1712; he never knew his mother, but was trained and educated by his father, a clock maker of Geneva. The father's instruction consisted principally in reading with the boy, very largely from sentimental novels, and it was rather fortunate than otherwise when Jean-Jacques'

uncle, M. Bernard, took the lad in hand. However, family troubles soon interrupted his progress, and he was apprenticed to an engraver, who was so cruel and arbitrary that the boy, when sixteen, left Geneva and began a wandering life, in which for several years he lived by his wits. Although of Huguenot extraction, one of his first acts was to enter the Catholic Church when he reached the duchy of Savoy. For two years he was a servant in different families, and then he made the acquaintance and entered into intimacy with Madame de Warens, who exerted great influence over him and for about ten years was the ruling spirit in his life.

Rousseau was poorly educated, but while with Madame de Warens he acquired enough learning to enable him to act as tutor, and in 1741 he entered Paris, expecting to make his way by a new system of musical notation which he had invented. Although this failed to bring in the revenue he had hoped, he soon became secretary in the family of Madame Dupin and later in that of the Count de Montaigu, who was then Minister of the French King at the court of Venice. Rousseau acted as interpreter for the Count, but the latter seemed unable to appreciate the genius of his talented helper, and Rousseau, angry and indignant, returned to Paris, where he hoped to find justice against his aristocratic patron. Then for the first time he learned how utterly impossible it was for a man in his position to

obtain any redress against the ruling class. However, he wrote a cantata which was well received; it attracted attention by defending Italian music against the French system in a lively dispute that was then raging. About this time he made the acquaintance of Diderot, d'Alembert and Grimm, whom he considered no more than his equals, and formed an attachment for Therese, an illiterate servant, who bore him five children, all of whom he secretly deposited in a foundling asylum, and it is not known that he ever contributed anything to their support or showed any interest in their welfare. The father, mother and others of the family of Therese attached themselves to Rousseau, and he supported them all until their conduct became too oppressive, when one by one he rid himself of their company.

In 1750 the real fame of Rousseau may be said to have begun with his publication of an essay which took a prize offered at Dijon for the best discussion of the question, "Has the reëstablishment of the sciences and arts tended to make public morals purer?" His negative answer to this question made him well-known throughout Europe; a successful opera added to his fame, and from that time on successive papers and books continued to increase it until about 1765, when his active literary career may be said to have terminated.

Rousseau, melancholy, hypochondriacal, independent and pugnacious, quarreled one after another with all his friends and brought upon

himself a great amount of unpleasant suffering that might have been avoided. Nevertheless, it appears as though he was shamefully treated time and again by those who should have shown him kindness and support. His intimacy with Madame de Warens terminated in a quarrel; the patronage and kindness of Madame d'Epinay met with no better ending, though he had accepted her support and for a number of years made his home at the Hermitage, a residence she provided for him; then the Duke of Luxemburg became his patron, but the erratic philosopher quarreled with him. An ardent and unrewarded passion for Madame d'Houdetot, a sister-in-law of Madame d'Epinay, brought him another cluster of enemies, who, however, injured him only by dropping him from their acquaintance. But his writings caused opposition of a very different type, and he was driven out of Switzerland, exiled from the republic of Bern, and followed by coldness or persecution wherever he went. Finally Therese added to the troubles which were gathering about his head, and while living in the village of Motiers-Travers his house was stoned and he was so thoroughly frightened that from that time on he considered the whole world to be leagued against him. He lived for a time on the Island of Saint-Pierre, in the Lake Bienne; then he crossed to England at the invitation of Hume, with whom he quarreled needlessly. In 1767 he was back in France, and for a few years wandered about

from the home of one friend to another, and finally, in 1770, reappeared in Paris, where he was allowed to live unmolested the last years of his life. His death, which occurred in 1778, was by some ascribed to suicide, though that charge is not generally believed.

V. The Character and Work of Rousseau. Rousseau was an idealist in every sense of the term, and the realities in life played upon his sensitiveness until his nerves were unstrung and his reason gave way. Extravagantly proud, he found the means to satisfy his feelings even among the wretched surroundings in which a large part of his life was passed. It was an existence full of contradictions: suspicious of everybody, he was free and generous in soul; with pure and innocent ideals, he was an extravagant sensualist; effeminate and almost cowardly in his manners and actions, he was nevertheless brave to the point of rashness in emergencies; always feeling and professing a passionate love for freedom, he nevertheless would have established a tyranny of the worst kind.

Plebeian in his origin and glorying in his lack of rank, with an unbounded independence of restraint and a contempt for the opinions of others, he never would harmonize himself with his surroundings or meet on their level the aristocratic friends who would have cared for him. One by one he quarreled with them all, treated many of them shamefully, although they undoubtedly were too free to criticize and

ROUSSEAU
1712–1778

point out the faults of their friend. When, however, with deranged intellect and diseased body he wandered through the last years of his life, they admired him for his works and tended him as generously as he would permit.

It is impossible to separate Rousseau from his works; the man and writings are one. Nor is it easy to overestimate his influence upon the age. In a time of atheistic ideas, when materialism was rampant, he inaugurated a moral reform and restored the sentiment of religion. In Nature he found the sources of his inspiration, and his interpretation of her works fired the imagination of his friends and readers. At one time the whole nation, aristocrat and commoner alike, was at his feet, but his willfulness drove them away; then through his disciple Robespierre he became one of the most important factors of the Revolution and exerted his tyranny over all France.

His continual advocacy of a return to nature was extravagantly expressed and founded in error, for we know that the state of the savage, the noble Indian, is one of continual warfare for the necessities of life and submission to elaborate and confusing superstitions. What Rousseau fought against, if he had seen it clearly himself, was not civilization, but its conventionalities; was not religion, but the forms of religion; was not social ethics, but the rules of precedence and of the court. His great hold upon the imagination of the French was the result of two profound conceptions, for

which he argued and pleaded incessantly: individual dignity and individual rights as belonging equally to the aristocrat and the plebeian, to the whole mass of humanity and to the privileged few. "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains," he says. "One thinks himself the master of others, and still remains a greater slave than they," and it is to the explanation of these apparent contradictions that he addresses himself.

Upon literature Rousseau's influence was tremendous, for not only did he bring it back to nature, but he gave it an intimate personal character it had never possessed and restored the vigor and force it had lost through classicism.

A better idea may be gained of the man and his influence by a more careful study of a few of his works.

VI. The "Confessions" of Rousseau. No more remarkable document exists in literature than the long, the intimate *Confessions,* which cover Rousseau's life from his birth to his fifty-third year. The work is a frank, outspoken history of the development of a soul. With a frankness that at times is appalling, he writes of every incident of his life, sparing neither himself nor his friends, and with all the powers of his mind turned in scrutiny upon itself. Much of the *Confessions* is unpleasant to the reader, but there is another side that holds him. Morbid in part, introspective in excess, full of querulous faultfinding and bitter

criticism of his friends, there is, nevertheless, an appealing note in the eloquent descriptions of the growth of his proud, shy disposition and the touching seriousness with which he tells the story. Introspection and sentiment have come to be so large a part of our literature that it is difficult to realize that up to the time of Rousseau such things were almost unknown, and it doubtless was his *Confessions,* read everywhere in Europe, that started the great movement which modified the literature of the world. As Rousseau continued to inspect himself and the workings of his own mind, he became obsessed with his discoveries and developed an obnoxious egotism which has been freely imitated by such writers as Byron and his school.

From so long and comprehensive a work it is difficult to make selections, because of the wealth of material one would like to quote.

Of his birth and his parents, Rousseau says:

> My birth cost my mother her life, and was the first of my misfortunes. I cannot understand how my father supported her loss at the time, but I know that he was ever after inconsolable. In me he still thought he saw her he so tenderly lamented, but he could never forget that I had been the innocent cause of his misfortune. He never embraced me but his sighs, and the convulsive pressure of his arms, bore witness that a bitter regret mingled itself with his caresses, though, as may be supposed, they were not on this account less ardent. When he said to me, "Jean-Jacques, let us talk of your mother," my usual reply was, "Yes, father; but then you know we shall cry," and immediately the tears started from his

eyes. "Ah!" he would exclaim, with agitation, "Give me back my wife; at least console me for her loss: fill up, my child, the void she has left in my soul. Could I love you thus if you were only *my* son?"

Of his early reading he tells us:

I suffered well nigh before I was a conscious being: it is the common lot of humanity. But I have experienced more than my proportion of pain. I have no knowledge of what passed prior to my fifth or sixth year. I do not know how I learned to read, I only remember what effect the first exercise of it produced upon my mind; and from that moment self-consciousness began. Every night, after supper, we read some part of a small collection of romances which had been my mother's. My father's design was only to improve me in reading, and he thought these entertaining works were calculated to give me a fondness for it. But we soon found ourselves so interested in the adventures they contained, that we read in turns for whole nights together, and could not bear to give over until we had finished a volume. Sometimes, my father, hearing the swallows at daybreak, would say, quite ashamed of his weakness, "Come, come, let us go to bed; I am more of a child than thou."

I soon acquired, by this dangerous custom, not only an extreme facility in reading and comprehending, but, for my age, a too intimate acquaintance with the passions. All kinds of emotions were familiar to me long before I had any precise idea of anything—I understood nothing, I felt everything. These confused emotions, following quickly one upon another, did not impair my future judgment, then non-existent—but they formed in me one of another character, giving me strange and romantic notions on human life, which notions neither experience nor reflection has ever entirely succeeded in effacing.

My novel reading concluded with the summer of 1719; the following winter was differently employed. My mother's library being quite exhausted, we had recourse

to that part of her father's which we had inherited. Here we happily found some valuable books; and this was not extraordinary, as they had been selected by a minister who truly deserved that title; one in whom learning, which was then all the fashion, was but a secondary commendation, for his taste and good sense were equally remarkable. Le Sueur's *History of the Church and Empire,* Bossuet's *Discourses on Universal History,* Plutarch's *Lives,* Nani's *History of Venice,* Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* La Bruyère, Fontenelle, and a few volumes of Molière, were transferred to my father's closet, where I daily read them to him while he was at work.

Plutarch presently became my greatest favorite; the satisfaction I derived from constantly reading this author extinguished my passion for romances, and I shortly preferred Agesilaus, Brutus, and Aristides, to Orondates, Artemenes, and Juba. These interesting studies, seconded by the conversations they frequently occasioned with my father, produced that free and republican spirit, that proud and indomitable turn of mind which has rendered me impatient of restraint or servitude, and has been the torment of my life whenever I have found myself in situations incompatible with these sentiments. Incessantly occupied with Rome and Athens, living, as it were, with their illustrious heroes; myself born the citizen of a republic; the son of a father whose ruling passion was the love of his country, I was fired by his example. I could fancy myself a Greek or Roman, and readily enter into the character of the personage whose life I read. Transported by the recital of any extraordinary instance of constancy or intrepidity, animation flashed from my eyes, and gave my voice additional strength and energy. One day, at table, while relating the fortitude of Scoevola, they were terrified at seeing me start from my seat and hold my hand over a hot chafing dish to represent more forcibly the action of that determined Roman.

The childhood days passed with his cousin were pleasant and profitable:

On my return to Geneva, I passed two or three years at my uncle's, until it should be decided what was to be done with me. My cousin, being intended for an engineer, was taught drawing, and instructed by his father in the elements of Euclid. I shared these instructions, and was principally fond of drawing. Meantime, they were uncertain whether to make me a watchmaker, a lawyer, or a pastor. I should have preferred being a pastor, as I thought it must be a charming thing to preach; but the trifling income which had been my mother's, and which was to be divided between my brother and myself, was too inconsiderable to defray the expense attending the prosecution of my studies. As my age did not render the choice very pressing, I remained with my uncle, passing my time to very little advantage, and paying a considerable, though not unreasonable, sum for my board.

My uncle, like my father, was a man of pleasure, but had not learned, like him, to abridge his amusements for the sake of instructing his family. Consequently our education was neglected. My aunt was a devotee, who loved singing psalms better than looking after our instruction, so that we were left entirely to ourselves, a liberty which we never abused.

Ever inseparable, we were all the world to one another; and feeling no inclination to frequent the company of disorderly lads of our own age, we learned none of those habits of libertinism to the temptation of which our idle life exposed us. Perhaps I am wrong in charging myself and my cousin with idleness at this time, for we were never really so; and there was at least one advantage in our occupation. The amusements that successively absorbed us kept us together indoor, so that we were not tempted to spend any part of our time in the streets. We made cages, pipes, kites, drums, houses, ships, and bows. We spoiled the tools of my good old grandfather by endeavoring to make watches in imitation of him; but our favorite amusement was to waste paper in drawing, painting and coloring. There came an Italian

mountebank to Geneva, called Gamba-Corta, who had an exhibition of puppets, which he made to perform a kind of comedy. We went once to see them, but could not spare time to go again, being busily employed in manufacturing puppets of our own, and composing comedies, which we immediately made them perform, mimicking to the best of our abilities the uncouth voice of Punchinello. To complete our pleasure, my good aunt and uncle Bernard had the patience to see and listen to our imitations. But my uncle having one day read a serious discourse to his family, we instantly gave up our comedies, and began composing sermons.

These details, I confess, are not very amusing; but they serve to demonstrate that the beginnings of our education were well directed, since being, at such an early age, the absolute masters of our time, we found no inclination to abuse it, and were so little in want of other companions, that we constantly neglected every opportunity of finding them. When taking our walks together, we observed the diversions of other youths without feeling any inclination to share in them. Friendship so entirely occupied our hearts, that, pleased with each other's company, the simplest pastimes were sufficient to delight us.

We were soon remarked for being thus inseparable. And we were rendered the more conspicuous, by the fact that my cousin being very tall, and I extremely short, we thus made a ludicrously matched couple. His long, thin figure, his soft expression and careless gait excited the ridicule of the children, who, in the patois of the country, nicknamed him, "Barna Bredanna." We no sooner got out of doors than our ears were assailed with a repetition of "Barna Bredanna." My cousin bore this indignity with tolerable patience, but I was instantly for fighting. This was what the young rogues aimed at. I engaged accordingly, and was beaten. My poor cousin did all in his power to assist me, but he was weak, and a single stroke brought him to the ground. I then became furious, and received several smart blows, some of which were

aimed at Barna Bredanna. This quarrel increased their antagonism so much that, in order to avoid their insults, we could only show ourselves in the streets while they were employed at school.

The petty thievery into which he drifted while under apprenticeship is disclosed frankly:

I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances which make me even now both smile and shudder. The fruit was standing in a pantry, which received light from the kitchen, by a lattice at a considerable height. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed up to this lattice to see these precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made the pantry appear to me as the garden of the Hesperides. I fetched the spit—tried if it would reach them—it was too short. I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game, my master being very fond of hunting, and darted at them several times without success. At length I was more fortunate, and was overjoyed to find that I was bringing up an apple. I drew it gently to the lattice, and was going to seize it, when, who can express my grief and astonishment? I found it would not pass through—it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a stick to hold it with. At length, I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through. But it was scarcely separated—compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction—when both halves fell back into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage, but dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two obvious witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me. The next day I

renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; get up on the stool; take aim; and am just going to dart on my prey when—the pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and, looking up, exclaims, "Bravo!"— The horror of that moment returns—the pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous. It appeared a kind of set-off against my crimes, and at the same time seemed to authorize me to continue them. Instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beaten like a slave, I thought I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and to be punished were inseparable, and gave myself up to a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be behindhand with his. This preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever the thought of the consequences occurred to my mind, my reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beaten; no matter, I was made for it."

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I am convinced that the dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and death. Had I even felt the temptation, these prospects would have made me tremble. As it was, my pilferings appeared to me a species of joke, and in truth they were little else. They could but occasion me a good thrashing, and this I was already prepared for. A sheet of fine drawing-paper was a greater temptation than money sufficient to have purchased a ream.

This is the manner in which he left his apprenticeship and began his career as a wanderer:

Thus I attained my sixteenth year, disgusted and discontented with myself and my surroundings, too dissatisfied with my position to be able to enjoy the pleasures

of youth. Consumed with desires which I could not comprehend, I wept without cause for tears, sighed for I knew not what, and brooded over my dreams from very ignorance of their worthlessness. On Sundays, after service, my companions called for me, wishing me to share their diversions. I would willingly have escaped, but when once engaged in amusement, I was the most animated and enterprising of the party. It was equally difficult to excite as to restrain me, and this has always been a trait in my character. In our country walks I was ever foremost, and never thought of returning till reminded by some of my companions. I was twice obliged to spend the night in the open air, the city gates having been shut before I could reach them. The reader may imagine what treatment this procured me the following morning; and the second time I was promised so rough a reception for the third offense, that I made a firm resolution never to expose myself to the danger of it. This distressing third time, however, arrived. My vigilance was rendered useless by a vile captain, one Minutoli, who, when on guard, always shut the gate an hour before the usual time. I was returning home with my two companions, and had got within almost a mile of the city, when I heard the sound of the tattoo. I redoubled my pace, and ran with my utmost speed. I heard the drum. My limbs shook under me. Well-nigh stifled, soaked with perspiration, and with heart beating quickly, I saw from afar the soldiers at their post. I called out to them in a suffocated voice. It was too late. When but twenty paces from the guard, I saw the first bridge drawn up. I trembled to behold what was practically an augury of the fatal destiny which was from this moment to pursue me.

I threw myself on the turf in a paroxysm of despair. My companions, who only laughed at their misfortune, immediately determined what to do. My resolution, though different from theirs, was equally sudden. I vowed on the spot never to return to my master. And the next morning, when they entered the city, I bade

them adieu, begging them at the same time to inform my cousin Bernard of my determination, and of the place where he might see me for the last time.

A youthful crime that weighed upon his conscience is recounted as follows:

Would that I had finished all I have to say about my stay at Madame de Vercellis's house. But no. Unhappily there is more to tell. Contrary to all appearances, I did not leave her mansion precisely as I had entered it. I carried away with me the painful memory of a crime. I had been guilty of that which, even at the end of forty years, still weighs upon my conscience. Ah, the bitter thought! Far from vanishing as I grow older, it seems to gather strength. Who will believe that the evil-doing of childhood can have had such melancholy after-consequences? But it is because of the more than probable results of my sin that my heart can find no peace. I have, perhaps, caused an amiable, pure-hearted girl, who was certainly more deserving than myself, to finish her career with shame and infamy.

It is of course very difficult to break up a household without much confusion and even the loss of some property. However, so great was the honesty of the servants and the vigilance of M. and Madame Lorenzi that nothing was missed but a piece of old red and white ribbon belonging to Mademoiselle Pontal. Although many more valuable things were within my reach, this ribbon alone had tempted me, and I had stolen it. I had taken but little trouble to conceal the bauble, and it was very soon found. They insisted on knowing where I had obtained it. I was distressed, confused, and finally said, not without a blush, that Marion had given it to me. Marion was a young Maurienne Swiss, whom Madame de Vercellis had made her cook, when, abandoning dinner-parties and with them her *chef*, she discovered that she had more need of good broths than of dainty *ragouts*. Marion was not only pretty, but she had the fresh bloom of her native

mountains, and, above all, an air of modesty and sweetness which made her beloved of all who saw her. She was in all respects a good girl, virtuous, sensible, and so trustworthy that every one was astonished when I accused her. They had, however, little less confidence in me than in her, and seemed to think it necessary to examine into the matter to see which was really the thief. Marion was sent for. She came into the crowded room, the Count de la Roque being present among others. The ribbon was shown, and I boldly accused her.

She became confused and speechless, yet cast a look on me which would have disarmed a fiend, but which my base heart resisted. At length she denied with firmness but without anger, begging and exhorting me to reconsider and not to dishonor an innocent girl who had never wronged me. With infernal impudence I repeated my accusation, and boldly charged her to her face with having given me the ribbon. The poor girl burst into tears and said, "Ah! Rousseau, I thought you were good-hearted. You make me very unhappy, but I would not be in your place." This was all she said to me. She continued simply, but firmly, to plead her innocence, but without at any moment breaking forth into invective against me. This moderation, contrasted with my emphatic assurance, did her an injury. It scarcely seemed natural to conceive of such diabolical audacity on the one side being met on the other with such angelic mildness. It was impossible to decide for certain, but appearances were in my favor. In the chaotic state of affairs then prevailing it was impossible to sift the matter thoroughly, and the Count de la Roque in sending us both away, contented himself with saying that the guilty conscience would avenge the innocent. He was right. Every day of my life fulfills his prediction.

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Never was wickedness farther from my thoughts than in that cruel moment; and when I accused the unhappy girl, it is strange, but strictly true, that my friendship for her was the immediate cause of it. She was present to

my thoughts—I had formed my excuse from the first object that presented itself to my mind. I accused her of doing for me what I meant to have done for her, and, as my intention was to have given her the ribbon, I asserted that she had given it to me. When she appeared, my heart was agonized, but the presence of so many people was more powerful than my repentance. I did not fear punishment, but I dreaded shame, I dreaded it more than death, more than baseness, more than all the world. I would have willingly buried myself, have hid myself in the center of the earth—shame bore down every other sentiment; shame alone made me so impudent, and in proportion as I became criminal, the fear of discovery rendered me brazen. I felt no dread but that of being detected, of being publicly, and to my face, declared a thief, liar, and calumniator. An overwhelming fear of this overcame every other feeling. Had I been left to myself, I should certainly have declared the truth. If M. de la Roque had taken me aside, and said, "Do not injure this poor girl; if you are guilty, confess it," I am convinced that I should instantly have thrown myself at his feet. But they intimidated, instead of encouraging me. My age, also, must be borne in mind. I was hardly out of my childhood, or rather, was yet in it. In youth, a deed of villainy is more criminal than at a riper age; but weakness of character is much less so. And of this last only was I really guilty, and I am less afflicted at the deed itself than at its consequences. It had, indeed, one good effect in preserving me through the rest of my life from any other criminal action, so terrible an impression having remained with me from the only one I ever committed; and I think that my hatred of falsehood proceeds, in some measure, from my having been guilty of so black a one. If it be a crime that can be expiated, as I would fain believe, forty years of uprightness and honor, combined with the many misfortunes that have overwhelmed my later years, may have accomplished it. Poor Marion has found so many avengers in this world, that, however great may have

been my offense against her, I am not afraid of bearing the guilt with me to another. This is all I have to say on this subject, and I earnestly desire never to speak of it again.

Of his journey to Paris at twenty we have this account:

I made the journey in fourteen days, which I may reckon among the happiest of my life. I was young, in perfect health, with plenty of money, and the most brilliant hopes: added to this, I was on foot, and alone. It may appear strange I should mention the latter circumstances as advantageous, if my peculiarity of temper is not already familiar to the reader. I was continually occupied with a variety of pleasing chimeras, and never did the warmth of my imagination produce them with greater magnificence. When offered an empty place in a carriage, or if any person accosted me on the road, how vexed was I to see that fortune overthrown, whose edifice, while walking, I had taken such pains to rear.

For once, my ideas were all martial: I was going to live with a military man; nay, to become one, for I concluded I should begin with being a cadet. I already fancied myself in regimentals, with a fine white feather nodding on my hat, and my heart was inflamed by the noble idea. I had some smattering of geometry and fortification; my uncle was an engineer: I was, in a manner, a soldier by inheritance. My short-sight, indeed, presented some little obstacle, but did not by any means discourage me, as I reckoned to supply that defect by coolness and intrepidity. I had read, too, that Marshal Schomberg was remarkably short-sighted, and why might not Marshal Rousseau be the same? My imagination was so warmed by these follies, that it presented nothing but troops, ramparts, gabions, batteries, and myself in the midst of fire and smoke, an eye-glass in hand, commanding with the utmost tranquillity. Notwithstanding, when the country presented a delightful prospect, when I saw charming groves and rivulets, the pleasing sight

made me sigh with regret, and feel, in the midst of my glory, that my heart was not formed for such havoc; and soon, without knowing how, I found my thoughts wandering among my dear sheepfolds, renouncing for ever the labors of Mars.

One of the incidents that aided in the development of his character is thus told:

One day, among others, having purposely gone out of my way to take a nearer view of a spot that appeared delightful, I was so charmed with it, and wandered round it so often, that at length I completely lost myself, and after several hours' useless walking, weary, fainting with hunger and thirst, I entered a peasant's hut, which had not indeed a very promising appearance, but it was the only one I could discover near me. I thought it was here, as at Geneva, or in Switzerland, where the inhabitants, living at ease, have it in their power to exercise hospitality. I entreated the countryman to give me some dinner, offering to pay for it: whereupon he presented me with some skimmed milk and coarse barley-bread, saying it was all he had. I drank the milk with pleasure, and ate the bread, chaff and all; but it was not very restorative to a man sinking with fatigue. The countryman, who watched me narrowly, judged the truth of my story by my appetite, and presently (after having said that he plainly saw I was an honest, good-natured young man, and did not come to betray him) opened a little trap-door by the side of his kitchen, went down, and returned a moment after with a good brown loaf of pure wheat, the remains of a well-flavored ham, and a bottle of wine, the sight of which rejoiced my heart more than all the rest. He then prepared a good thick omelet, and I made such a dinner as none but a walking traveler ever enjoyed.

When I again offered to pay, his inquietude and fears returned. He not only would have no money, but refused it with the most evident emotion; and, what made

this scene more amusing, I could not imagine the motive of his fear. At length he pronounced tremblingly those terrible words, "Commissioners" and "Cellar-rats," explaining himself by giving me to understand that he concealed his wine because of the excise, and his bread on account of the tax imposed on it; adding, he should be nearly ruined if it was suspected he was not almost perishing with want. What he said to me on this subject (of which I had not the smallest idea) made an impression on my mind that can never be effaced, sowing seeds of that inextinguishable hatred that has since grown up in my heart against the vexations these unhappy people suffer, and against their oppressors. This man, though in easy circumstances, dared not eat the bread gained by the sweat of his brow, and could only escape destruction by exhibiting an outward appearance of misery! I left his cottage with as much indignation as concern, deploring the fate of those beautiful countries, where Nature has been prodigal of her gifts, only that they may become the prey of barbarous exactors.

At thirty-seven he was living in Paris with "Aunt" Therese, whom he says he married late in life:

The heart of my Therese was that of an angel; our attachment increased with our intimacy, and we were more and more daily convinced how much we were made for each other. Could our pleasures be described, their simplicity would cause laughter—our walks, *tête-à-tête*, on the outside of the city, where I magnificently spent eight or ten sous in each little wayside inn; our little suppers at my window, we seated opposite to each other upon two tiny chairs mounted upon a trunk, which filled up the space of the embrasure. In this situation the window served us as a table, we breathed the fresh air, enjoyed the prospect of the environs and the people who passed, and, although upon the fourth story, looked down into the street as we ate.

Who can describe, and how few can feel, the charms of these repasts, consisting of a quartern loaf, a few cherries, a morsel of cheese, and the half a pint of wine we drank between us? Friendship, confidence, intimacy, sweetness of disposition, how delicious are your communings! We sometimes remained in this situation until midnight, and never thought of the hour, unless informed of it by the old lady. But let us quit these details, for they are ever either insipid or laughable. I have always said and felt that real enjoyment was not to be described.

The temptation to quote from these interesting memoirs is almost irresistible, but we must close this account of Rousseau's *Confessions,* and it can be done in no better way than by allowing him to tell us of his life on the island in Lake Bienne, before his enemies made existence there intolerable and compelled his flight:

Botany, such as I have always considered it, and of which after my own manner I began to be passionately fond, was precisely an idle study, calculated to fill up the void of my leisure without leaving room for the delirium of imagination or the weariness of complete inaction. Carelessly wandering in the woods and the country, mechanically gathering here a flower and there a branch, eating my morsel almost by chance, observing a thousand thousand times the same things, and always with the same interest, because I always forgot them, were to me the means of passing an eternity without a single weary moment. However elegant, admirable, and variegated the structure of plants may be, it does not strike an ignorant eye sufficiently to command attention. The constant analogy, together with the prodigious variety which reigns in their conformation, gives pleasure to those only who have already some conception of the vegetable system. Others, at the sight of these treasures of nature, feel nothing more than a stupid and monotonous

admiration. They see nothing in detail, because they do not know for what they seek, nor do they understand the whole, having no idea of the chain of connection and combinations which overwhelms the mind of the observer with its wonders. I had arrived at that happy point of knowledge, and my lack of memory was such as always to keep me there, that I knew so little that the whole was really new to me, and yet everything that was necessary to make me sensible of the beauties of all the parts. The different soils into which the island, although diminutive, was divided, offered a sufficient variety of plants for the study and amusement of my entire life. I was determined not to leave a blade of grass without analyzing it, and I already began to take measures for making, with an immense collection of observations, the "Flora Petrinsularis."

I sent for Therese, she bringing with her my books and effects. We boarded with the receiver of the island. His wife had sisters at Nidau, who by turns came to see her, and were company for Therese. I here made the experiment of the agreeable life which I could have wished to continue to the end of my days, and the pleasure I found in it only served to make me feel to a greater degree the bitterness of that by which it was shortly to be succeeded.

I have always been passionately enamored with the water, the sight of it throwing me into a delicious reverie, although frequently without a determinate object.

Immediately after I rose from my bed, I never failed, provided the weather was auspicious, to run to the terrace to respire the fresh and salubrious air of the morning, and glide my eye over the horizon of the lake, bounded by banks and mountains delightful to the view. I know no homage more worthy of the Divinity than the silent admiration excited by the contemplation of His works, and which is not externally expressed. I can easily comprehend the reason why the inhabitants of vast cities, who see nothing but walls and streets, have but little faith, but not whence it happens that people in

the country, and especially those that live in solitude, can possibly live without it. How comes it to pass that these do not a hundred times a day elevate their minds in ecstasy to the Author of the wonders which strike their senses? For my part, it is especially at rising, wearied by a want of sleep, that continual habit inclines me to this elevation, which does not impose the fatigue of thinking. But to this effect my eyes must be struck with the ravishing views of nature. In my chamber I pray less frequently, and not so fervently; but at the view of a beautiful landscape I feel myself moved, by what power I am unable to tell. I have somewhere read of a wise bishop, who, in a visit to his diocese, found an old woman whose only prayer consisted in the single interjection "Oh!" "Good mother," said he to her, "continue to pray in this manner. Your prayer is better than ours." This better prayer is mine also.

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I gave every afternoon entirely up to my indolent and careless disposition, and to following without regularity the impulse of the moment. When the weather was calm, I frequently went, immediately after I rose from dinner, and got into a boat alone. The receiver had taught me to row with one oar, and I rowed out into the middle of the lake. The moment I withdrew from the bank I felt a secret joy which well-nigh made me leap, and of which it is impossible for me to relate or even comprehend the cause, if it were not a secret congratulation on my being out of the reach of the wicked. I afterwards rowed about the lake, sometimes approaching the opposite bank, but never touching it. I frequently let my boat float at the mercy of the wind and water, abandoning myself to reveries without object, and which were not the less delightful for their stupidity. I sometimes exclaimed, "Oh, Nature! oh, my mother! I am here under thy guardianship alone; here is no deceitful and cunning mortal to interfere between me and thee." In this manner I traveled half a league from land. I could have wished the lake had been the ocean. How-

ever, to satisfy my poor dog, who was not so fond as I of such a long stay on the water, I habitually followed one constant course; this was landing at the little island, where I walked an hour or two, or laid myself down on the grass on the summit of the hill, there to satiate myself with the pleasure of admiring the lake and its environs, to examine and dissect all the herbs within my reach, and, like a second Robinson Crusoe, build myself an imaginary place of residence in the island. I became very much attached to this eminence. When I brought Therese, with the wife of the receiver and her sisters, to walk there, how proud was I to be their pilot and guide! We took there rabbits to stock it. This was another source of pleasure to Jean-Jacques. These animals rendered the island additionally interesting to me. I afterwards visited it more frequently, and with increased pleasure, in order that I might observe the progress of the new inhabitants.

To these amusements I added one which recalled to my recollection the delightful life I led at La Charmettes, and to which the season particularly invited me. This was assisting in the rustic labors of gathering of roots and fruits, of which Therese and I made it a pleasure to partake, together with the spouse of the receiver and his family. I remember a Bernois, one M. Kirchberger, coming to see me, and found me perched upon a tree with a sack fastened to my waist, and already so full of apples that I could not stir from the branch on which I was located. I was not sorry to be caught in this and similar situations. I hoped the people of Berne, witnesses to the employment of my leisure, would no longer think of disturbing my tranquillity, but leave me at peace in my solitude. I should have preferred being confined there by their desire. This would have rendered the continuation of my repose more certain.

VII. "Restoration of the Arts and Sciences." In 1750 Rousseau wrote the essay which, as we have stated above, made him famous. In the preface he says: "Setting myself

up against all that is now-a-days most admired, I can expect no less than a universal outcry against me: nor is the approbation of a few sensible men enough to make me count on that of the public, but I have taken my stand, and I shall be at no pains to please intellectuals or men of the world." The independence and innate honesty of Rousseau's attitude in literature is well expressed by that sentence, and the essay, which answered the question in the negative, shows how clearly he saw the problem and how cleverly he solved it.

Two extracts follow, which show the trend of the discourse and suggest at least some causes of the storm which its publication brought forth:

External ornaments are no less foreign to virtue, which is the strength and activity of the mind. The honest man is an athlete, who loves to wrestle stark naked; he scorns all those vile trappings, which prevent the exertion of his strength, and were, for the most part, invented only to conceal some deformity.

Before art had molded our behavior, and taught our passions to speak an artificial language, our morals were rude but natural; and the different ways in which we behaved proclaimed at the first glance the difference of our dispositions. Human nature was not at bottom better then than now; but men found their security in the ease with which they could see through one another, and this advantage, of which we no longer feel the value, prevented their having many vices.

In our day, now that more subtle study and a more refined taste have reduced the art of pleasing to a system, there prevails in modern manners a servile and deceptive conformity; so that one would think every mind had

been cast in the same mold. Politeness requires this thing; decorum that; ceremony has its forms, and fashion its laws, and these we must always follow, never the promptings of our own nature.

We no longer dare seem what we really are, but lie under a perpetual restraint; in the meantime the herd of men, which we call society, all act under the same circumstances exactly alike, unless very particular and powerful motives prevent them. Thus we never know with whom we have to deal; and even to know our friends we must wait for some critical and pressing occasion; that is, till it is too late; for it is on those very occasions that such knowledge is of use to us.

What a train of vices must attend this uncertainty! Sincere friendship, real esteem, and perfect confidence are banished from among men. Jealousy, suspicion, fear, coldness, reserve, hate and fraud lie constantly concealed under that uniform and deceitful veil of politeness; that boasted candor and urbanity, for which we are indebted to the light and leading of this age. We shall no longer take in vain by our oaths the name of our Creator; but we shall insult Him with our blasphemies, and our scrupulous ears will take no offense. We have grown too modest to brag of our own deserts; but we do not scruple to decry those of others. We do not grossly outrage even our enemies, but artfully calumniate them. Our hatred of other nations diminishes, but patriotism dies with it. Ignorance is held in contempt; but a dangerous skepticism has succeeded it. Some vices indeed are condemned and others grown dishonorable; but we have still many that are honored with the names of virtues, and it is become necessary that we should either have, or at least pretend to have them. Let who will extol the moderation of our modern sages, I see nothing in it but a refinement of intemperance as unworthy of my commendation as their artificial simplicity.

Such is the purity to which our morals have attained; this is the virtue we have made our own. Let the arts and sciences claim the share they have had in this sal-

utary work. I shall add but one reflection more; suppose an inhabitant of some distant country should endeavor to form an idea of European morals from the state of the sciences, the perfection of the arts, the propriety of our public entertainments, the politeness of our behavior, the affability of our conversation, our constant professions of benevolence, and from those tumultuous assemblies of people of all ranks, who seem, from morning till night, to have no other care than to oblige one another. Such a stranger, I maintain, would arrive at a totally false view of our morality.

Where there is no effect, it is idle to look for a cause: but here the effect is certain and the depravity actual; our minds have been corrupted in proportion as the arts and sciences have improved.

. . . . . .

If the cultivation of the sciences is prejudicial to military qualities, it is still more so to moral qualities. Even from our infancy an absurd system of education serves to adorn our wit and corrupt our judgment. We see, on every side, huge institutions, where our youth are educated at great expense, and instructed in everything but their duty. Your children will be ignorant of their own language, when they can talk others which are not spoken anywhere. They will be able to compose verses which they can hardly understand; and, without being capable of distinguishing truth from error, they will possess the art of making them unrecognizable by specious arguments. But magnanimity, equity, temperance, humanity and courage will be words of which they know not the meaning. The dear name of country will never strike on their ears; and if they ever hear speak of God, it will be less to fear, than to be frightened of, Him. I would as soon, said a wise man, that my pupil had spent his time in the tennis-court as in this manner; for there his body at least would have got exercise.

I well know that children ought to be kept employed, and that idleness is for them the danger most to be feared. But what should they be taught? This is undoubtedly

an important question. Let them be taught what they are to practice when they come to be men; not what they ought to forget.

Our gardens are adorned with statues and our galleries with pictures. What would you imagine these masterpieces of art, thus exhibited to public admiration, represent? The great men, who have defended their country, or the still greater men who have enriched it by their virtues? Far from it. They are the images of every perversion of heart and mind, carefully selected from ancient mythology, and presented to the early curiosity of our children, doubtless that they may have before their eyes the representations of vicious actions, even before they are able to read.

VIII. The "Origin of Inequality." The Academy of Dijon proposed another subject: "What is the origin of inequality among men, and is it authorized by natural law?" Upon this Rousseau wrote a long discourse, even more radical than the one that had preceded it, yet in substance he pleads for the same things—sincerity, naturalness, virtue and proper pleasures. His pleas for the state of nature were so eloquent that Voltaire is said to have written to him, "You make one wish to walk on all-fours." The *Inequality* is destructive in its criticism and paves the way for the *Social Contract.*

With a few disconnected excerpts we must close this section:

I shall not stay here to inquire whether, as liberty is the noblest faculty of man, it is not degrading our very nature, reducing ourselves to the level of the brutes, which are mere slaves of instinct, and even an affront to the Author of our being, to renounce without reserve

the most precious of all His gifts, and to bow to the necessity of committing all the crimes He has forbidden, merely to gratify a mad or a cruel master; or if this sublime craftsman ought not to be less angered at seeing His workmanship entirely destroyed than thus dishonored. I will waive (if my opponents please) the authority of Barbeyrac, who, following Locke, roundly declares that no man can so far sell his liberty as to submit to an arbitrary power which may use him as it likes. "For," he adds, "this would be to sell his own life, of which he is not master." I shall ask only what right those who were not afraid thus to debase themselves could have to subject their posterity to the same ignominy, and to renounce for them those blessings which they do not owe to the liberality of their progenitors, and without which life itself must be a burden to all who are worthy of it.

. . . . . .

If we follow the progress of inequality in these various revolutions, we shall find that the establishment of laws and of the right of property was its first term, the institution of magistracy the second, and the conversion of legitimate into arbitrary power the third and last; so that the condition of rich and poor was authorized by the first period; that of powerful and weak by the second; and only by the third that of master and slave, which is the last degree of inequality, and the term at which all the rest remain, when they have got so far, till the government is either entirely dissolved by new revolutions, or brought back again to legitimacy.

. . . . . .

I have endeavored to trace the origin and progress of inequality, and the institution and abuse of political societies, as far as these are capable of being deduced from the nature of man merely by the light of reason, and independently of those sacred dogmas which give the sanction of divine right to sovereign authority. It follows from this survey that, as there is hardly any inequality in the state of nature, all the inequality which now

prevails owes its strength and growth to the development of our faculties and the advance of the human mind, and becomes at last permanent and legitimate by the establishment of property and laws. Secondly, it follows that moral inequality, authorized by positive right alone, clashes with natural right, whenever it is not proportionate to physical inequality; a distinction which sufficiently determines what we ought to think of that species of inequality which prevails in all civilized countries; since it is plainly contrary to the law of nature, however defined, that children should command old men, fools wise men, and that the privileged few should gorge themselves with superfluities, while the starving multitude are in want of the bare necessities of life.

He concludes an *Appendix* as follows:

What, then, is to be done? Must societies be totally abolished? Must *meum* and *tuum* be annihilated, and must we return again to the forests to live among bears? This is a deduction in the manner of my adversaries, which I would as soon anticipate as let them have the shame of drawing. O you, who have never heard the voice of heaven, who think man destined only to live this little life and die in peace; you, who can resign in the midst of populous cities your fatal acquisitions, your restless spirits, your corrupt hearts and endless desires; resume, since it depends entirely on yourselves, your ancient and primitive innocence: retire to the woods, there to lose the sight and remembrance of the crimes of your contemporaries; and be not apprehensive of degrading your species, by renouncing its advances in order to renounce its vices. As for men like me, whose passions have destroyed their original simplicity, who can no longer subsist on plants or acorns, or live without laws and magistrates; those who were honored in their first father with supernatural instructions; those who discover, in the design of giving human actions at the start a morality which they must otherwise have been so

long in acquiring, the reason for a precept in itself indifferent and inexplicable on every other system; those, in short, who are persuaded that the Divine Being has called all mankind to be partakers in the happiness and perfection of celestial intelligences, all these will endeavor to merit the eternal prize they are to expect from the practice of those virtues, which they make themselves follow in learning to know them. They will respect the sacred bonds of their respective communities; they will love their fellow-citizens, and serve them with all their might: they will scrupulously obey the laws, and all those who make or administer them; they will particularly honor those wise and good princes, who find means of preventing, curing or even palliating all these evils and abuses, by which we are constantly threatened; they will animate the zeal of their deserving rulers, by showing them, without flattery or fear, the importance of their office and the severity of their duty. But they will not therefore have less contempt for a constitution that cannot support itself without the aid of so many splendid characters, much oftener wished for than found; and from which, notwithstanding all their pains and solicitude, there always arise more real calamities than even apparent advantages.

IX. "DU CONTRAT SOCIAL." Within three years from 1760 Rousseau published three works so different from one another and of such great originality, power and beauty that he was at once raised to a position second only to that of Voltaire. Of these the most important is his *Social Contract, or Principles of Political Right.* This treatise is part of a lengthy work which Rousseau began many years previously and which he abandoned when he realized the improbability of being able to complete it. Having selected what he con-

sidered the most important portion, he destroyed the remainder and published his extract under the title given above. The *Social Contract* is the greatest document of the French Revolution, the inspiration of Robespierre and the statesmen who followed him, and, perhaps one of the greatest of all political philosophies. However, it has been described as "of all books the one most talked of and least read." Nevertheless, there is still in it a great deal of truth that makes it worthy of study, and those who are interested in the development of government will find the whole discourse valuable.

It is not Rousseau's object to deal in a general way with the actual institutions of existing states as Montesquieu did, but to lay down those fundamental principles upon which every legitimate society must be based. Rousseau was not contemptuous of facts, but they did not concern him except as they enabled him to determine what constituted *pure right;* for that purpose facts might be useful, but they could never prove what is right. At the risk of failure to give any adequate conception of Rousseau's aims in this great work, we might say that he uses three general and fundamental conceptions. First was the idea of *Social Contract,* namely, that society is founded upon a contract between the people and the government. There was nothing new in this theory, but Rousseau gave to it a new conception, that the contract was between the government, the

people, and all the individuals who composed the populace. His second conception was that of *Sovereignty:* in the philosophical sense the sovereign is that body in the State in which political power ought to reside and in which the right to such power does always reside, a conception quite different from the nominal sovereign or the legal sovereign. The idea of sovereignty and that of social contract are perfectly in harmony; in fact, the one seems but a re-statement of the other. The third conception is that of the *General Will,* the most fundamental, yet, perhaps, the most generally misunderstood of all Rousseau's conceptions. In his notion the effect of the social contract is to create a new individual. When this has been done, "at once, in place of the individual personality of each contracting party, the act of association creates a moral and collective body, composed of as many members as the assembly contains voters and receiving from the act its unity, its common identity, its life and its will." Again he says: "The body politic is also a moral being, possessed of a will, and this general will, which tends always to the preservation and welfare of the whole and of every part, and is the source of the laws, constitutes for all the members of the State, in their relations to one another and to it, the rule of what is just or unjust."

The following chapter on *How to Check the Usurpations of Government* will show the revolutionary tendency of Rousseau's writings,

and the distance which public thought had traveled since the days of Louis XIV:

What we have just said makes it clear that the institution of government is not a contract, but a law; that the depositaries of the executive power are not the people's masters, but its officers; that it can set them up and pull them down when it likes; that for them there is no question of contract, but of obedience; and that in taking charge of the functions the State imposes on them they are doing no more than fulfilling their duty as citizens, without having the remotest right to argue about the conditions.

When therefore the people sets up an hereditary government, whether it be monarchical and confined to one family, or aristocratic and confined to a class, what it enters into is not an undertaking; the administration is given a provisional form, until the people chooses to order it otherwise.

It is true that such changes are always dangerous, and that the established government should never be touched except when it comes to be incompatible with the public good; but the circumspection this involves is a maxim of policy and not a rule of right, and the State is no more bound to leave civil authority in the hands of its rulers than military authority in the hands of its generals.

It is also true that it is impossible to be too careful to observe, in such cases, all the formalities necessary to distinguish a regular and legitimate act from a seditious tumult, and the will of a whole people from the clamor of a faction. Here above all no further concession should be made to the untoward possibility than cannot, in the strictest logic, be refused it. From this obligation the prince derives a great advantage in preserving his power despite the people, without it being possible to say he has usurped it; for, seeming to avail himself only of his rights, he finds it very easy to extend them, and to prevent, under the pretext of keeping the peace, assemblies that are destined to the reëstablishment of order; with

the result that he takes advantage of a silence he does not allow to be broken, or of irregularities he causes to be committed, to assume that he has the support of those whom fear prevents from speaking, and to punish those who dare to speak. Thus it was that the decemvirs, first elected for one year and then kept on in office for a second, tried to perpetuate their power by forbidding the comitia to assemble; and by this easy method every government in the world, once clothed with the public power, sooner or later usurps the sovereign authority.

The periodical assemblies of which I have already spoken are designed to prevent or postpone this calamity, above all when they need no formal summoning; for in that case, the prince cannot stop them without openly declaring himself a law-breaker and an enemy of the State.

The opening of these assemblies, whose sole object is the maintenance of the social treaty, should always take the form of putting two propositions that may not be suppressed, which should be voted on separately.

The first is: "Does it please the Sovereign to preserve the present form of government?"

The second is: "Does it please the people to leave its administration in the hands of those who are actually in charge of it?"

I am here assuming what I think I have shown; that there is in the State no fundamental law that cannot be revoked, not excluding the social compact itself; for if all the citizens assembled of one accord to break the compact, it is impossible to doubt that it would be very legitimately broken. Grotius even thinks that each man can renounce his membership of his own State, and recover his natural liberty and his goods on leaving the country. It would be indeed absurd if all the citizens in assembly could not do what each can do by himself.

X. "JULIE, OU LA NOUVELLE HELOISE." While Rousseau's novel, *Julia, or the New Heloise,* is generally regarded by the French as

one of their most pathetic stories, yet it is the eloquence and feeling of the scenes rather than the excellence of the plot that has made the story notable. The most exciting and interesting events occur at the beginning of the story, so that the interest in the plot becomes feebler as it progresses. Improbable to a degree, the actions of the chief characters are repugnant to the ordinary feelings of human nature and not consistent with the sentiments and passions elsewhere ascribed to these individuals. Such, at least, is the criticism of Dunlop, who adds:

> Of this description are the marriage of Julia with Volmar, while she was yet enamored of Saint-Preux—the residence of Saint-Preux with the mistress he adored, and the man she had espoused, and the confidence reposed in him by Volmar, while aware of the attachment that had subsisted between him and Julia. The author having placed his characters in this situation, extricates himself from all difficulties by the death of the heroine.

The similarity to the story of Abelard and Heloise is noticeable, and there are other incidents which Rousseau undoubtedly remembered from his early reading of romances with his father, notably, for instance, where Saint-Preux, while his mistress is sick of the smallpox, enters the room and approaches the bed to expose himself to the infection and danger. When Julia recovers, she has a peculiar recollection of having seen him, but cannot tell whether it was in a dream or as a reality.

La Nouvelle Heloise was composed at Montmorency, while Rousseau was in a retreat which

the friendship of Madame d'Epinay had provided for him. Consumed by his own romance with Madame d'Houdetot, to which we have elsewhere alluded, he wrote out from his imagination this tale, which to the youthful reader seems convincing and real, but which fails to affect mature minds with the same conviction. As for the morality of the story, Rousseau himself appears to have been suspicious of it, and it certainly is strongly in contrast with what he expresses in his *Arts and Sciences.*

XI. "EMILE." Rousseau was fifty years old when he wrote *Emile,* which followed closely the two works we have last discussed. It is a philosophical romance with a very loosely-drawn plot, in which are but three chief characters, Emile, Sophy and the philosopher Jean Jacques himself, who appears on every page as the background against which the other characters are set. It is unquestionably the greatest book on education which had been written up to that time, and it still continues its influence. Many of the maxims and aphorisms of Rousseau have come to be axioms of modern teaching, and no trained instructor of the present day is ignorant of *Emile.* Its effect in France was profound, and its enthusiastic study was one of the great factors in bringing Frenchmen to see that the Revolution was inevitable. Lavater and Richter in Germany and Pestalozzi in Switzerland were inspired by Rousseau, and borrowed freely from his work.

Every reader will find many things against which he will urge objections, but every one can see what has been so frequently said, namely, that *Emile* is the charter of children. Something of the nature of the teachings of *Emile* appear in the extracts below.

Emile is the ideal pupil of the ideal tutor (Rousseau), and at the end of the story he meets and marries the ideal lady, Sophy. The comparatively brief section given to the training of Sophy shows how little place in Rousseau's scheme of education the girl occupies. Throughout the book the reader feels the impossibility of putting the author's ideas all in practice, but he is never far away from the practical. To provide a child with a devoted tutor who should accompany his charge from babyhood to death is chimerical, but the traits of a good tutor are powerfully drawn. In fact, the student can extract from the pages of *Emile* a book on modern pedagogy and leave a book of chimerical ideas, clothed in a wealth of imagery.

So well known are the best parts of *Emile* that it seems unnecessary to quote, yet so excellent are some of the passages that we cannot resist the temptation to reproduce them. Two maxims taken near the beginning of the book foreshadow the whole:

> In the natural order men are all equal, and their common calling is that of manhood.

> Life is the trade I would teach him (Emile).

But thus writes the man who sent his acknowledged, but illegitimate, children to an orphan asylum:

The new-born infant cries, his early days are spent in crying. He is alternately petted and shaken by way of soothing him; sometimes he is threatened, sometimes beaten, to keep him quiet. We do what he wants or we make him do what we want; we submit to his whims or subject him to our own. There is no middle course; he must rule or obey. Thus his earliest ideas are those of the tyrant or the slave. He commands before he can speak, he obeys before he can act, and sometimes he is punished for faults before he is aware of them, or rather before they are committed. Thus early are the seeds of evil passions sown in his young heart. At a later day these are attributed to nature, and when we have taken pains to make him bad we lament his badness.

In this way the child passes six or seven years in the hands of women, the victim of his own caprices or theirs, and after they have taught him all sorts of things, when they have burdened his memory with words he cannot understand, or things which are of no use to him, when nature has been stifled by the passions they have implanted in him, this sham article is sent to a tutor. The tutor completes the development of the germs of artificiality which he finds already well grown, he teaches him everything except self-knowledge and self-control, the arts of life and happiness. When at length this infant slave and tyrant, crammed with knowledge but empty of sense, feeble alike in mind and body, is flung upon the world, and his helplessness, his pride, and his other vices are displayed, we begin to lament the wretchedness and perversity of mankind. We are wrong; this is the creature of our fantasy; the natural man is cast in another mold.

Would you keep him as nature made him? Watch over him from his birth. Take possession of him as soon as he comes into the world and keep him till he is a man;

you will never succeed otherwise. The real nurse is the mother and the real teacher is the father. Let them agree in the ordering of their duties as well as in their method, let the child pass from one to the other. He will be better educated by a sensible though ignorant father than by the cleverest master in the world. For zeal will atone for lack of knowledge, rather than knowledge for lack of zeal. But the duties of public and private business! Duty indeed! Does a father's duty come last? It is not surprising that the man whose wife despises the duty of suckling her child should despise its education. There is no more charming picture than that of family life; but when one feature is wanting the whole is marred. If the mother is too delicate to nurse her child, the father will be too busy to teach him. Their children, scattered about in schools, convents, and colleges, will find the home of their affections elsewhere, or rather they will form the habit of caring for nothing. Brothers and sisters will scarcely know each other; when they are together in company they will behave as strangers. When there is no confidence between relations, when the family society ceases to give savor to life, its place is soon usurped by vice. Is there any man so stupid that he cannot see how all this hangs together?

A father has done but a third of his task when he begets children and provides a living for them. He owes men to humanity, citizens to the State. A man who can pay this threefold debt and neglects to do so is guilty, more guilty, perhaps, if he pays it in part than when he neglects it entirely. He has no right to be a father if he cannot fulfill a father's duties. Poverty, pressure of business, mistaken social prejudices, none of these can excuse a man from his duty, which is to support and educate his own children. If a man of any natural feeling neglects these sacred duties he will repent it with bitter tears and will never be comforted.

On love for childhood Rousseau writes as follows:

Men, be kind to your fellow-men; this is your first duty; kind to every age and station, kind to all that is not foreign to humanity. What wisdom can you find that is greater than kindness? Love childhood, indulge its sports, its pleasures, its delightful instincts. Who has not sometimes regretted that age when laughter was ever on the lips, and when the heart was ever at peace? Why rob these innocents of the joys which pass so quickly, of that precious gift which they cannot abuse? Why fill with bitterness the fleeting days of early childhood, days which will no more return for them than for you? Fathers, can you tell when death will call your children to him? Do not lay up sorrow for yourselves by robbing them of the short span which nature has allotted to them. As soon as they are aware of the joy of life, let them rejoice in it, so that whenever God calls them they may not die without having tasted the joy of life.

On management:

Treat your scholar according to his age. Put him in his place from the first, and keep him in it, so that he no longer tries to leave it. Then before he knows what goodness is, he will be practicing its chief lesson. Give him no orders at all, absolutely none. Do not even let him think that you claim any authority over him. Let him only know that he is weak and you are strong, that his condition and yours puts him at your mercy; let this be perceived, learned, and felt. Let him early find upon his proud neck, the heavy yoke which nature has imposed upon us, the heavy yoke of necessity, under which every finite being must bow. Let him find this necessity in things, not in the caprices of man; let the curb be force, not authority. If there is something he should not do, do not forbid him, but prevent him without explanation or reasoning; what you give him, give it at his first word without prayers or entreaties, above all without conditions. Give willingly, refuse unwillingly, but let your refusal be irrevocable; let no entreaties move you; let your "No," once uttered, be a wall of brass, against

which the child may exhaust his strength some five or six times, but in the end he will try no more to overthrow it.

On teaching the idea of property rights:

According to the principles I have already laid down, I shall not thwart him; on the contrary, I shall approve of his plan, share his hobby, and work with him, not for his pleasure but my own; at least, so he thinks; I shall be his under-gardener, and dig the ground for him till his arms are strong enough to do it; he will take possession of it by planting a bean, and this is surely a more sacred possession, and one more worthy of respect, than that of Nunes Balboa, who took possession of South America in the name of the king of Spain, by planting his banner on the coast of the Southern Sea.

We water the beans every day, we watch them coming up with the greatest delight. Day by day I increase this delight by saying, "Those belong to you." To explain what that word "belong" means, I show him how he has given his time, his labor, and his trouble, his very self to it; that in this ground there is a part of himself which he can claim against all the world, as he could withdraw his arm from the hand of another man who wanted to keep it against his will.

One fine day he hurries up with his watering-can in his hand. What a scene of woe! Alas! all the beans are pulled up, the soil is dug over, you can scarcely find the place. Oh! what has become of my labor, my work, the beloved fruits of my care and effort? Who has stolen my property? Who has taken my beans? The young heart revolts; the first feeling of injustice brings its sorrow and bitterness; tears come in torrents, the unhappy child fills the air with cries and groans. I share his sorrow and anger; we look around us, we make inquiries. At last we discover that the gardener did it. We send for him.

But we are greatly mistaken. The gardener, hearing our complaint, begins to complain louder than we:

"What, gentlemen, was it you who spoilt my work! I had sown some Maltese melons; the seed was given me as something quite out of the common, and I meant to give you a treat when they were ripe; but you have planted your miserable beans and destroyed my melons, which were coming up so nicely, and I can never get any more. You have behaved very badly to me and you have deprived yourselves of the pleasure of eating most delicious melons."

Jean Jacques. My poor Robert, you must forgive us. You had given your labor and your pains to it. I see we were wrong to spoil your work, but we will send to Malta for some more seed for you, and we will never dig the ground again without finding out if some one else has been beforehand with us.

Robert. Well, gentlemen, you need not trouble yourselves, for there is no more waste ground. I dig what my father tilled; every one does the same, and all the land you see has been occupied time out of mind.

Emile. Mr. Robert, do people often lose the seed of Maltese melons?

Robert. No, indeed, sir; we do not often find such silly little gentlemen as you. No one meddles with his neighbor's garden; every one respects other people's work so that his own may be safe.

Emile. But I have not got a garden.

Robert. I don't care; if you spoil mine I won't let you walk in it, for you see I do not mean to lose my labor.

Jean Jacques. Could not we suggest an arrangement with this kind Robert? Let him give my young friend and myself a corner of his garden to cultivate, on condition that he has half the crop.

Robert. You may have it free. But remember, I shall dig up your beans if you touch my melons.

In this attempt to show how a child may be taught certain primitive ideas we see how the notion of property goes back naturally to the right of the first occupier to the results of his work. That is plain and simple, and

quite within the child's grasp. From that to the rights of property and exchange there is but a step, after which you must stop short.

You also see that an explanation which I can give in writing in a couple of pages may take a year in practice, for in the course of moral ideas we cannot advance too slowly, nor plant each step too firmly. Young teacher, pray consider this example, and remember that your lessons should always be in deeds rather than words, for children soon forget what they say or what is said to them, but not what they have done nor what has been done to them.

Such teaching should be given, as I have said, sooner or later, as the scholar's disposition, gentle or turbulent, requires it. The way of using it is unmistakable; but to omit no matter of importance in a difficult business let us take another example.

Your ill-tempered child destroys everything he touches. Do not vex yourself; put anything he can spoil out of his reach. He breaks the things he is using; do not be in a hurry to give him more; let him feel the want of them. He breaks the windows of his room; let the wind blow upon him night and day, and do not be afraid of his catching cold; it is better to catch cold than to be reckless. Never complain of the inconvenience he causes you, but let him feel it first. At last you will have the windows mended without saying anything. He breaks them again; then change your plan; tell him dryly and without anger, "The windows are mine, I took pains to have them put in, and I mean to keep them safe." Then you will shut him up in a dark place without a window. At this unexpected proceeding he cries and howls; no one heeds. Soon he gets tired and changes his tone; he laments and sighs; a servant appears, the rebel begs to be let out. Without seeking any excuse for refusing, the servant merely says, "I, too, have windows to keep," and goes away. At last, when the child has been there several hours, long enough to get very tired of it, long enough to make an impression on his memory, some one suggests

to him that he should offer to make terms with you, so that you may set him free and he will never break windows again. That is just what he wants. He will send and ask you to come and see him; you will come, he will suggest his plan, and you will agree to it at once, saying, "That is a very good idea; it will suit us both; why didn't you think of it sooner?" Then without asking for any affirmation or confirmation of his promise, you will embrace him joyfully and take him back at once to his own room, considering this agreement as sacred as if he had confirmed it by a formal oath. What idea do you think he will form from these proceedings, as to the fulfillment of a promise and its usefulness? If I am not greatly mistaken, there is not a child upon earth, unless he is utterly spoilt already, who could resist this treatment, or one who would ever dream of breaking windows again on purpose. Follow out the whole train of thought. The naughty little fellow hardly thought when he was making a hole for his beans that he was hewing out a cell in which his own knowledge would soon imprison him.

On lying:

We are now in the world of morals, the door to vice is open. Deceit and falsehood are born along with conventions and duties. As soon as we can do what we ought not to do, we try to hide what we ought not to have done. As soon as self-interest makes us give a promise, a greater interest may make us break it; it is merely a question of doing it with impunity; we naturally take refuge in concealment and falsehood. As we have not been able to prevent vice, we must punish it. The sorrows of life begin with its mistakes.

I have already said enough to show that children should never receive punishment merely as such; it should always come as the natural consequence of their fault. Thus you will not exclaim against their falsehood, you will not exactly punish them for lying, but you will arrange that all the ill effects of lying, such as not being believed when we speak the truth, or being accused of

what we have not done in spite of our protests, shall fall on their heads when they have told a lie. But let us explain what lying means to the child.

There are two kinds of lies; one concerns an accomplished fact, the other concerns a future duty. The first occurs when we falsely deny or assert that we did or did not do something, or, to put it in general terms, when we knowingly say what is contrary to facts. The other occurs when we promise what we do not mean to perform, or, in general terms, when we profess an intention which we do not really mean to carry out. These two kinds of lie are sometimes found in combination, but their differences are my present business.

He who feels the need of help from others, he who is constantly experiencing their kindness, has nothing to gain by deceiving them; it is plainly to his advantage that they should see things as they are, lest they should mistake his interests. It is therefore plain that lying with regard to actual facts is not natural to children, but lying is made necessary by the law of obedience; since obedience is disagreeable, children disobey as far as they can in secret, and the present good of avoiding punishment or reproof outweighs the remoter good of speaking the truth. Under a free and natural education why should your child lie? What has he to conceal from you? You do not thwart him, you do not punish him, you demand nothing from him. Why should he not tell everything to you as simply as to his little playmate? He cannot see anything more risky in the one course than in the other.

The lie concerning duty is even less natural, since promises to do or refrain from doing are conventional agreements which are outside the state of nature and detract from our liberty. Moreover, all promises made by children are in themselves void; when they pledge themselves they do not know what they are doing, for their narrow vision cannot look beyond the present. A child can hardly lie when he makes a promise; for he is only thinking how he can get out of the present difficulty;

any means which has not an immediate result is the same to him; when he promises for the future he promises nothing, and his imagination is as yet incapable of projecting him into the future while he lives in the present. If he could escape a whipping or get a packet of sweets by promising to throw himself out of the window tomorrow, he would promise on the spot. This is why the law disregards all promises made by minors, and when fathers and teachers are stricter and demand that promises shall be kept, it is only when the promise refers to something the child ought to do even if he had made no promise.

The child cannot lie when he makes a promise, for he does not know what he is doing when he makes his promise. The case is different when he breaks his promise, which is a sort of retrospective falsehood; for he clearly remembers making the promise, but he fails to see the importance of keeping it. Unable to look into the future, he cannot foresee the results of things, and when he breaks his promises he does nothing contrary to his stage of reasoning.

Children's lies are therefore entirely the work of their teachers, and to teach them to speak the truth is nothing less than to teach them the art of lying. In your zeal to rule, control, and teach them, you never find sufficient means at your disposal. You wish to gain fresh influence over their minds by baseless maxims, by unreasonable precepts; and you would rather they knew their lessons and told lies, than leave them ignorant and truthful.

We, who only give our scholars lessons in practice, who prefer to have them good rather than clever, never demand the truth lest they should conceal it, and never claim any promise lest they should be tempted to break it. If some mischief has been done in my absence and I do not know who did it, I shall take care not to accuse Emile, nor to say, "Did you do it?" For in so doing what should I do but teach him to deny it? If his difficult temperament compels me to make some agreement with him, I will take good care that the suggestion always

comes from him, never from me; that when he undertakes anything he has always a present and effective interest in fulfilling his promise, and if he ever fails this lie will bring down on him all the unpleasant consequences which he sees arising from the natural order of things, and not from his tutor's vengeance. But far from having recourse to such cruel measures, I feel almost certain that Emile will not know for many years what it is to lie, and that when he does find out, he will be astonished and unable to understand what can be the use of it. It is quite clear that the less I make his welfare dependent on the will or the opinions of others, the less is it to his interest to lie.

On the approach of adolescence:

But, speaking generally, man is not meant to remain a child. He leaves childhood behind him at the time ordained by nature; and this critical moment, short enough in itself, has far-reaching consequences.

As the roaring of the waves precedes the tempest, so the murmur of rising passions announces this tumultuous change; a suppressed excitement warns us of the approaching danger. A change of temper, frequent outbreaks of anger, a perpetual stirring of the mind, make the child almost ungovernable. He becomes deaf to the voice he used to obey; he is a lion in a fever; he distrusts his keeper and refuses to be controlled.

With the moral symptoms of a changing temper there are perceptible changes in appearance. His countenance develops and takes the stamp of his character; the soft and sparse down upon his cheeks becomes darker and stiffer. His voice grows hoarse or rather he loses it altogether. He is neither a child nor a man and cannot speak like either of them. His eyes, those organs of the soul which till now were dumb, find speech and meaning; a kindling fire illumines them, there is still a sacred innocence in their ever brightening glance, but they have lost their first meaningless expression; he is already aware that they can say too much; he is beginning to learn to

lower his eyes and blush, he is becoming sensitive, though he does not know what it is that he feels; he is uneasy without knowing why. All this may happen gradually and give you time enough; but if his keenness becomes impatience, his eagerness madness, if he is angry and sorry all in a moment, if he weeps without cause, if in the presence of objects which are beginning to be a source of danger his pulse quickens and his eyes sparkle, if he trembles when a woman's hand touches his, if he is troubled or timid in her presence, O Ulysses, wise Ulysses! have a care! The passages you closed with so much pains are open; the winds are unloosed; keep your hand upon the helm or all is lost.

This concerning Sophy:

I cannot repeat too often that I am not dealing with prodigies. Emile is no prodigy, neither is Sophy. He is a man and she is a woman; this is all they have to boast of. In the present confusion between the sexes it is almost a miracle to belong to one's own sex.

Sophy is well born and she has a good disposition; she is very warm-hearted, and this warmth of heart sometimes makes her imagination run away with her. Her mind is keen rather than accurate, her temper is pleasant but variable, her person pleasing though nothing out of the common, her countenance bespeaks a soul and it speaks true; you may meet her with indifference, but you will not leave her without emotion. Others possess good qualities which she lacks; others possess her good qualities in a higher degree, but in no one are these qualities better blended to form a happy disposition. She knows how to make the best of her very faults, and if she were more perfect she would be less pleasing.

Sophy is not beautiful; but in her presence men forget the fairer women, and the latter are dissatisfied with themselves. At first sight she is hardly pretty; but the more we see her the prettier she is; she wins where so many lose, and what she wins she keeps. Her eyes might be finer, her mouth more beautiful, her stature more

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SCHOOL DIST. 100 GRADE..... MAY 1936

imposing; but no one could have a more graceful figure, a finer complexion, a whiter hand, a daintier foot, a sweeter look, and a more expressive countenance. She does not dazzle; she arouses interest; she delights us, we know not why.

Sophy is fond of dress, and she knows how to dress; her mother has no other maid; she has taste enough to dress herself well; but she hates rich clothes; her own are always simple but elegant. She does not like showy but becoming things. She does not know what colors are fashionable, but she makes no mistake about those that suit her. No girl seems more simply dressed, but no one could take more pains over her toilet; no article is selected at random, and yet there is no trace of artificiality. Her dress is very modest in appearance and very coquettish in reality; she does not display her charms, she conceals them, but in such a way as to enhance them. When you see her you say, "That is a good, modest girl," but while you are with her, you cannot take your eyes or your thoughts off her, and one might say that this very simple adornment is only put on to be removed bit by bit by the imagination.

Sophy has natural gifts; she is aware of them, and they have not been neglected; but never having had a chance of much training she is content to use her pretty voice to sing tastefully and truly; her little feet step lightly, easily, and gracefully, she can always make an easy, graceful courtesy. She has had no singing master but her father, no dancing mistress but her mother; a neighboring organist has given her a few lessons in playing accompaniments on the spinet, and she has improved herself by practice. At first she only wished to show off her hand on the dark keys; then she discovered that the thin clear tone of the spinet made her voice sound sweeter; little by little she recognized the charms of harmony; as she grew older she at last began to enjoy the charms of expression, to love music for its own sake. But she has taste rather than talent; she cannot read a simple air from notes.

Needlework is what Sophy likes best; and the feminine arts have been taught her most carefully, even those you would not expect, such as cutting out and dressmaking. There is nothing she cannot do with her needle, and nothing that she does not take a delight in doing; but lace-making is her favorite occupation, because there is nothing which requires such a pleasing attitude, nothing which calls for such grace and dexterity of finger. She has also studied all the details of housekeeping; she understands cooking and cleaning; she knows the prices of food, and also how to choose it; she can keep accounts accurately, she is her mother's housekeeper. Some day she will be the mother of a family; by managing her father's house she is preparing to manage her own; she can take the place of any of the servants and she is always ready to do so. You cannot give orders unless you can do the work yourself; that is why her mother sets her to do it. Sophy does not think of that; her first duty is to be a good daughter, and that is all she thinks about for the present. Her one idea is to help her mother and relieve her of some of her anxieties. However, she does not like them all equally well. For instance, she likes dainty food, but she does not like cooking; the details of cookery offend her, and things are never clean enough for her. She is extremely sensitive in this respect and carries her sensitiveness to a fault; she would let the whole dinner boil over into the fire rather than soil her cuffs. She has always disliked inspecting the kitchen-garden for the same reason. The soil is dirty, and as soon as she sees the manure heap she fancies there is a disagreeable smell.

This defect is the result of her mother's teaching. According to her, cleanliness is one of the most necessary of a woman's duties, a special duty, of the highest importance and a duty imposed by nature. Nothing could be more revolting than a dirty woman, and a husband who tires of her is not to blame. She insisted so strongly on this duty when Sophy was little, she required such absolute cleanliness in her person, clothing, room, work,

and toilet, that use has become habit, till it absorbs one half of her time and controls the other; so that she thinks less of how to do a thing than of how to do it without getting dirty.

Yet this has not degenerated into mere affectation and softness; there is none of the over-refinement of luxury. Nothing but clean water enters her room; she knows no perfumes but the scent of flowers, and her husband will never find anything sweeter than her breath. In conclusion, the attention she pays to the outside does not blind her to the fact that time and strength are meant for greater tasks; either she does not know or she despises that exaggerated cleanliness of body which degrades the soul. Sophy is more than clean, she is pure.

I said that Sophy was fond of good things. She was so by nature; but she became temperate by habit and now she is temperate by virtue. Little girls are not to be controlled, as little boys are, to some extent, through their greediness. This tendency may have ill effects on women and it is too dangerous to be left unchecked. When Sophy was little, she did not always return empty-handed if she was sent to her mother's cupboard, and she was not quite to be trusted with sweets and sugar-almonds. Her mother caught her, took them from her, punished her, and made her go without her dinner. At last she managed to persuade her that sweets were bad for the teeth, and that over-eating spoiled the figure. Thus Sophy overcame her faults; and when she grew older other tastes distracted her from this low kind of self-indulgence. With awakening feeling greediness ceases to be the ruling passion, both with men and women. Sophy has preserved her feminine tastes; she likes milk and sweets; she likes pastry and made-dishes, but not much meat. She has never tasted wine or spirits; moreover, she eats sparingly; women, who do not work so hard as men, have less waste to repair. In all things she likes what is good, and knows how to appreciate it; but she can also put up with what is not so good, or can go without it.

Sophy's mind is pleasing but not brilliant, and thorough but not deep; it is the sort of mind which calls for no remark, as she never seems cleverer or stupider than oneself. When people talk to her they always find what she says attractive, though it may not be highly ornamental according to modern ideas of an educated woman; her mind has been formed not only by reading, but by conversation with her father and mother, by her own reflections, and by her own observations in the little world in which she has lived. Sophy is naturally merry; as a child she was even giddy; but her mother cured her of her silly ways, little by little, lest too sudden a change should make her self-conscious. Thus she became modest and retiring while still a child, and now that she is a child no longer, she finds it easier to continue this conduct than it would have been to acquire it without knowing why. It is amusing to see her occasionally return to her old ways and indulge in childish mirth and then suddenly check herself, with silent lips, downcast eyes, and rosy blushes; neither child nor woman, she may well partake of both.

Sophy is too sensitive to be always good humored, but too gentle to let this be really disagreeable to other people; it is only herself who suffers. If you say anything that hurts her she does not sulk, but her heart swells; she tries to run away and cry. In the midst of her tears, at a word from her father or mother she returns at once laughing and playing, secretly wiping her eyes and trying to stifle her sobs.

Yet she has her whims; if her temper is too much indulged it degenerates into rebellion, and then she forgets herself. But give her time to come round and her way of making you forget her wrong-doing is almost a virtue. If you punish her she is gentle and submissive, and you see that she is more ashamed of the fault than the punishment. If you say nothing, she never fails to make amends, and she does it so frankly and so readily that you cannot be angry with her. She would kiss the ground before the lowest servant and would make no

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fuss about it; and as soon as she is forgiven, you can see by her delight and her caresses that a load is taken off her heart. In a word, she endures patiently the wrong-doing of others, and she is eager to atone for her own. This amiability is natural to her sex when unspoiled. Woman is made to submit to man and to endure even injustice at his hands. You will never bring young lads to this; their feelings rise in revolt against injustice; nature has not fitted them to put up with it.

Sophy's religion is reasonable and simple, with few doctrines and fewer observances; or rather as she knows no course of conduct but the right her whole life is devoted to the service of God and to doing good. In all her parents' teaching of religion she has been trained to a reverent submission; they have often said, "My little girl, this is too hard for you; your husband will teach you when you are grown up." Instead of long sermons about piety, they have been content to preach by their example, and this example is engraved on her heart.

Sophy loves virtue; this love has come to be her ruling passion; she loves virtue because there is nothing fairer in itself, she loves it because it is a woman's glory and because a virtuous woman is little lower than the angels; she loves virtue as the only road to real happiness, because she sees nothing but poverty, neglect, unhappiness, shame, and disgrace in the life of a bad woman; she loves virtue because it is dear to her revered father and to her tender and worthy mother; they are not content to be happy in their own virtue, they desire hers; and she finds her chief happiness in the hope of making them happy. All these feelings inspire an enthusiasm which stirs her heart and keeps all its budding passions in subjection to this noble enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XXII

THE REVOLUTION AND THE EMPIRE

THE REVOLUTION. A cataclysm such as the French Revolution is too destructive to permit the literary spirit to thrive. However it may have flourished before the epoch, when the first overt act was committed actualities took the place of imaginary events, and deeds followed words, without delay. Instrumental as literature had been in bringing about the Revolution, it subsided in importance as soon as the first blood was shed. Yet ability to write was never more common, and scarcely one of the actual leaders was incompetent to wield the pen effectively. But the demand was for men of action, and they appeared. As

Lamartine says: "Men were born like the instantaneous personifications of things which should think, speak or act. Voltaire, good sense; Jean Jacques Rousseau, the ideal; Condorcet, calculation; Mirabeau, impetuosity; Vergniaud, impulse; Danton, audacity; Marat, fury; Madame Roland, enthusiasm; Charlotte Corday, vengeance; Robespierre, Utopia; Saint-Just, the fanaticism of the Revolution."

To a certain extent the drama flourished, and new plays were constantly appearing on the stage, for the people must be amused even in times of gravest danger. Everything in this line, however, was fugitive or of so little value as scarcely to be remembered.

The salons were closed, and the cultivated classes were ruined and scattered by the Revolution. Pamphleteering and journalism took the place of more formal writings, and oratory flourished as never before or since. Condillac and his idealistic followers spoke through the *Decade Philosophique,* but the most influential organ of the period, to which the emotional and intellectual revolutionists all contributed, was the *Journal des Debats,* while in his *Le Vieux Cordelier* Desmoulins tried to atone for his earlier crimes and follies.

The spirit of the eighteenth century was extinguished in the blood that flowed from the guillotine during the first Revolution, and the new era was barely foreshadowed. That the climax of that wild period may be the better appreciated, we must consider briefly a few of

From Painting by Pils.
Louvre, Paris

FIRST SINGING OF "THE MARSEILLAISE"
BY ROUGET DE LISLE, TO A GROUP OF FRIENDS, 1792.

the great literary leaders of that stormy time; but before doing so, let us read Victor Hugo's characterization of the eighteenth century:

O Eighteenth Century! by Heaven chastised!
Godless thou livedst, by God thy doom was fixed.
Thou in one ruin sword and scepter mixed,
Then outraged love, and pity's claim despised.
Thy life a banquet—but its board a scaffold at the close,
Where far from Christ's beatic reign, Satanic deeds arose!
Thy writers, like thyself, by good men scorned—
Yet, from thy crimes, renown has decked thy name,
As the smoke emplumes the furnace flame,
A revolution's deeds have thine adorned!

II. Robespierre. Lamartine's account of Robespierre's appearance and character is an eloquent portrayal. Whereas the passages quoted below may be perfectly exact, it should be noted that Lamartine's work on the Revolution is too full of his own ideas to have great historical value. From the literary point of view he is interesting, but his statements should be accepted only after comparison with more serious histories:

There are abysses that we dare not sound, and characters we desire not to fathom, for fear of finding in them too great darkness, too much horror; but history, which has the unflinching eye of time, must not be chilled by these terrors, she must understand whilst she undertakes to recount. Maximilien Robespierre was born at Arras, of a poor family, honest and respectable; his father, who died in Germany, was of English origin. This may explain the shade of Puritanism in his character. The bishop of Arras had defrayed the cost of his education. Young Maximilien had distinguished himself

on leaving college by a studious life, and austere manners. Literature and the bar shared his time. The philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau had made a profound impression on his understanding; the philosophy, falling upon an active imagination, had not remained a dead letter; it had become in him a leading principle, a faith, a fanaticism. In the strong mind of a sectarian, all conviction becomes a thing apart. Robespierre was the Luther of politics: and in obscurity he brooded over the confused thoughts of a renovation of the social world, and the religious world, as a dream which unavailingly beset his youth, when the Revolution came to offer him what destiny always offers to those who watch her progress, opportunity. He seized on it. He was named deputy of the third estate in the States-General. Alone perhaps among all these men who opened at Versailles the first scene of this vast drama, he foresaw the termination; like the soul, whose seat in the human frame philosophers have not discovered, the thought of an entire people sometimes concentrates itself in the individual, the least known in the great mass. We should not despise any, for the finger of Destiny marks in the soul and not upon the brow. Robespierre had nothing: neither birth nor genius nor exterior which should point him out to men's notice. There was nothing conspicuous about him; his limited talent had only shone at the bar or in provincial academies; a few verbal harangues filled with a tame and almost rustic philosophy, some bits of cold and affected poetry, had vainly displayed his name in the insignificance of the literary productions of the day: he was more than unknown, he was mediocre and contemned. His features presented nothing which could attract attention, when gazing round in a large assembly: there was no sign in visible characters of this power which was all within; he was the last word of the Revolution, but no one could read him.

Robespierre's figure was small, his limbs feeble and angular, his step irresolute, his attitudes affected, his gestures destitute of harmony or grace; his voice, rather

shrill, aimed at oratorical inflexions, but only produced fatigue and monotony; his forehead was good, but small and extremely projecting above the temples, as if the mass and embarrassed movement of his thoughts had enlarged it by their efforts; his eyes, much covered by their lids and very sharp at the extremities, were deeply buried in the cavities of their orbits; they gave out a soft blue hue, but it was vague and unfixed, like a steel reflector on which a light glances; his nose straight and small was very wide at the nostrils, which were high and too expanded; his mouth was large, his lips thin and disagreeably contracted at each corner; his chin small and pointed, his complexion yellow and livid, like that of an invalid or a man worn out by vigils and meditations. The habitual expression of this visage was that of superficial serenity on a serious mind, and a smile wavering betwixt sarcasm and condescension. There was softness, but of a sinister character. The prevailing characteristic of this countenance was the prodigious and continual tension of brow, eyes, mouth, and all the facial muscles; in regarding him it was perceptible that the whole of his features, like the labor of his mind, converged incessantly on a single point with such power that there was no waste of will in his temperament, and he appeared to foresee all he desired to accomplish, as though he had already the reality before his eyes.

To the student of literature Robespierre is interesting particularly as being the incarnation of the philosophy of Rousseau, and, as a necessary corollary, the incarnation of the spirit of the Revolution—the Revolution itself. From May, 1791, when his influence began to be felt, until his death in 1794, he was the Revolution, the embodiment of the Terror. He alone of the Terrorists had a definite policy for the future, and if he destroyed the vicious, it

was, he felt, in order to prepare the way for the reign of the Supreme Being. When Danton and Desmoulins stood in his way, he destroyed them both and sent their supporters to the number of two hundred a week to the guillotine. At last he saw the light, and, with one more group destroyed, the way was clear. But this time his enemies were more active and decisive than himself, and while he hesitated they attacked him, defeated him, and sent him along the road over which he had doomed so many to precede him.

Lamartine says:

He was intoxicated with the perspective of public felicity, whilst France was palpitating on the block. He desired to extirpate, with the iron blade, all the ill-growing roots of the social soil. He believed himself to be the right end of Providence, because he had the feeling and plan of it in his imagination. He put himself in the place of God. He desired to be the exterminating and creative genius of the Revolution. He forgot that if every man thus made a deity of himself, there could only remain one man on the globe at the end of the world, and that this last man would be the assassin of all the others! He besmeared with blood the purest doctrines of philosophy. He inspired the future with a dread of the people's reign, repugnance to the institution of the republic, a doubt of liberty. He fell at last in his first struggle with the terror, because he did not acquire, by resisting it at first, the right of power to quell it. His principles were sterile and fatal like his proscriptions, and he died exclaiming (with the despondency of Brutus), "The republic perishes with me!" He was in effect, at that moment, the soul of the republic, and it vanished with his last sigh. If Robespierre had maintained himself pure, and made no concessions to the wild schemes of demagogues up to this

crisis of weariness and remorse, the republic would have survived, grown young again, and triumphed in him. It sought a ruler, whilst he only appeared as its accomplice, and was preparing to become its Cromwell.

III. Desmoulins. A youthful philosopher, the fellow-student of Robespierre, was Benoit Camille Desmoulins, who first appeared as a revolutionist when on the evening of July 12, 1789, he sprang upon a chair at a café in the garden of the Palais Royal, and, in spite of his stammering tongue, eloquently called the populace to arms. His untiring demands that the aristocrats be hurried to the lampposts and hanged gave him the nickname *Procureur de la lanterne* (attorney for the lamppost); but inconsistent ever, he soon abandoned his idolatry of Mirabeau and his intimacy with Robespierre, raised Danton to the pinnacle of hero-worship and began to call for legal trials and heavy sentences. But he was not to escape the tempest he had raised, and with Danton and others of his party was arrested, and after the merest mockery of a trial was executed on the fifth of April, 1794. His beautiful young wife, Lucile Duplessis, failed to procure mercy for her husband, and was herself arrested and guillotined about a month later.

The following letter was written by Desmoulins from prison on the night following the first day of his trial. It is the last he was able to write:

A consoling sleep has suspended my sufferings. We are free when we sleep; we have no feeling of captivity.

Heaven has had pity on me. But a moment since I saw you in my dreams, and in turns embraced you, your mother, Horace,—all! I awoke and found myself in my dungeon. It was just daybreak. Not being able to see you and hear your answers,—for you and your mother had spoken to me,—I rose to speak to you, at least, and to write to you. But on opening my windows, the thought of my solitude, the frightful bars, and the bolts which separate me from you, conquered all my firmness of soul. I burst into tears, or rather I sobbed, exclaiming in my tomb, "Lucile! Lucile! oh, my dear Lucile! where are you?" (Here the mark of a tear is visible.)

Yesterday evening I experienced a similar sensation, and my heart was equally torn when I perceived your mother in the garden. A mechanical movement threw me on my knees against the bars; I joined my hands as if imploring her pity,—she who, I am certain of it, mourned in your bosom. I saw yesterday her grief in her handkerchief, and in her veil, which she lowered, being unable to bear this sight. When you come, let her sit a little nearer with you, that I may see you better. There is no danger it appears to me. But, above all, I conjure you, by our eternal love, send me your portrait; let your painter have compassion on me, who only suffer for having had too much compassion for others; let him give you two sittings a day. In the horror of my prison, this will be a fête for me—a day of intoxication and ecstasy that on which I shall receive this portrait. In the meanwhile, send me some of your hair, that I may place it against my heart. My dear Lucile! behold me here returned to the period of my first love, when no one caused me any interest, except they issued from your home—came forth from your house. Yesterday, when the citizen who had carried your letter returned, "Well! have you seen her?" said I to him—and I surprised myself, looking at him as if there remained upon his clothes, upon all his person, something of your presence,—something of yourself. He is a charitable soul, since he has remitted my letter without delay. I shall see him—he

has guaranteed it—twice a day, morning and evening. This messenger of my grief becomes as dear to me as would have been formerly the messenger of my pleasures. I discovered a chink in my apartment; I applied my ear to it; I heard mourning; I hazarded some words; I heard the voice of a sick person in suffering. He asked me my name, I told him it. "O my God," he cried at this name, falling back upon the bed from which he had raised himself; and I recognized distinctly the voice of Fabre d' Eglantine. "Yes, I am Fabre," said he to me—"but you here! The counter-revolution is then accomplished?"

We dared not, however, discourse, fearful that hatred might envy us even this feeble consolation, and that should we be overheard, we would be separated and more closely confined; for he has a chamber with a fire in it, and mine would be pretty enough, could a dungeon be so. But you cannot imagine what it is to be imprisoned without knowing for what reason—without having been interrogated—without receiving a single newspaper! It is to live and to be dead altogether; it is to exist, but to feel that one is in his coffin! And it is Robespierre who signed the order for my imprisonment! And it is the republic, after all that I have done for it! This is the reward I receive for so much virtue and so many sacrifices! I who have devoted myself for five years to so much hatred and so much danger for the republic—I who have preserved my poverty in the midst of the Revolution—I who have no pardon to ask of the whole world, except of you! and to whom you have granted it, because you know that my heart, notwithstanding my weakness, is not unworthy of you; it is I whom men who called themselves my friends, and who call themselves republicans, have cast into a dungeon, in secret, as if I were a conspirator! Socrates drank poison, but at least he saw his wife and his friends in his prison. How much harder it is to be separated from you! The greatest criminal would be too hardly punished were he torn from Lucile otherwise than by death, which at least only per-

mits such a separation to be a moment's pain. I am called.

At this moment the commissioners of the revolutionary tribunal came to interrogate me. They only put this question to me—if I had conspired against the republic? What folly! And can they thus insult the purest republicanism? I see the fate which awaits me. Adieu, Lucile; bid adieu for me to my father. My last moments shall not dishonor you. I die at thirty-four years of age. I see clearly that power inebriates almost all men; that all say, as Dionysius of Syracuse, Tyranny is a beautiful epitaph! But console yourself, the epitaph of your poor Camille is more glorious, it is that of Brutus and of Cato, the tyrannicides. Oh, my dear Lucile! I was born to make verses, to defend the unfortunate, to render you happy, and to compose, with your mother, my father, and some persons after our own heart, an Otaheite. I have dreamed of a republic which all the world would have adored: I could not have believed that men were so cruel and so unjust. I do not dissimulate that I die a victim of my friendship for Danton. I thank my assassins for allowing me to die with Philippeaux. Pardon, my dear friend, my true life, which I lost from the moment they separated us. I occupy myself with my memory; I ought much rather to cause you to forget it, my Lucile. I conjure you, do not call to me by your cries, they would rend my heart in the depth of the tomb. Live for our child; talk to him of me; you may tell him, what he cannot understand, that I should have loved him much. Despite my execution, I believe that there is a God. My blood will wash out my sins, the weaknesses of humanity, and whatever I have possessed of good—my virtues, and my love of liberty—God will recompense it. I shall see you again one day. Oh, Lucile! sensible as I was, the death which delivers me from the sight of so much crime, is it so great a misfortune? Adieu, my life, my soul, my divinity upon earth! Adieu, Lucile! my Lucile! my dear Lucile!—Adieu, Horace!—Annette! Adele!—Adieu, my father! I feel the shore of life fly

before me. I still see Lucile! I see her, my best beloved! —my Lucile. My bound hands embrace you, and my severed head rests still upon you its dying eyes.

Speaking of his character, Lamartine says:

It was the sarcastic genius of Voltaire descended from the salon to the pavement. No man in himself ever personified the people better than did Camille Desmoulins. He was the mob with his turbulent and unexpected movements, his variableness, his unconnectedness, his rages interrupted by laughter, or suddenly sinking into sympathy and sorrow for the very victims he immolated. A man, at the same time so ardent and so trifling, so trivial and so inspired, so indecisive between blood and tears, so ready to crush what he had just deified with enthusiasm, must have the more empire over a people in revolt, in proportion as he resembled them. His character was his nature. He not only aped the people, he was the people himself. His newspapers cried in the public streets, and their sarcasm, bandied from mouth to mouth, has not been swept away with the other impurities of the day. He remains, and will remain, a Menippus, the satirist stained with blood. It was the popular chorus which led the people to their most important movements, and which was frequently stifled by the whistling of the cord of the street lamp, or in the hatchet-stroke of the guillotine.

IV. Danton. A natural orator, born of a bourgeois family, Georges Jacques Danton became the eloquent advocate of the masses, the strongest character of those stormy days. Demagogue he may have been, but dissolute and venial we cannot believe. Force was his god, and for force he argued with all the power of his burning eloquence. "To vanquish them, to crush them down, what is necessary?" he

cried; "To dare, to dare again, and always to dare." That he was unable to save himself, and, as he felt, to save France, was due to the treachery of Robespierre, and unlike the timid Desmoulins, he went to the scaffold with a theatrical disregard of death. "I could have saved him," he said of Robespierre, almost at the end, "I leave it all in a frightful welter; not a man of them has any idea of government. Robespierre will follow me; he is dragged down by me."

To quote from Lamartine:

> Danton affected indifference. He uttered words, to survive him, as models of his effigy cast from the brink of the tomb to posterity. "They think to do without me," said he: "they deceive themselves. I was the statesman of Europe. They do not suspect the void which this head leaves," said he, pressing his cheeks between the palms of his large hands. "As to me, I laugh at it," added he, in cynical terms. "I have enjoyed my moments of existence well; I have made plenty of noise upon earth; I have tasted well of life—let us go to sleep!" and he made with his head and arms the gesture of a man who is about to repose his head upon the pillow.
>
> At four o'clock the assistant executioners came to tie the hands of the condemned and cut their hair. They made no resistance, but said many sarcastic things relative to their funereal toilet. "It will be very amusing for the fools who will gape at us in the streets," said Danton; "we shall appear otherwise in the eyes of posterity." He showed no other faith than that of his own renown, and only seemed desirous of surviving in his memory. His immortality was in the fame of his name.

And again:

Danton ascended last. Never in the tribune had he been more haughty—more imposing. He assumed a lofty air on the scaffold, and seemed as if he measured out his pedestal. He cast, right and left, a glance of pity, and seemed by his attitude to say, "Look at me well. You will not look upon my like again." But nature for a moment overcame this pride. A cry escaped him, torn from him by the remembrance of his young wife. "Oh my best beloved!" he exclaimed with moistened eyes, "I shall never see thee more!" Then, as if reproaching himself for his weakness, he said aloud: "Come, come, Danton, no weakness." Then he turned towards the headsman and said, with an air of authority, "You will show my head to the people—it will be well worth the display!" His head fell, and the executioner complying with his last wish, caught it from the basket, and carried it round the scaffold—the mob applauded! Thus end favorites!

. . . . . .

The Revolution was with him an instinct and not a religion. He served it as the wind serves the tempest, by elevating the foam and sporting with the waves. He only understood its movement and not its direction. He had its intoxication rather than its love. He represented the masses and not the superiorities of the epoch. He displayed the agitation, force, ferocity, generosity, all in turns, of these masses. A man of temperament rather than of thought, more elemental than intelligent, he was still a statesman, beyond any of those who tried to handle and manage men and things in those times of Utopianism. He was even a greater statesman than Mirabeau, if by that appellation we mean the man who understands the mechanism of government independently of its ideal: he had political instinct. He had drawn from Machiavelli those maxims which teach all that power or tyranny may effect in states. He knew the vices and weaknesses of people, but not their virtues. He understood nothing of what forms the holiness of governments, for he did not see God in men, but merely chance. He was one of the

admirers of *ancient fortune,* who adored in her the deity of success only. He felt his value as a statesman, with the greater complacency as democracy was further beneath him. He admired himself as a giant amongst the dwarfs of people. He displayed his superiority as a *parvenu* of genius, and was astonished at himself. He crushed others, proclaiming himself to be the head of the republic. After having caressed popularity, he braved it as a wild beast which he dared to devour him. His vice was as bold as his brow. He had pushed political distrust even to crime in the tolerated days of September. He had defied remorse, but it overcame him—he was beset by it. Blood followed his footsteps. A secret horror mingled with the admiration he inspired. He felt this, and sought to separate himself from his past. Uncultivated in his nature, he had impulses of humanity as he had of fury. He had low vices but generous passions—in a word, he had a heart. This heart in his latter days returned to God through sensibility, pity, and love. He deserved at the same time curses and pity. He was the Colossus of the Revolution,—the head of gold, bosom of flesh, loins of brass, feet of clay. He prostrated, the apex of the Convention appeared lowered. He had been its clouds, lightning—thunder. In losing him the Mountain lost its summit.

V. Madame Roland. A blameless disciple of Rousseau, a prominent leader among the Girondists, was Madame Roland de la Platiere, who bravely died under the knife of the guillotine in November, 1793. She was the daughter of Pierre Philipon, an engraver, and was but thirty-nine years old at the time of her death. Her husband was a prominent politician, and her salons were famous in the literary and political life of the capital, the meeting place of the Girondists, the center of activity of the

MADAME ROLAND
1754–1793

HER LITERARY FAME RESTS ON HER "MEMOIRS," WRITTEN IN PRISON.

followers of Rousseau's philosophy. After the fall of the Girondists and the flight of her husband, Madame Roland continued to support the cause, and after her arrest spent her time in composing her *Memoirs.*

Lamartine, in *The Girondists,* thus speaks of her personal appearance at eighteen:

A tall and supple figure, flat shoulders, a prominent bust, raised by a free and strong respiration, a modest and most becoming demeanor, that carriage of the neck which bespeaks intrepidity, black and soft hair, blue eyes, which appeared brown in the depth of their reflection, a look which like her soul passed rapidly from tenderness to energy, the nose of a Grecian statue, a rather large mouth, opened by a smile as well as speech, splendid teeth, a turned and well rounded chin gave to the oval of her features that voluptuous and feminine grace without which even beauty does not elicit love, a skin marbled with the animation of life, and veined by blood which the least impression sent mounting to her cheeks, a tone of voice which borrowed its vibrations from the deepest fibers of her heart, and which was deeply modulated to its finest movements (a precious gift, for the tone of the voice, which is the channel of emotion in a woman, is the medium of persuasion in the orator, and by both these titles nature owed her the charm of voice, and had bestowed it on her freely).

Of her marriage he says:

The pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau is seen again at this decisive moment of her existence. The marriage of Madame Roland is a palpable imitation of that of Heloise with M. de Volmar. But the bitterness of reality was not slow in developing itself beneath the heroism of her devotion. "By dint," she herself says, "of occupying myself with the happiness of the man with whom I was associated, I felt that something was wanting to my own.

I have not for a moment ceased to see in my husband one of the most estimable persons that exists, and to whom it was an honor to me to belong; but I often felt that similarity was wanting between us—that the ascendancy of a dominating temper, united to that of twenty years more of age, made one of these superiorities too much. If we lived in solitude, I had sometimes very painful hours to pass: if we went into the world, I was liked by persons, some one of whom I was fearful might affect me too closely. I plunged into my husband's occupations, became his copying clerk, corrected his proofs, and fulfilled the task with an unrepining humility, which contrasted strongly with a spirit as free and tried as mine. But this humility proceeded from my heart: I respected my husband so much, that I always liked to suppose that he was superior to myself. I had such a dread of seeing a shade over his countenance, he was so tenacious of his own opinions, that it was a long time before I ventured to contradict him. To this labor I joined that of my house; and observing that his delicate health could not endure every kind of diet, I always prepared his meals with my own hands. I remained with him four years at Amiens, and became there a mother and nurse. We worked together at the *Encyclopedie Nouvelle,* in which the articles relative to commerce had been confided to him. We only quitted this occupation for our walks in the vicinity of the town."

From her prison she wrote to Robespierre:

I am about to put you to the proof, and to repeat to you what I said respecting your character to the friend who has undertaken to deliver this letter. You may be sure it is no suppliant who addresses you. I never asked a favor yet of any human being, and it is not from the depths of a prison I would supplicate him who could, if he pleased, restore me to liberty. No; prayers and entreaties belong to the guilty or to slaves. Neither would murmurs or complaints accord with my nature. I know how to bear all; I also well know that at the beginning

of every republic, the revolutions which effected them have invariably selected the principal actors in the change as their victims—it is their fate to experience this, as it becomes the task of the historian to avenge their memories—still I am at a loss to imagine how I, a mere woman, should be exposed to the fury of a storm, ordinarily suffered to expend itself upon the great leaders of a revolution. You, Robespierre, were well acquainted with my husband, and I defy you to say you ever thought him other than an honorable man; he had all the roughness of virtue, even as Cato possessed its asperity. Disgusted with business; irritated by persecution; weary of the world, and worn out with years and exertions, he desired only to bury himself and his troubles in some unknown spot, and to conceal himself there to save the age he lived in from the commission of a crime. My pretended confederacy would be amusing were it not too serious a matter for a jest. Whence, then, arises that degree of animosity manifested towards me who never injured a creature in my life, and cannot find it in my heart to wish evil even to those who injure and oppress me? Brought up in solitude, my mind directed to serious studies, of simple tastes, an enthusiastic admirer of the Revolution—excluded by my sex from any participation in public affairs, yet taking delight in conversing of them—I despised the first calumnies circulated respecting me, attributing them to the envy felt by the ignorant and low minded, at what they were pleased to style my elevated position, but to which I infinitely preferred the peaceful obscurity in which I had passed so many happy days.

Yet I have now been for five months the inhabitant of a prison,—torn from my beloved child, whose innocent head may never more be pillowed on a mother's breast—far from all I hold dear; the mark for the invectives of a mistaken people; constrained to hear the very sentinels as they keep watch beneath my windows discussing the subject of my approaching execution, and outraged by reading the violent and disgusting diatribes poured forth

against me by hirelings of the press, who have never once beheld me. I have wearied no one with requests, petitions, or demands; on the contrary, I feel proudly equal to battle alone with my ill fortune, and it may be to trample it under my feet.

Robespierre! I send not this softened picture of my condition to excite your pity. No; such sentiment expressed by you would not only offend me, but be rejected, as it deserves. I write for your edification. Fortune is fickle—popular favor equally so. Look at the fate of those who led on the revolutions of former ages—the idols of the people, and afterwards their governors—from Vitellius to Caesar, or from Hippo, the orator of Syracuse, down to our Parisian speakers. Sulla and Marius proscribed thousands of knights and senators, besides a vast number of other unfortunate beings; but were they able to prevent history from handing down their names to the just execration of posterity, and did they themselves enjoy happiness? Whatever may be the fate awarded me, I shall know how to submit to it in a manner worthy of myself, or to anticipate it, should I deem it advisable. After receiving the honors of persecution, am I to expect the still greater one of martyrdom?—Speak! It is something to know your fate, and a spirit such as mine can boldly face it, be it what it may.

Should you bestow a fair and impartial perusal on my letter, it will neither be useless to you nor my country. But, under any circumstances, this I say, Robespierre—and you cannot deny the truth of my assertion—none who have ever known me can persecute me without a feeling of remorse.

Of her execution, let Lamartine tell:

On that day a greater number than usual of carts laden with victims rolled onwards towards the scaffold. Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside a weak and infirm old man, named Lamarche, once director of the manufactory of Assignats. She wore a white robe, as a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to

convince the people; her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses almost to her knees; her complexion, purified by her long captivity, and now glowing under the influence of a sharp frosty November day, bloomed with all the freshness of early youth. Her eyes were full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory, while a movement between pity and contempt agitated her lips. A crowd followed them, uttering the coarsest threats and most revolting expressions. "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" exclaimed the female part of the rabble. "I am going to the guillotine," replied Madame Roland: "a few moments and I shall be there; but those who send me thither will not be long ere they follow me. I go innocent, but they will come stained with blood, and you who applaud our execution will then applaud theirs with equal zeal." Sometimes she would turn away her head that she might not appear to hear the insults with which she was assailed, and lean with almost filial tenderness over the aged partner of her execution. The poor old man wept bitterly, and she kindly and cheeringly encouraged him to bear up with firmness, and to suffer with resignation. She even tried to enliven the dreary journey they were performing together by little attempts at cheerfulness, and at length succeeded in winning a smile from her fellow-sufferer.

A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the liberty of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk; the scaffold was erected beside this statue. Upon arriving there Madame Roland descended from the cart in which she had ridden. Just as the executioner had seized her arm to enable her to be the first to mount to the guillotine, she displayed one of those noble and tender considerations for others only a woman's heart could conceive, or put into practice at such a moment. "Stay!" said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. "I have one only favor to ask, and that is not for myself; I beseech you grant it me." Then turning to the old man,

she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold; to see my blood flow would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment." The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made.

What a proof this of a mind imbued with a sensibility so exquisite and delicate as to forget its own sufferings, to think only of saving one pang to an aged, an unknown old man! and how clearly does this one little trait attest the heroic calmness with which this celebrated woman met her death; this one closing act of her life should be sufficient to vindicate her character before both God and man.

After the execution of Lamarche, which she heard without changing color, Madame Roland stepped lightly up to the scaffold, and bowing before the statue of Liberty, as though to do homage to a power for whom she was about to die, exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then resigned herself to the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.

Thus perished a woman whose earliest and fondest dream had been the Revolution, who had created in the mind of her aged partner a hatred for royalty resembling her own; who had communicated her feelings to a set of young, eloquent, and enthusiastic men, attached to antique theories, and who found in the lips and eyes of their goddess a species of endless adoration. The pure and involuntary affection with which her beauty and genius inspired them, was the magic circle that retained around her so many superior men, who were prevented, by various differences of opinion, from preserving the same bond of union when beyond her influence; they were spell-bound by her talents, and, highly imaginative themselves, placed their whole confidence in the imagination of their idol, who thus became their oracle as well.

She led them on till one after the other perished on the scaffold, where she followed them, and the spirit of the

Gironde departed for ever, with the last breath exhaled from the lips of Madame Roland, who bore then the same resemblance to the republic she will ever preserve in the eyes of posterity: like it she was premature and ideal—beautiful to view, eloquent to listen to, but her footsteps were marked with the blood of her friends, and her head fell beneath the same sword that had immolated so many others in the sight of a people who no longer acknowledged her.

Her body, the idol of so many hearts, was thrown into the common fosse at Clamart.

VI. Mirabeau. Honore-Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau, the incomparable orator of the Revolution, was born in 1749, and long before the great upheaval began had attained celebrity as a writer on philosophical and political subjects. He knew that the need of France was individual responsibility and individual liberty, and hoped to secure both by controlling the Assembly by fear of the people, the King by fear of the Assembly, and by balancing the power of Paris against that of the provinces to vivify the democratic spirit of the nation. There is no disputing his position as an orator, but his statesmanship has been the subject of unending dispute and criticism.

It was a strange, open life that he lived, and its episodes have furnished novelists, dramatists and poets with numberless incidents which they have seized without compunction and used so freely that the name of Mirabeau appears constantly in modern literature. Passionate, lawless, curiously homely in his youth, he was so immoral and defiant that his father

confined him time after time in prison, but always he escaped or was released, only to plunge more deeply into his iniquities and finally to find safety only in flight. Switzerland, Holland and England all knew him in his poverty, until finally, at thirty-one, he found himself in Berlin writing for a bare livelihood.

At the convocation of the States-General, he returned to France and successfully sought and obtained an election at Aix with the platform, "War with the privileged and with privileges." Mirabeau was not unknown, and nature had never formed a greater leader. With immense head and mane like a lion, he dominated the National Assembly when it was formed and hurled his defiance at the orders of the King:

> Yes, sir, we have heard the intentions that have been suggested to the King; and you, sir, who cannot be his organ with the National Assembly—you, who have here neither place, nor voice, nor right of speech—you are not the person to remind us thereof. Go, and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will only be driven hence by the power of the bayonet.

Slow and embarrassed as he began to speak, he warmed to his work as he proceeded, until his speech was, to quote Madame de Stael, "like a powerful hammer, wielded by a skillful artist, and fashioning men to his will."

His monarchical tendencies brought him into disrepute with the people, but so colossal were his powers over men, so unlimited his

endurance and so titanic his ability to work that he would have been the greatest leader in France, as he was the greatest man of the Revolution, had not death cut him down in his forty-second year. Lamartine says of him:

At the first election of Aix, rejected with contempt by the *noblesse,* he cast himself into the arms of the people, certain of making the balance incline to the side on which he should cast the weight of his daring and his genius. Marseilles contended with Aix for the great plebeian; his two elections, the discourses he then delivered, the addresses he drew up, the energy he employed, commanded the attention of all France. His sonorous phrases became the proverbs of the Revolution; comparing himself, in his lofty language, to the men of antiquity, he placed himself already in the public estimation in the elevated position he aspired to reach. Men became accustomed to identify him with the names he cited; he made a loud noise in order to prepare minds for great commotions; he announced himself proudly to the nation in that sublime apostrophe in his address to the Marseillais: "When the last of the Gracchi expired, he flung dust towards heaven, and from this dust sprung Marius! Marius, less great for having exterminated the Cimbri than for having prostrated in Rome the aristocracy of the nobility."

From the moment of his entry into the National Assembly he filled it: he was the whole people. His gestures were commands; his movements *coups d'etat.* He placed himself on a level with the throne, and the nobility felt itself subdued by a power emanating from its own body. The clergy, which is the people, and desires to reconcile the democracy with the church, lends him its influence, in order to destroy the double aristocracy of the nobility and bishops.

All that had been built by antiquity and cemented by ages fell in a few months. Mirabeau alone preserved his

presence of mind in the midst of this ruin. His character of tribune ceases, that of the statesman begins, and in this he is even greater than in the other. There, when all else creep and crawl, he acts with firmness, advancing boldly. The Revolution in his brain is no longer a momentary idea—it is a settled plan. The philosophy of the eighteenth century, moderated by the prudence of policy, flows easily, and modeled, from his lips. His eloquence, imperative as the law, is now the talent of giving force to reason. His language lights and inspires everything; and though almost alone at this moment, he has the courage to remain alone. He braves envy, hatred, murmurs, supported by the strong feeling of his superiority. He dismisses with disdain the passions which have hitherto beset him. He will no longer serve them when his cause no longer needs them. He speaks to men now only in the name of his genius. This title is enough to cause obedience to him. His power is based on the assent which truth finds in all minds, and his strength again reverts to him. He contests with all parties, and rises superior to one and all. All hate him because he commands; and all seek him because he can serve or destroy them. He does not give himself up to any one, but negotiates with each: he lays down calmly on the tumultuous element of this assembly, the basis of the reformed constitution: legislation, finance, diplomacy, war, religion, political economy, balances of power, every question he approaches and solves, not as an Utopian, but as a politician. The solution he gives is always the precise mean between the theoretical and the practical. He places reason on a level with manners, and the institutions of the land in consonance with its habits. He desires a throne to support the democracy, liberty in the chambers, and in the will of the nation, one and irresistible in the government. The characteristic of his genius, so well defined, so ill understood, was less audacity than justness. Beneath the grandeur of his expression is always to be found unfailing good sense. His very vices could not repress the clearness, the sincerity of his under-

standing. At the foot of the tribune he was a man devoid of shame or virtue: in the tribune he was an honest man. Abandoned to private debauchery, bought over by foreign powers, sold to the court in order to satisfy his lavish expenditure, he preserved, amidst all this infamous traffic of his powers, the incorruptibility of his genius. Of all the qualities of a great man of his age, he was only wanting in honesty. The people were not his devotees, but his instruments,—his own glory was the god of his idolatry; his faith was posterity; his conscience existed but in his thought; the fanaticism of his idea was quite human; the chilling materialism of his age had crushed in his heart the expansion, force, and craving for imperishable things. His dying words were "Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, that I may thus enter upon eternal sleep." He was especially of his time, and his course bears no impress of infinity. Neither his character, his acts, nor his thoughts have the brand of immortality. If he had believed in God, he might have died a martyr, but he would have left behind him the religion of reason and the reign of democracy. Mirabeau, in a word, was the reason of the people; and that is not yet the faith of humanity!

VII. Extracts from Mirabeau's Orations.

1. To Americans nothing from the lips of Mirabeau is more interesting than the eulogy he pronounced upon Benjamin Franklin, in the National Assembly:

Franklin is dead! The genius that freed America, and poured a flood of light over Europe, has returned to the bosom of the Divinity.

The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race.

Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral

panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity.

The Congress has ordained, throughout the United States, a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and at this moment America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution.

Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to bear a part in this homage, rendered in the face of the world, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty.

I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly, during three days, shall wear mourning for Benjamin Franklin.

2. In July, 1789, Mirabeau, in the National Assembly, moved the presentation to the King of an address on the removal of the troops around Paris. From the address the following is taken:

Sire,—You have invited the National Assembly to bestow on you a mark of its confidence; in such a request you have gone further than the most eager of its fervent hopes.

We have been imparting to your Majesty our most vivid alarms: if we only were the object of them, if we had been so weak as to be fearful only for ourselves,

then your goodness would condescend to reassure us; and moreover, in blaming us for having been doubtful of your intentions toward us, you would concentrate all our inquietudes, you would dissipate the cause of them, and you would leave no uncertainty as to the position before you of the National Assembly.

But, Sire, we do not implore your protection, for that would be to accuse your justice: we have indeed felt fears, and we dare to say that our fears are a part of the purest patriotism—the interest of those who trust in us, of public tranquillity, and of the happiness of that dear monarch, who, in making smooth for our feet the road of happiness, certainly deserves to walk in it himself without obstacles.

The promptings of your own heart, Sire—behold in them the true safety of the French people. As soon as troops pour in from all sides, as soon as camps are formed around us, the very capital invested, we ask ourselves with astonishment, "Does the King distrust the fidelity of his own people? If he had doubted that, would he not have confided to us his paternal chagrin? What are we to understand by this menacing procedure? Where are those enemies of the State and of the King to be overcome? Where are the rebels, the conspirators, that it is necessary to reduce to subjection?" One unanimous voice replies to this in the capital and throughout the kingdom: "Our King is true to us; we bless Heaven for the gift which Heaven has bestowed upon us in his love."

Sire, the religious convictions of your Majesty cannot waver except under the pretext of public benefit.

If those who have given these counsels to our King had had enough confidence in their own principles to unfold them to us, such a moment would bring in the fairest triumph of truth.

The State has nothing to dread from the evil ideas of those who dare to lay siege even to the throne, who do not respect the confidence of the purest and most virtuous of princes. And how do they contrive, Sire, to make you disbelieve in the attachment and the love of

your subjects? Have you shed their blood? Are you cruel, implacable? Have you abused justice? Do the people impute to you their own misfortunes? Do they connect your name with their calamities? Can they have said to you that the nation is impatient under your yoke, that it is weary of the scepter of the Bourbons? No, no, they have not done this. The calumny they employ is at least not absurd; they seek something like probability to give color to their dark treacheries.

Your Majesty has seen recently all your own government can do for your people: subordination is reëstablished in your perturbed capital; the prisoners set at liberty by the multitude have themselves reassumed their chains; public order, which would perhaps have cost torrents of blood to reëstablish had it been done by force, has been reëstablished by one single word from your mouth. But that word was a word of peace; it was the expression of your heart, and your subjects feel it their glory never to resist that. How grand to exercise such authority! It is that of Louis IX, of Louis XII, of Henri IV; it is the only authority which can be worthy of you.

We should deceive you, Sire, if we did not add, forced by circumstances, that this kind of rule is the only one which to-day it would be possible to exercise in France. France will not tolerate the abuse of the best of kings, or that there should be set aside, through untoward measure, that noble plan which he himself has outlined. You have called us hither to adjust in concert with you, the Constitution; to take measures for the regeneration of the kingdom: this National Assembly has just declared solemnly to you that your wishes shall be accomplished, that your promises are not vain, and that difficulties and terrors shall not retard the work of the Assembly, nor intimidate in any way its courage.

But our enemies will presume to say, "What now is the harm in the coming together of the troops?"

The danger, Sire, is pressing, is general, beyond all the calculations of human prudence.

The danger affects the people of your provinces. Once alarmed as to our liberty, this alarm cannot be checked. Distance only makes more of the matter, exaggerates everything, doubles, sharpens, and poisons their disquietude.

The danger threatens the capital. With what sort of an eye can a people in poverty, and tormented by most cruel anxieties, see the poor relics of its own daily bread quarreled over by a host of menacing soldiery? The mere presence of the military will kindle excitement, and produce a general fermentation; and the first act of real violence, originating under the pretext of a matter for the police, may be the beginning of a horrible series of calamities.

The danger threatens the troops themselves. French soldiers brought near to the very center of discussion, sharing in the passions as well as in the interests of the people, can easily forget that enlistment has made them soldiers, in remembering that nature has made them men.

The danger, Sire, menaces our own labors, which are our first duty, and which will not have full success, genuine permanence, except so far as the people regard them as the work absolutely of our own free will. Besides this, there is a contagion in passionate popular movements. We are only men. Our defiance of ourselves, the fear of appearing weak, can make us overshoot our mark; we are besieged by violent and unregulated counsels; calm reason and tranquil wisdom do not utter their oracles in the midst of tumult, disorders, and scenes of faction.

The danger, Sire, is even more terrible; judge of its extent by the alarms which bring us to you. Great revolutions have had causes much less intelligible; more than one enterprise fatal to nations and to kings has announced itself in a way less sinister and less formidable. Do not give credence to those who speak lightly to you of the nation at large; those who do not know how to represent it before you except according to their own views,—sometimes as insolent, rebellious, seditious,

—sometimes as submissive, docile under the yoke, and ready to bend its head to receive it. These two pictures are equally untruthful.

Always ready to obey you, Sire, since you command us in the name of the law, our fidelity is without limits, as it is without stain.

Ready to resist to a man the arbitrary commands of those who are abusing your name,—since they are enemies of the law,—our devotion to your Majesty itself commands such resistance; and it shall be to our eternal honor to have merited the reproaches that our firmness may bring upon us.

Sire, we conjure you, in the name of our fatherland, in the name of your happiness and your glory, send back your soldiers to the garrison posts whence your counselors have brought them; dismiss that artillery destined to protect our frontiers; and above all, send away the foreign troops,—those allies of the nation that we paid to defend and not to disturb our firesides. Your Majesty has no need of them: why should a monarch, adored by twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, at an enormous cost draw together around his throne so many thousands of foreigners?

Sire, surrounded by your children, let our love be your guard! The deputies of the nation are summoned to consecrate with you the supreme rights of royalty, upon the immovable basis of a people's liberty: while they are doing their duty, while they are yielding to the dictates of their reason, of their sentiment, will you expose them to the suspicion of having yielded not to these things, but to fear? Ah! the authority that all hearts confer on you is the only authority that is pure, the only authority that cannot be defied; it is the just return for your benefits, and it is the immortal appanage of princes, of whom you are the model.

VIII. Intimations of a Romantic School. Like a poorly-fashioned mine, the French Revolution exploded, and in the ruin which

followed might be discovered the remains of its creators. The spirit and ideas of the Philosophes had disappeared in the wreck of a nation, the traditions of centuries were destroyed, and the minds of mankind had been revolutionized no less than the government. For a time it seemed that the foundations of literature had been broken up, the palace had fallen, and an entirely new structure must be raised from the ruins.

In Chenier's delightful work we have had an intimation of a new order, but the effect of his delicate art extended scarcely beyond his day or reached more than his intimate friends. Great scientists were engaged in investigations that would enable them to erect more substantial and reliable theories, while material was being collected by others for historical and literary studies. Sensational and destructive philosophies were disregarded by the thinkers of the day, who were looking forward to more spiritual conceptions. But there was little to encourage activity. The country was weary, inert, dead, under the lassitude of its terrible convulsions. Disappointed hopes, discredited ideals, universal failures and general disasters crushed the most resilient spirits and left few who could rise above their melancholy surroundings.

Yet early in the nineteenth century appeared two names that presaged the dawn of a new era, the beginning of the modern romantic school. One showed in her own work the

transition from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century; the other represented the reaction against the ideas of the philosophers—Madame de Stael and Chateaubriand.

IX. Madame de Stael. Lamartine characterizes Germaine Necker, Madame de Stael, as follows:

A young, but already influential, female had lent to this latter party the prestige of her youth, her genius, and her enthusiasm—it was Madame de Stael. Necker's daughter, she had inspired politics from her birth. Her mother's *salon* had been the *coenaculum* of the philosophy of the 18th century. Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, d'Alembert, Diderot, Raynal, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Condorcet had played with this child, and fostered her earliest ideas. Her cradle was that of the Revolution. Her father's popularity had played about her lips, and left there an inextinguishable thirst for fame. She sought it in the storms of the populace, in calumny, and death. Her genius was great, her soul pure, her heart deeply impassioned. A man in her energy, a woman in her tenderness, that the ideal of her ambition should be satisfied, it was necessary for her to associate in the same character genius, glory, and love.

Nature, education, and fortune rendered possible this triple dream of a woman, a philosopher, and a hero. Born in a republic, educated in a court, daughter of a minister, wife of an ambassador, belonging by birth to the people, to the literary world by talent, to the aristocracy by rank, the three elements of the Revolution mingled or contended in her. Her genius was like the antique chorus, in which all the great voices of the drama unite in one tumultuous concord. A deep thinker by inspiration, a tribune by eloquence, a woman in attraction, her beauty, unseen by the million, required intellect to be admired, and admiration to be felt. Hers was not the beauty of form and features, but visible inspiration

and the manifestation of passionate impulse. Attitude, gesture, tone of voice, look—all obeyed her mind, and created her brilliancy. Her black eyes, flashing with fire, gave out from beneath their long lids as much tenderness as pride. Her look, so often lost in space, was followed by those who knew her, as if it were possible to find with her the inspiration she sought. That gaze, open, yet profound as her understanding, had as much serenity as penetration. We felt that the light of her genius was only the reverberation of a mine of tenderness of heart. Thus there was a secret love in all the admiration she excited; and she, in admiration, cared only for love. Love with her was but enlightened admiration.

Events rapidly ripened; ideas and things were crowded into her life: she had no infancy. At twenty-two years of age she had maturity of thought with the grace and softness of youth. She wrote like Rousseau, and spoke like Mirabeau. Capable of bold conceptions and complicated designs, she could contain in her bosom at the same time a lofty idea and a deep feeling. Like the women of old Rome who agitated the republic by the impulses of their hearts, or who exalted or depressed the empire with their love, she sought to mingle her feelings with her politics, and desired that the elevation of her genius should elevate him she loved. Her sex precluded her from that open action which public position, the tribune, or the army only accord to men in public governments; and thus she compulsorily remained unseen in the events she guided.

At the age of twenty, she married Baron de Stael, the Swedish minister at Paris, and after the Reign of Terror, having returned from her father's Swiss home, to which she had retired in those troublous times, her salon became the center for a group of brilliant and distinguished ambassadors and other foreigners, of authors and famous people generally, who

formed, as it were, a political society in which she was the eloquent presiding genius.

Between herself and Napoleon arose a mutual hostility, which ended in her banishment and the suppression of her works. She visited Russia, Sweden and England, where she entered the most brilliant intellectual circles. On the accession of Louis XVIII, she was welcomed back to Paris, but she died in 1817, worn out by the strain of nursing her delicate second husband.

The writings of Madame de Stael fill seventeen volumes, of which *Germany* is probably entitled to highest rank and has been most influential upon French literature, for in it she presented to her countrymen the treasures of northern literature and philosophy, and helped to inspire such writers as Lamartine and Victor Hugo. On the other hand, *The Six Years of Exile* is considered most simple and interesting, as *Considerations on the French Revolution* is the most valuable of her political essays. Among her novels, *Corinne* and *Delphine* are most popular. Her works that count most from a literary point of view are *De l' Allemagne, De la Litterature* and *Corinne.*

Madame de Stael should perhaps be known rather as a talker than as a writer, for her books have all the characteristics of a prolonged conversation. She wrote rapidly, eagerly, enthusiastically, and took no time to perfect her style, but it runs on smoothly and naturally, and the general effect is charming.

NAPOLEON I

1769–1821

AT FONTAINEBLEAU, MARCH, 1814.

The following passages on Napoleon, from her *French Revolution,* are illustrative of her more serious vein:

General Bonaparte made himself as conspicuous by his character and his intellect as by his victories; and the imagination of the French began to be touched by him. . . A tone of moderation and of dignity pervaded his style, which contrasted with the revolutionary harshness of the civil rulers of France. The warrior spoke in those days like a lawgiver, while the lawgivers expressed themselves with soldier-like violence. General Bonaparte had not executed in his army the decrees against the emigres. It was said that he loved his wife, whose character is full of sweetness; it was asserted that he felt the beauties of Ossian; it was a pleasure to attribute to him all the generous qualities that form a noble background for extraordinary abilities. . . . .

Such at least was my own mood when I saw him for the first time in Paris. I could find no words with which to reply to him when he came to me to tell me that he had tried to visit my father at Coppet, and that he was sorry to have passed through Switzerland without seeing him. But when I had somewhat recovered from the agitation of admiration, it was followed by a feeling of very marked fear. Bonaparte then had no power: he was thought even to be more or less in danger from the vague suspiciousness of the Directory; so that the fear he inspired was caused only by the singular effect of his personality upon almost every one who had intercourse with him. I had seen men worthy of high respect; I had also seen ferocious men: there was nothing in the impression Bonaparte produced upon me which could remind me of men of either type. I soon perceived, on the different occasions when I met him during his stay in Paris, that his character could not be defined by the words we are accustomed to make use of: he was neither kindly nor violent, neither gentle nor cruel, after the fashion of other men. Such a being, so unlike others, could neither

excite nor feel sympathy: he was more or less than man. . . .

Far from being reassured by seeing Bonaparte often, he always intimidated me more and more. I felt vaguely that no emotional feeling could influence him. He regards a human creature as a fact or a thing, but not as an existence like his own. He feels no more hate than love. For him there is no one but himself: all other creatures are mere ciphers. The force of his will consists in the imperturbable calculations of his egotism: he is an able chess-player whose opponent is all human-kind, whom he intends to checkmate. His success is due as much to the qualities he lacks as to the talents he possesses. Neither pity, nor sympathy, nor religion, nor attachment to any idea whatsoever, would have power to turn him from his path. He has the same devotion to his own interests that a good man has to virtue: if the object were noble, his persistency would be admirable.

Every time that I heard him talk, I was struck by his superiority; it was of a kind, however, that had no relation to that of men instructed and cultivated by study, or by society, such as England and France possess examples of. But his conversation indicated that quick perception of circumstances the hunter has in pursuing his prey. Sometimes he related the political and military events of his life in a very interesting manner; he had, even in narratives that admitted gayety, a touch of Italian imagination. Nothing, however, could conquer my invincible alienation from what I perceived in him. I saw in his soul a cold and cutting sword, which froze while wounding; I saw in his mind a profound irony, from which nothing fine or noble could escape, not even his own glory: for he despised the nation whose suffrages he desired; and no spark of enthusiasm mingled with his craving to astonish the human race.

A characteristic passage on literature is as follows:

Man stands in need of support from the opinions of his fellow-beings: he dares not rely entirely on the perceptions of his conscience; he distrusts his own judgment if others do not agree with him; and such is the weakness of human nature, such is its dependence on society, that a man might almost repent of his good qualities as if they were bad qualities, did public opinion unite in blaming him for them: but he has recourse, in his uneasiness, to these books,—the records of the best and noblest sentiments of all ages. If he loves liberty,—if that name of republic, so full of power in fraternal souls, is connected in his mind with images of all virtues,—his soul, cast down by contemporary events, will be uplifted by the perusal of some of the *Lives* of Plutarch, a Letter from Brutus to Cicero, the thoughts of Cato of Utica in the language of Addison, the reflections with which the hatred of tyranny inspired Tacitus, the emotions reported or imagined by historians and poets. A lofty character becomes content with itself if it finds itself in accord with these noble emotions, with the virtues which Imagination herself selects when portraying a model for all time. What consolations are bestowed on us by writers of high talents and lofty souls! The great men of the primal ages, if they were calumniated during their lives, had no resource save in themselves; but for us, the *Phaedo* of Socrates, the beautiful masterpieces of eloquence, sustain our souls in times of trial. Philosophers of all countries exhort us and encourage us; and the penetrating language of the moral nature, and of intimate knowledge of the human heart, seems to address itself personally to all those whom it consoles.

Delphine reflects the inward stress of the writer, for it is the story of a woman of genius, brought by her follies into conflict with the conventionalities of the world. Her lover, a violent, feeble egotist, joins the world, and she has no refuge but in suicide, as the first edition has

it, or death in the wilds of America, as other editions give it.

X. "Corinne." Like *Delphine, Corinne* is the heart-story of a woman of genius. The heroine loves with all the ardor of her Italian blood and with all the faithfulness of a Northern wife, but her lover, a melancholy Englishman, after a brief but tempestuous romance, returns to his frigid isle and promptly, with British stolidity, becomes absorbed in his affection for a charming but unintellectual maiden, whom he soon marries, and leaves Corinne to die of a broken heart.

It is a novel of another day, for which the average modern reader will have but little zest, although there is a poetic charm about it that the initiated will enjoy. The plot moves slowly, the conversations are long, the incidents few, and none of the characters seems real. In fact, there are but two important characters, Corinne and her lover, Oswald (Lord Nelvil).

Madame de Stael's residence in Italy had interested her in the character of the people, and particularly in the painting, sculpture and literature of that famous region. Her impressions of all these subjects make up the bulk of the book. To give standing to Corinne as a genius, the author reproduces the long address of her heroine as she is crowned in Rome; to afford an opportunity for her views, again and again Corinne lectures Oswald for hours on Italian art, even in the deepest throes of their love affair. The reader hesitates in deciding

whether he is reading a treatise on art or a love story; but when the human element predominates, Madame de Stael's touch is sure and her treatment absorbing.

After a long and learned discussion of Italian literature in comparison with English and French, Corinne's genius is shown in the following manner:

Corinne had a secret wish to play tragedy before Lord Nelvil, and thus to show herself to most advantage; but she dared not acquiesce without his approval, and her looks seemed to ask it from him. He understood, and as he was touched by the timidity which had prevented her from improvising the previous evening, and anxious for Mr. Edgermond's favorable opinion of her, he joined in the request of her friends. Corinne then hesitated no longer.

"Well, then, if you are willing," said she, turning to Prince Castel Forte, "we will carry out the plan I had formed long ago, and play my translation of *Romeo and Juliet.*"

"Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet!*" exclaimed Mr. Edgermond. "You know English, then?"

"Yes," answered Corinne.

"And you love Shakespeare?" said he again.

"As a friend," said she; "for he knows all the secrets of grief."

"And you will play it in Italian! and I shall hear it! And you will hear it also, my dear Nelvil! Ah, you are indeed happy!"

Then repenting immediately these thoughtless words, he blushed, and a blush inspired by delicacy and kindness of heart may interest at any age.

"How happy shall we be," continued he with embarrassment, "if we may be present at such a play!"

. . . . . .

Romeo and Juliet is an Italian subject; the scene is laid at Verona; the tomb of these two lovers is still shown there. Shakespeare wrote this play with Southern imagination at once so impassionate and so bright, triumphant in happiness, and nevertheless passing so quickly from happiness to despair, from despair to death. All the impressions are rapid, and yet one feels that these rapid impressions will never be effaced. It is not shallowness of heart, but the power of nature under a burning sun, which hastens the development of passion. The soil is not light, though the vegetation is speedy; and Shakespeare has caught, better than any foreign writer, the national character of Italy, and that luxuriance of mind that invents a thousand different ways of expressing the same sentiment, that Oriental eloquence which makes use of images from all nature, to paint what is passing in the heart. It is not, as in Ossian, one and the same color, one and the same tone, answering ever to the most sensitive chord of the heart; but the varied coloring which Shakespeare employs in *Romeo and Juliet* never gives a cold unreality to his style; it is the one ray, divided, reflected, varied, which produces these colors, and we always feel the light and fire whence they come. There is in this piece of pulse of life, a warmth of expression, characteristic both of the country and its inhabitants. The play of *Romeo and Juliet,* translated into Italian, seems to return to its mother tongue.

The first time that Juliet appears is at a ball where Romeo Montague has introduced himself into the house of the Capulets, mortal enemies of his family. Corinne was attired in a charming festal robe, and yet in accordance with the costume of the time. Her hair was artistically dressed with precious stones and flowers; at first she struck one as quite a different person; then one recognized the voice and face; but the face idealized, with only a poetic expression in it. Unanimous applause greeted her appearance. Her first look discovered Oswald, and rested upon him; a sparkle of joy, a sweet and tender hope, was painted in her face. Seeing her, his

heart beat with pleasure and fear; one felt that so much happiness could not last upon earth; was it for Juliet—was it for Corinne, that this presentiment would be fulfilled?

When Romeo approached, addressing to her in a low voice those lines upon her grace and beauty, so brilliant in English, so glowing in their Italian translation, the audience, delighted to have their own sentiments thus interpreted, joined eagerly with Romeo; and the sudden passion which seizes him, a flame kindled by the first glance, appeared to all a quite probable thing. From that moment Oswald began to be troubled; it seemed to him that everything was on the point of being revealed; that they were about to proclaim Corinne an angel amongst women, to question him as to his feelings for her, to dispute her with him, to snatch her from him; I do not know what bewildering clouds passed before his eyes; he dreaded to see more, he dreaded to go away, and retreated for a few moments behind a pillar. Corinne, uneasy, sought him anxiously, and pronounced this line:

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late!"

with such depth of feeling, that Oswald trembled as he heard it, persuaded that Corinne applied it to themselves.

He could not weary of admiring the grace of her gestures, the dignity of her movements—a countenance which portrayed what words could not tell, and revealed those mysteries of the heart which can never be expressed, and which, nevertheless, influence the whole of life. The tone, the look, the least gesture of an actor really moved, really inspired, is a constant revealing of the heart; and ideal art always blends with these natural revelations. The harmony of verse, the charm of attitude, lend to passion what is often wanting in the reality, dignity and grace. Thus every feeling of the heart, and every emotion of the soul, are transfigured by imagination without losing any of their truth.

In the second act, Juliet appears in her balcony to converse with Romeo. Corinne had nothing remaining

now of all her ornaments but flowers, and the flowers too would soon disappear; the stage, dimly lighted to represent night, cast a softened and tender light over her features. The tones of her voice were still more musical than in the glitter of the fête. Her hand raised toward the stars seemed to invoke the only witnesses worthy of hearing her; and when she repeated *"Romeo! Romeo!"* even though Oswald was certain that it was of himself she was thinking, he felt jealous that those sweet tones should give utterance to the name of another.

Oswald found himself seated opposite the balcony, and he who played Romeo was rather hidden in the darkness; so all Corinne's looks might be directed to Oswald while she recited these lovely lines:

> "In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
> And therefore thou may'st think my 'havior light;
> But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true,
> Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> . . . . therefore pardon me."

At this word, "Pardon me! pardon me for loving! pardon me for having allowed thee to know it!" there was in Corinne's look such tender beseeching, such regard for her beloved, such pride in her choice when she said, "Noble Romeo! fair Montague!" that Oswald felt himself as proud as he was happy. He raised his head, which he had bent down in his emotion, and felt himself monarch of the world, since he reigned over a heart which contained all that could make life precious.

Corinne, perceiving the effect produced upon Oswald, became more and more inspired by that feeling of the heart which alone works miracles; and when at daybreak Juliet thinks she hears the song of the lark, the signal for Romeo's departure, Corinne's tones had an unearthly charm; they portrayed love, and yet one felt in them a religious mystery, some remembrances of heaven, a presage of return thither, a heavenly grief, such as that

of an exiled soul soon to be recalled to its heavenly country. Oh! how happy was Corinne when she thus played before the friend of her heart a noble part in a beautiful tragedy! how many years, how many lives would be dim beside such a day!

If Lord Nelvil had been able to play the part of Romeo with Corinne, her pleasure would not have been so great. She would have wished to wander from the verses of the greatest of poets, in order to speak herself according to her heart. Perhaps an unconquerable feeling of timidity would have restrained her talent; she would not have dared to look at Oswald for fear of betraying herself; in short, truth carried to that point would have destroyed the charm of art. But how sweet it was to know that he whom she loved was there when she felt that inspiration which only poetry can give! when she experienced all the delight of emotion without the reality of pain and anguish! when the affection she expressed was neither personal nor abstract, and she seemed to be saying to Lord Nelvil, "See how I can love!"

It would be impossible for any one in her position to be content with herself; passion and timidity by turns encourage or hold back: make too bitter or too submissive; but to display herself perfectly without any semblance of affectation—to unite calmness with tenderness, when too often the one deprived her of the other—in short, for a moment to live in the sweetest dream of the heart, such was Corinne's pure enjoyment in playing this tragedy. With this was combined the pleasure of all the success, all the applause which she obtained, and which she seemed by her look to lay at Oswald's feet—at the feet of the one object more to her than all her fame. For a moment, at least, Corinne felt happiness. For a moment she knew, at the price of her repose, those delights of the soul which until then she had vainly longed for, and which she would always regret.

In the third act Juliet became secretly Romeo's wife. In the fourth, her parents wishing to force her to marry another, she determines to take the sleeping draught she

has received from a monk, and which will give her the appearance of death. All Corinne's movements, her agitated step, her altered tones, her looks, sometimes eager, then dejected, depicted the cruel strife between love and fear, the terrible images which overwhelmed her, at the idea of being carried living into the tomb of her ancestors, and nevertheless the enthusiastic affection which made one so young overcome such a natural dread. Oswald felt an almost irresistible desire to fly to her help. Once she raised her eyes to heaven with an ardor expressing deeply that need of divine protection from which no human being can ever free himself. Another time Lord Nelvil thought she extended her arms toward him as if beseeching his help; he rose eagerly, hardly knowing what he did, then sat down again, recalled to himself by the surprised looks of those about him; but his emotion became so great that he could no longer conceal it.

In the fifth act, Romeo, believing Juliet dead, takes her out of the tomb before she has recovered the effect of the draught, and strains her thus senseless to his heart. Corinne was dressed in white, her black hair all disheveled, her head leaning against Romeo, with a grace, and yet with an appearance of death, so touching and sad, that Oswald felt himself at once agitated by the most opposite feelings. He could not bear to see Corinne in the arms of another; he shuddered while gazing at the image of her whom he loved thus lifeless; in short, he felt, like Romeo, that cruel blending of despair and love, of death and passion, which makes this scene the most heart-rending on the stage. At last, when Juliet wakes from this tomb at the foot of which her lover has just destroyed himself, and when her first words, in her coffin, under those funeral vaults, are not inspired by the terror which they should cause her, when she exclaims: "Where is my lord? Where is my Romeo?" Lord Nelvil answered these cries by groans, and only came to himself when he was withdrawn from the room by Mr. Edgermond.

The play ended; Corinne was exhausted with over-excitement and fatigue. Oswald was the first to enter her room, and found her alone with her maids, still dressed in her costume as Juliet, and like her, almost fainting in their arms.

XI. Chateaubriand. It may be said that Madame de Stael formulated the theory of the Romantic movement, but François Rene Auguste, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, the most celebrated writer of the early part of the nineteenth century, wrote works that were in the main the first masterpieces of the school—or at least, the first works largely Romantic. Born near the sea in Brittany, one of the strongest Catholic provinces of France, steeped in the legends and the mysticism of the Bretons, he absorbed from childhood the romantic ideas and the love of nature so characteristic of the region of his nativity. In 1788, at twenty years of age, he entered the army, but was drawn from the profession of arms by the Revolution and was sent to America on a government mission, in the execution of which he traveled extensively in the region of the Great Lakes, where he had every opportunity to study nature and the Indians in their natural state. His powers of minute observation, combined with his meditative disposition, made this experience of vital interest to himself and tinged his thought for the remainder of his life.

In 1792 he returned to Europe, and while fighting with the *emigres* was wounded at Thionville, and in poverty and suffering took

refuge in England. Returning to France in 1800, he began the publication of his writings, and from that time took the first place in French literature, to hold it unquestioned until Lamartine appeared to dispute his claim.

A caustic criticism of Napoleon brought him the enmity of the Emperor, and he left France in 1806 to travel through Spain and the countries along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. His death occurred in 1848, after a long period of discouragement and pessimism. His last days were made more tolerable by the gentle ministrations of Madame Recamier, his old friend, to whom, if to any one, he was sincerely attached.

The main themes of Chateaubriand's writings are Christianity, Nature, and himself: Christianity he saw in its ideal light, poetic, beautiful, clothed in the mystery and glory of the past; Nature was glorious, imposing, dazzling in beauty and sentiment; and he saw himself as noble, melancholy, sentimental, the object of men's envy and women's adoration.

His style is diffuse, ornate, glowing; too fervid to be elegant, but picturesque, rich and inviting. On the literature of France his influence was pronounced, and it stimulated the activity of those greater writers whose works excelled his own, though he is known as the "Father of the Romantic School." Exaggeration, affectation and egotism are among the characteristics which have lowered his standing in the minds of the critics of later years,

but all admit the power and magnificence of his descriptions and gorgeousness of color.

His first book was the *Essay on Revolutions,* an affected, skeptical production with little reflection. Soon after his return from America he published *Atala,* an idyl based on the love of two young savages, and leaped suddenly into fame. Bearing traces of *Paul and Virginia,* the work is yet original, full of enchanting descriptions and sensitiveness to human emotions.

In 1802 he produced the *Genius of Christianity,* a weak book argumentatively, but a glorification of devout sentiment, in which the poetic features of Christianity are charmingly set forth. So successful was the book that it is regarded as one of the most important factors in bringing France back to her religion.

As a result of his foreign travels, he wrote amid the ruins of the Alhambra *The Last of the Abencerrages* and later the *Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem,* which Saintsbury has described as "the pattern of all the picturesque travels of modern times."

Two of his works, both integral parts of the *Genius of Christianity,* are *Atala,* of which we have already spoken, and *Rene,* an episode with a melancholy hero of the *Werther* type. *Les Natchez* is the storehouse from which he drew for *Atala* and *Rene.* It is an endless story, of which the tales of *Atala* and *Rene* are but episodes. Although *Les Natchez* was published later, it contains the original drafts of the two works.

Other writings of importance were *De Bonaparte et des Bourbons,* which was said by Louis XVIII to be worth an army to his cause, and *Memoirs d'Outre-Tombe* (*Memoirs from Beyond the Tomb*), a vain and egotistic autobiography full of malicious wit and caustic attacks upon those whom he considered his enemies, but brilliant in style and containing much that is beautiful. Indiscreet publishers hurried it from the press while the embarrassed author was still living.

XII. Extracts from Chateaubriand. 1. The following description of a thunderstorm in the forest is taken from *Atala:*

The *lune de feu* (month of July) had commenced its course, and all signs indicated the approach of a violent storm. Toward the hour when the Indian matrons hang up the plowshares on the branches of the junipers, and when the paroquets retire into the hollows of the cypress trees, the sky grew overcast. The vague sounds of solitude gradually ceased, the forests were wrapped in universal calm. Suddenly the pealing of distant thunder, reëchoing through these vast woods as old as the world itself, startled the ear with a diapason of noises sublime. Fearing to be overwhelmed in the flood, we hastily disembarked on the river's bank and sought safety in the seclusion of one of the forest glades.

The ground was swampy. We pressed forward with difficulty beneath a roof of smilax, among grape-vines and climbing plants of all kinds, in which our feet were continually entangled. The spongy soil trembled all around us, and every instant we were on the verge of being engulfed in the quagmires. Swarms of insects and enormous bats nearly blinded us: rattlesnakes were heard on all sides; and the wolves, bears, panthers, and badgers

which had sought a refuge in this retreat filled the air with their roarings.

Meanwhile the obscurity increased; the lowering clouds entered beneath the shadows of the trees. The heavens were rent, and the lightning traced a flashing zigzag of fire. A furious gale from the west piled up the angry clouds in heavy masses; the mighty trees bowed their heads to the blast. Again and again the sky was rent, and through the yawning crevices one beheld new heavens and vales of fire. What an awful, what a magnificent spectacle! The trees were struck by lightning and ignited; the conflagration spread like a flaming garland; the showers of sparks and the columns of smoke ascended to the very heavens, which vomited their thunders into the sea of fire.

Then the Great Spirit enveloped the mountains in utter darkness; from the midst of this vast chaos came a confused roaring made by the tumult of many winds, the moaning of the trees, the howlings of ferocious beasts, the crackling of the flames, and the descent of balls of fire which hissed as they were extinguished in the water.

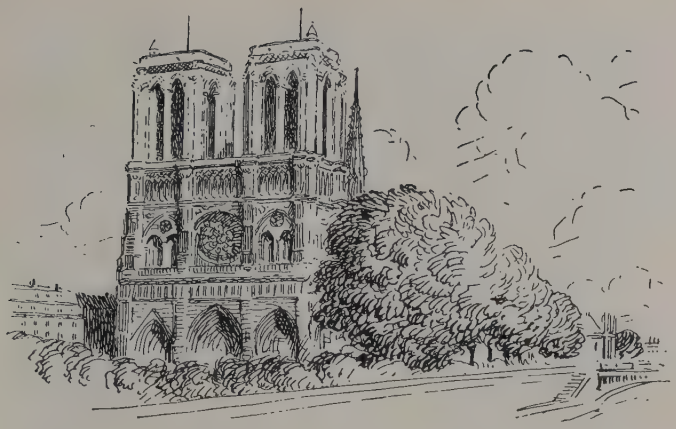
2. From *The Genius of Christianity* comes the following:

While the Church was yet enjoying her triumph, Voltaire renewed the persecution of Julian. He possessed the baneful art of making infidelity fashionable among a capricious but amiable people. Every species of self-love was pressed into this insensate league. Religion was attacked with every kind of weapon, from the pamphlet to the folio, from the epigram to the sophism. No sooner did a religious book appear than the author was overwhelmed with ridicule, while works which Voltaire was the first to laugh at among his friends were extolled to the skies. Such was his superiority over his disciples that he sometimes could not forbear diverting himself with their irreligious enthusiasm. Meanwhile the destructive system continued to spead throughout France.

It was first adopted in those provincial academies, each of which was a focus of bad taste and faction. Women of fashion and grave philosophers alike read lectures on infidelity. It was at length concluded that Christianity was no better than a barbarous system, and that its fall could not happen too soon for the liberty of mankind, the promotion of knowledge, the improvement of the arts, and the general comfort of life.

To say nothing of the abyss into which we were plunged by this aversion to the religion of the gospel, its immediate consequence was a return, more affected than sincere, to that mythology of Greece and Rome to which all the wonders of antiquity were ascribed. People were not ashamed to regret that worship which had transformed mankind into a herd of madmen, monsters of indecency, or ferocious beasts. This could not fail to inspire contempt for the writers of the age of Louis XIV, who however had reached the high perfection which distinguished them only by being religious. If no one ventured to oppose them face to face, on account of their firmly established reputation, they were nevertheless attacked in a thousand indirect ways. It was asserted that they were unbelievers in their hearts; or at least that they would have been much greater characters had they lived in our times. Every author blessed his good fortune for having been born in the glorious age of the Diderots and d'Alemberts, in that age when all the attainments of the human mind were ranged in alphabetical order in the *Encyclopédie,* that Babel of the sciences and of reason.

LE MOULIN ROUGE, PARIS



CHAPTER XXIII

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL
VICTOR HUGO

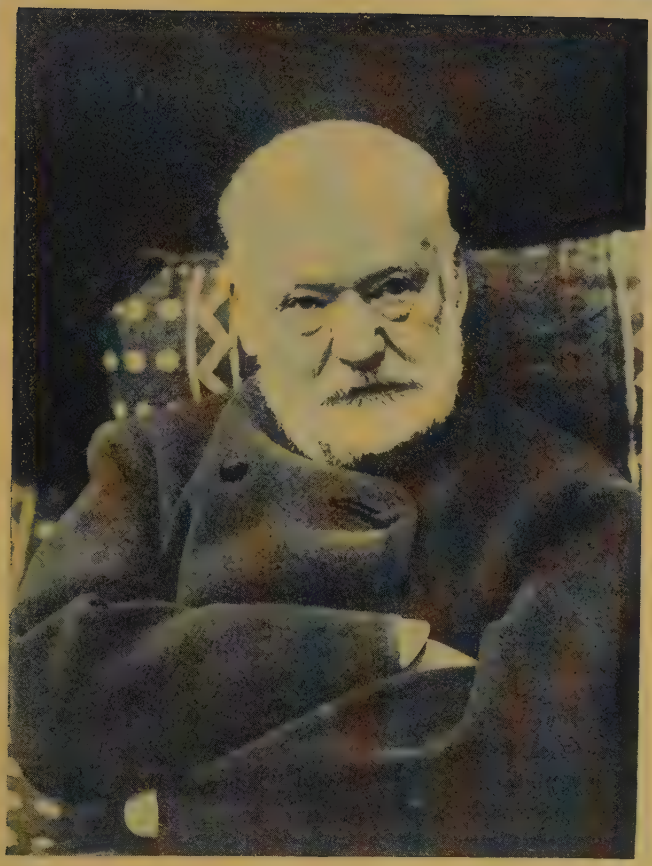
THE NEW IDEALS. After the abject formalism of the Middle Ages, the more liberal ideas of the sixteenth century and the reaction that followed, the first half of the nineteenth century saw the beginning of a great movement to destroy the arbitrary rules of classicism and substitute in their place more liberal literary canons which would give greater strength and variety to both prose and poetry and permit new forms and new graces. The result was to give the French language greater beauty and power and to enrich its literature with glorious specimens of modern art.

It was about 1826 that the movement culminated in the persons of a group of young and ardent writers who scorned the past no

less vehemently than they worshiped the present and the future. Known as the *Cenacle* (dinner-room), they gathered around Charles Nodier and sought to revive the old medieval spirit. To quote Sainte-Beuve, they were "royalists by birth, Christians by convention, and a vague sentimentality." Among them were Vigny, the Deschamps brothers, Lamartine, Hugo and Sainte-Beuve, and others who grew bitter against classicism in their organ *La Muse Française,* and finally abandoned monarchism and embraced liberal democratic principles. By turning to the Revolution and Napoleon, they won over Musset, Merimee, the elder Dumas and others. But the triumph of Hugo's *Hernani* did away with the necessity of the *Cenacle,* and it ceased to exist.

Immediately before them, as we have seen, were barren years, with few great names. Chateaubriand and De Stael had caught the spirit of the reform, and their work was vivified by it, but they did not depart from the forms of classicism, and so were of a transitional group rather than of the romanticists themselves. Chief among the romantic school, and its leader in poetry, fiction, and the drama, was Victor Hugo, to whom we devote this chapter.

II. Victor Hugo. Joseph Leopold Sigisbert Hugo, though the son of a joiner at Nancy, had risen in the republican army, and toward the close of the Revolution was married to Sophie Trebuchet, a daughter of a Vendean



VICTOR HUGO

1802–1885

POET, DRAMATIST, NOVELIST, HISTORIAN, ESSAYIST, HUGO WAS THE COMMANDING FIGURE OF MODERN TIMES IN FRENCH LITERATURE.

royalist. Their second son was Victor Marie Hugo, born February 26, 1802, at Besançon, France. Though a frail infant, the little one was carried by his parents on campaigns in Southern France and into Spain. When the English came to free Spain from the invaders, General Hugo sent the younger children to Paris, where Victor lived with his mother, and he and his brother Eugene were taught by the priests.

Soon afterwards the young Hugos were sent to school, where the thoughtful Victor made rhymes, wrote tragedies, and encouraged Eugene to act them. These juvenile efforts distinguished the two boys among their schoolmates, most of whom were commonplace sons of tradesmen.

The fall of Napoleon brought poverty to the General, now become Field Marshal, and he went into seclusion to write on military subjects.

Victor was but fifteen when the French Academy gave honorable mention to his *Odes on the Advantages of Study,* and at length Louis XVIII gave the boy poet a pension equal to about three hundred dollars a year. The young man was already deeply in love, but the reverses of his family had caused M. Foucher, a head of the War Department, to deny his daughter Adele's hand to Victor, who, however, with the pension alluded to and the proceeds of his *Odes,* a love story called *Hans in Iceland,* and a West Indian romance named

Bug Jargal, was soon able to convince the reluctant father that he could not afford to ignore the rising young court favorite. So when Hugo was twenty and Adele was nineteen, they were married, but the pleasure of the occasion was marred by the sudden insanity of Eugene Hugo, who died in an asylum five years later.

Hugo's star was now in the ascendant, and thereafter his career was that of a literary man, except when his passionate utterances brought him into ill-repute with the government. Even if restricted to literary phases, his life was eventful, for it was not without many a struggle and battle that he imposed his leadership upon the literary circles.

In 1837 he was given an office in the Legion of Honor, and four years later, after several times rejecting him, the French Academy enrolled him among the Forty Immortals. Two years afterward a real tragedy came into his own life when his daughter, Leopoldine, was drowned in the Seine with her husband, who refused to allow himself to be saved alone.

Politics appeared to offer a respite from his grief, and as a peer of the realm he rapidly rose to power, only to aid in the emancipation and return of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who, however, with characteristic ingratitude, aided in the proscription and banishment of Hugo, who went to Belgium, England and the Channel Islands, where he impatiently waited to "return with right when the usurper should be expelled." His pen was by no means idle,

and he created in *Napoleon the Little* an opportunity to satirize the third Napoleon by reasoning that as the earth hath a moon, the lion a jackal, and man a monkey as a double, so it was necessary that a minute Napoleon should be provided as a standard of comparison with the Great Emperor.

After the *Notre Dame de Paris,* no novel appeared from the pen of Hugo for some time, owing to a disagreement with his publishers, who claimed the rights over all his fiction for a term of years. Finding no other way to win his contention, he published only poems and dramas until the rights of the publishers expired—then in 1862 *Les Miserables* appeared, and two years later *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* (*The Toilers of the Sea*). While he was writing the last chapters of *L'Homme Qui Rit* (*The Man Who Laughs*), his wife died, but he was unable to accompany her remains to France, as he was still under proscription. The fall of the King and the establishment of the Republic brought the great man back to Paris in 1870. The poems of his *L'Annee Terrible* (*The Terrible Year*) show how sad, melancholy and alone he must have been after the death of his son Charles and his wife, and reflect a bitterness of feeling that was one with the unpractical nature of his political ideas. Disappointed in the policy of his countrymen, he resigned his seat in the National Assembly and went to Belgium, where, because of his defense of the French Commune, he was almost mobbed and

was expelled from the country. Returning to Paris, he was defeated in the elections of 1872, but in 1876 was chosen life senator.

He was now the poet-laureate of France. Referring to his *L'Annee Terrible,* some one said that Germany had no such poet to celebrate her victory as France had to glorify her defeat. Past seventy years of age, he was still in full vigor of mind, as his famous novel, *Ninety-Three,* and his poems on *L'Art d'etre Grand-pere* (*The Art of Being a Grandfather*), testify.

Busy as was his productive mind, he knew little rest until his death came in 1885. Having outlived his contemporaries, standing far above all literary Frenchmen of the age, he was at this time the most idolized man in the nation. Under the Arc de Triomphe his body lay in state, and the pageantry of his funeral was more than royal. His body was laid at rest in the Pantheon, on a spot whence had been removed to make room for the poet the bones of Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris. All Paris mourned the grand old man whose large frame, great head, strong features, dignified bearing and genial sympathies had been familiar to them for years.

III. Hugo's Genius and Work. It is no easy matter to comprehend the work of so great a genius as Victor Hugo, the commanding figure of modern times in French literature. Poet, dramatist, novelist, historian and essayist, he excelled in everything he under-

took, and dwarfed the labors of his compeers. Not to be classed as one of the deep and daring thinkers of the world; vain, perchance, and not too well educated, yet his pretensions were so vast and his accomplishments so overwhelming that one loses the effect of his commonplaces in the grandeur of their utterance. No one has had a greater vocabulary, nor has used it with greater aptness and force; in fact, we shall have far indeed to go if we ever find another with so masterly a command of language. The reader of Hugo is impressed first by the immensity of his canvases, later by the picturesqueness with which he has limned his characters. Again, the volcanic upheavals of his passionate utterance seize the imagination before the feelings are touched by the delicacy of his sentiment. As a poet, he has ruled the taste of France for three-quarters of a century; as a novelist, he felt the influence of Scott, and in his own country created a school of fiction that stands unrivaled in the world; as a dramatist, he wrecked classic ideals, emancipated the theater, and wrote plays that still are regarded as world masterpieces.

However, the triumphs of Victor Hugo were not achieved without a struggle whose bitterness surpassed that of any other literary warfare France ever saw. When he began in *Hernani* to disregard the rules of classic poetry, he was met by an avalanche of criticism, whose severity became so personal that a listener might have been tempted to regard him as a

breaker of social laws rather than merely the inventor of new forms of expression. The narrowness of the upholders of classical tradition seems incredible, and nowhere was it shown more strikingly than in the censorship of words. Those used by the common people were ignoble and not permissible in poetry or drama. Why, it is related that during a performance of *Othello,* a little before 1830, the use of the word *mouchoir* (handkerchief) produced a riot in the theater. No one dared to write the word *chien* (dog), but must allude to that noble animal only in wide circumlocution.

The rebellion of Hugo was immediate and whole-souled. He brought in new words by scores, used the good old expressions of the people as freely as the stilted phraseology of the aristocrats, and at once found a delighted and enthusiastic following in those who recognized the breadth, flexibility and force the innovation gave to the literary tongue. His followers took up the battle and carried it first to the theater, where popular opinion in France had always been so freely expressed. Even in the rehearsals of *Hernani,* around which the struggle first centered, the trouble cropped out when Mdlle. Mars, the actress who personated the heroine, objected to the expression *Mon lion* in the line *Vous etes mon lion superbe et generoux* (You are my lion, generous and superb), and again and again requested the author to find her a better word. "Find me something better, and I will alter

it," replied the author. "That is not for me to do. I am not the author." "Well, then, madam, let us leave it as it is." As many repetitions of this little dialogue occurred as there were rehearsals, until at last the actress substituted *Monseigneur* for *Mon lion*. "*Mon lion* elevates the verse; *Monseigneur* lowers it. I would rather be hissed for a good verse than applauded for a bad one," protested Hugo, but he was able to get his way only by threatening to take the part away from the refractory actress. Such an anecdote seems trifling, but it illustrates the situation and shows something of the opposition which confronted the romanticists at every innovation.

The flaws in Hugo's work are numerous and easy to see, but in a genius so gigantic they are easily forgiven, or are forgotten in the tremendous display of his talents. Lord Tennyson characterizes him in a worthy stanza:

> Victor in Poesy, Victor in Romance,
> Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,
> French of the French, and Lord of human tears;
> Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance
> Darkening the wreaths of all that would advance,
> Beyond our strait, their claim to be thy peers;
> Weird Titan by thy winter weight of years
> As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France!

IV. Hugo's Lyrics. Without a doubt Victor Hugo was the greatest lyric poet of France, and not a few conscientious and penetrating critics consider him the greatest of the world, although others equally competent to judge

refuse to place him in so high a niche. Whatever may be the ultimate decision, he will always be distinguished for his lyric power, his deep sympathies and his astonishing gift for bringing personal feelings into general forms and fixing them there so skillfully that their universality is always recognized. Thoroughly French, they are no less German and English and Italian, in that they speak the eternal language of the universal human heart.

At intervals, for more than sixty years, he composed his lyrics and published them from time to time singly or in small collections, and during all that time his genius was slowly evolving, never alone and removed from the world to inaccessible heights, but moving about on the plane of a common humanity, alive to the interests of man in every condition of life. The early poems show him struggling for originality, but hampered in a measure by the bonds of his predecessors, and all are Catholic and royalist in sentiment. In *Les Orientales* (1829) he went to the passionate East for his subjects and brought back vivid pictures in so artistic a form it seems incredible that he had visited only half-oriental Spain for his local color. Two years later, he published *Les Feuilles d'Automne* (*Autumn Leaves*), and by them, at twenty-nine, he showed his mastery of all the art of poesy, with less of power than in later years, but also with fewer faults. Tenderness, sensibility, charity, faith and intimacy with home ties characterize the little collection, with

only now and then a flash of indignation against the evils of the world.

In 1835 he published *Les Chants du Crepuscule* (*The Songs of Twilight*), a longer collection, in which doubt, trouble and gloom appear, while faith in the monarchy wanes, and dimly is seen the rising of the popular tide that is to overwhelm the thrones of kings. Two other collections are published, in both of which the spirit of freedom develops side by side with an increasing faith in the people; and then for thirteen years following 1840 the poet's lyre is silent, while private griefs and political interests fill his life. In *Les Chatiments* (*The Chastisements*) (1853) are satirical poems of great power, passionate feeling and some of the grandeur of a great epic. Banishment brought the violence of Hugo's character to the front and forced it into his verse.

Three years later appeared *Les Contemplations,* in which the poet's genius culminates in lyrics full of beauty and pathos, of darkness and light, of splendor and gloom. Yet thereafter in *La Legende des Siecles* (*The Legend of the Ages*) his lyric genius spoke again in the epic manner as in beauty and sublimity he portrayed the public as the hero of the centuries rising superior to king and potentate. Hugo was then fifty-seven, but for more than twenty years his pen was to remain active and to succeed in lyric verse in all subjects from the child-verse of *The Art of Being a Grandfather* to the sorrow and glory of *The Terrible Year.*

From such a collection of poems it is difficult to make selections that give a comprehensive idea of such a genius. No matter how excellent the translation, moreover, much will be lost, much poorly interpreted. However, we are fortunate in having excellent translations.

1. The *Beloved Name* is thus translated by Caroline Anne Bowles, the wife of the poet Robert Southey:

The lily's perfume pure, fame's crown of light,
The latest murmur of departing day,
Fond friendship's plaint, that melts at piteous sight,
The mystic farewell of each hour at flight,
The kiss which beauty grants with coy delay,—

The seven-fold scarf that parting storms bestow
As trophy to the proud, triumphant sun;
The thrilling accent of a voice we know,
The love-enthralled maiden's secret vow,
An infant's dream, ere life's first sands be run,—

The chant of distant choirs, the morning's sigh,
Which erst inspired the fabled Memnon's frame,—
The melodies that, hummed, so trembling die,—
The sweetest gems that 'mid thought's treasures lie,
Have nought of sweetness that can match Her Name!

Low be its utterance, like a prayer divine,
Yet in each warbled song be heard the sound;
Be it the light in darksome fanes to shine,
The sacred word which at some hidden shrine,
The self-same voice forever makes resound!

O friends! ere yet, in living strains of flame,
My muse, bewildered in her circlings wide,
With names the vaunting lips of pride proclaim,
Shall dare to blend the *one*, the purer name,
Which love a treasure in my breast doth hide—

Must the wild lay my faithful harp can sing,
Be like the hymns which mortals, kneeling, hear;
To solemn harmonies attuned the string,
As, music show'ring from his viewless wing,
On heavenly airs some angel hovered near.

2. *The Grandmother* is the translation of Frank S. Mahony (Father Prout):

Still asleep! We have been since the noon thus alone.
Oh, the hours we have ceased to number!
Wake, grandmother!—speechless say why thou art grown.
Then, thy lips are so cold!—the Madonna of stone
Is like thee in thy holy slumber.
We have watched thee in sleep, we have watched thee at prayer,
But what can now betide thee?
Like thy hours of repose all thy orisons were,
And thy lips would still murmur a blessing whene'er
Thy children stood beside thee.

Now thine eye is unclosed, and thy forehead is bent
O'er the hearth, where ashes smolder;
And behold, the watch-lamp will be speedily spent.
Art thou vexed? have we done aught amiss? Oh, relent!
But—parent, thy hands grow colder!
Say, with ours wilt thou let us rekindle in thine
The glow that has departed?
Wilt thou sing us some song of the days of lang syne?
Wilt thou tell us some tale, from those volumes divine,
Of the brave and noble-hearted?

Of the dragon who, crouching in forest green glen,
Lies in wait for the unwary—
Of the maid who was freed by her knight from the den
Of the ogre, whose club was uplifted, but then
Turned aside by the wand of a fairy?
Wilt thou teach us spell-words that protect from all harm,
And thoughts of evil banish?

What goblins the sign of the cross may disarm?
What saint it is good to invoke? and what charm
Can make the demon vanish?

Or unfold to our gaze thy most wonderful book,
So feared by hell and Satan;
At its hermits and martyrs in gold let us look,
At the virgins, and bishops with pastoral crook,
And the hymns and the prayers in Latin.
Oft with legends of angels, who watch o'er the young,
Thy voice was wont to gladden;
Have thy lips yet no language—no wisdom thy tongue?
Oh, see! the light wavers, and sinking, hath flung
On the wall forms that sadden.

Wake! awake! evil spirits perhaps may presume
To haunt thy holy dwelling;
Pale ghosts are, perhaps, stealing into the room—
Oh, would that the lamp were relit! with the gloom
These fearful thoughts dispelling.
Thou hast told us our parents lie sleeping beneath
The grass, in a churchyard lonely:
Now, thine eyes have no motion, thy mouth has no breath,
And thy limbs are all rigid! Oh, say, Is this death,
Or thy prayer or thy slumber only?

ENVOY

Sad vigil they kept by that grandmother's chair,
Kind angels hovered o'er them—
And the dead-bell was tolled in the hamlet—and there,
On the following eve, knelt that innocent pair,
With the missal-book before them.

3. *Expectation,* translated by John L. O'Sullivan:

Squirrel, mount yon oak so high,
To its twig that next the sky
Bends and trembles as a flower!
Strain, O stork, thy pinion well,—

From thy nest 'neath old church-bell,
Mount to yon tall citadel,
And its tallest donjon tower!
To your mountain, eagle old,
Mount, whose brow so white and cold,
Kisses the last ray of even!
And, O thou that lov'st to mark
Morn's first sunbeam pierce the dark,
Mount, O mount, thou joyous lark—
Joyous lark, O mount to heaven!
And now say, from topmost bough,
Towering shaft, and peak of snow,
And heaven's arch—O, can you see
One white plume that like a star,
Streams along the plain afar,
And a steed that from the war
Bears my lover back to me?

4. *Infantile Influence,* translated by Henry Highton:

The child comes toddling in, and young and old
With smiling eyes its smiling eyes behold,
And artless, babyish joy;
A playful welcome greets it through the room,
The saddest brow unfolds its wrinkled gloom,
To greet the happy boy.

If June with flowers has spangled all the ground,
Or winter bleak the flickering hearth around
Draws close the circling seat;
The child still sheds a never-failing light;
We call; Mamma with mingled joy and fright
Watches its tottering feet.

Perhaps at eve as round the fire we draw,
We speak of heaven, or poetry, or law,
Or politics, or prayer;
The child comes in, 'tis now all smiles and play,
Farewell to grave discourse and poet's lay,
Philosophy and care.

When fancy wakes, but sense in heaviest sleep
Lies steeped, and like the sobs of them that weep
The dark stream sinks and swells,
The dawn, like Pharos gleaming o'er the sea,
Bursts forth, and sudden wakes the minstrelsy
Of birds and chiming bells;

Thou art my dawn; my soul is as the field,
Where sweetest flowers their balmy perfumes yield
When breathed upon by thee,
Or forest, where thy voice like zephyr plays,
And morn pours out its flood of golden rays,
When thy sweet smile I see.

Oh, sweetest eyes, like founts of liquid blue;
And little hands that evil never knew,
Pure as the new-formed snow;
Thy feet are still unstained by this world's mire,
Thy golden locks like aureole of fire
Circle thy cherub brow!

Dove of our ark, thine angel spirit flies
On azure wings forth from thy beaming eyes.
Though weak thine infant feet,
What strange amaze this new and strange world gives
To thy sweet virgin soul, that spotless lives
In virgin body sweet.

Oh, gentle face, radiant with happy smile,
And eager prattling tongue that knows no guile,
Quick changing tears and bliss;
Thy soul expands to catch this new world's light,
Thy mazéd eyes to drink each wondrous sight,
Thy lips to taste the kiss.

Oh, God! bless me and mine, and these I love,
And e'en my foes that still triumphant prove
Victors by force or guile;
A flowerless summer may we never see,
Or nest of bird bereft, or hive of bee,
Or home of infant's smile.

5. The following lyric, *Prayer,* is in two parts, the first translated by Henry Highton, the second by an anonymous writer in *Tait's Magazine:*

I

Come, child, to prayer; the busy day is done,
A golden star gleams through the dusk of night;
The hills are trembling in the rising mist,
The rumbling wain looms dim upon the sight;
All things wend home to rest; the road-side trees
Shake off their dust, stirred by the evening breeze.

The sparkling stars gush forth in sudden blaze,
As twilight open flings the doors of night;
The fringe of carmine narrows in the west,
The rippling waves are tipped with silver light;
The bush, the path—all blend in one dull gray;
The doubtful traveler gropes his anxious way.

Oh, day! with toil, with wrong, with hatred rife;
Oh, blessed night! with sober calmness sweet,
The sad winds moaning through the ruined tower,
The age-worn hind, the sheep's sad broken bleat—
All nature groans opprest with toil and care,
And wearied craves for rest, and love, and prayer.

At eve the babes with angels converse hold,
While we to our strange pleasures wend our way,
Each with its little face upraised to heaven,
With folded hands, barefoot kneels down to pray,
At self-same hour with self-same words they call
On God, the common Father of them all.

And then they sleep, and golden dreams anon,
Born as the busy day's last murmurs die,
In swarms tumultuous flitting through the gloom
Their breathing lips and golden locks descry.
And as the bees o'er bright flowers joyous roam,
Around their curtained cradles clustering come.

Oh, prayer of childhood! simple, innocent;
Oh, infant slumbers! peaceful, pure, and light,
Oh, happy worship! ever gay with smiles,
Meet prelude to the harmonies of night;
As birds beneath the wing enfold their head,
Nestled in prayer the infant seeks its bed.

II

To prayer, my child! and O, be thy first prayer
For her who, many nights, with anxious care,
Rocked thy first cradle; who took thy infant soul
From heaven and gave it to the world; then rife
With love, still drank herself the gall of life,
And left for thy young lips the honied bowl.

And then—I need it more—then pray for me!
For she is gentle, artless, true like thee;—
She has a guileless heart, brow placid still;
Pity she has for all, envy for none;
Gentle and wise, she patiently lives on;
And she endures, nor knows who does the ill.

In culling flowers, her novice hand has ne'er
Touched e'en the outer rind of vice; no snare
With smiling show has lured her steps aside:
On her the past has left no staining mark;
Nor knows she aught of those bad thoughts which, dark
Like shade on waters, o'er the spirit glide.

She knows not—nor mayst thou—the miseries
In which our spirits mingle: vanities,
Remorse, soul-gnawing cares, Pleasure's false show;
Passions which float upon the heart like foam,
Bitter remembrances which o'er us come,
And Shame's red spot spread sudden o'er the brow.

I know life better! when thou'rt older grown
I'll tell thee—it is needful to be known—
Of the pursuit of wealth—art, power; the cost,

That it is folly, nothingness: that shame
For glory is oft thrown us in the game
Of Fortune; chances where the soul is lost.

The soul will change. Although of everything
The cause and end be clear, yet wildering
We roam through life (of vice and error full).
We wander as we go; we feel the load
Of doubt; and to the briars upon the road
Man leaves his virtue, as the sheep its wool.

Then go, go pray for me! And as the prayer
Gushes in words, be this the form they bear:—
"Lord, Lord, our Father! God, my prayer attend;
Pardon! Thou art good! Pardon—Thou art great!"
Let them go freely forth, fear not their fate!
Where thy soul sends them, thitherward they tend.

There's nothing here below which does not find
Its tendency. O'er plains the rivers wind,
And reach the sea; the bee, by instinct driven,
Finds out the honied flowers; the eagle flies
To seek the sun; the vulture where death lies;
The swallow to the spring; the prayer to Heaven!

And when thy voice is raised to God for me,
I'm like the slave whom in the vale we see
Seated to rest, his heavy load laid by;
I feel refreshed—the load of faults and woe
Which, groaning, I drag with me as I go,
Thy wingéd prayer bears off rejoicingly!

Pray for thy father! that his dreams be bright
With visitings of angel forms of light,
And his soul burn as incense flaming wide.
Let thy pure breath all his dark sins efface,
So that his heart be like that holy place,
An altar pavement each eve purified!

6. *Come When I Sleep,* translated by Wm. W. Tomlinson:

Oh! when I sleep, come near my resting-place,
As Laura came to bless her poet's heart,
And let thy breath in passing touch my face—
At once a space
My lips will part.

And on my brow where too long weighed supreme
A vision—haply spent now—black as night,
Let thy look as a star arise and beam—
At once my dream
Will seem of light.

Then press my lips, where plays a flame of bliss—
A pure and holy love-light—and forsake
The angel for the woman in a kiss—
At once, I wis,
My soul will wake!

7. Andrew Lang has thus translated *How Butterflies are Born:*

The dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
The tearful roses—lo, the little lovers—
That kiss the buds and all the flutterings
In jasmine bloom, and privet, of white wings
That go and come, and fly, and peep, and hide
With muffled music, murmured far and wide!
Ah, Springtime, when we think of all the lays
That dreamy lovers send to dreamy Mays,
Of the proud hearts within a billet bound,
Of all the soft silk paper that men wound,
The messages of love that mortals write,
Filled with intoxication of delight,
Written in April, and before the Maytime
Shredded and flown, playthings for the winds' playtime.
We dream that all white butterflies above,
Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love,

And leave their lady mistress to despair,
To flirt with flowers, as tender and more fair,
Are but torn love-letters, that through the skies
Flutter, and float, and change to Butterflies.

8. *The Poet's Simple Faith,* by Edward Dowden:

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot go amiss! before me lies
Dawn and the Day; the Night behind me; that
Suffices me; I break the bounds; I see,
And nothing more; believe, and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.

9. *Brute War:*

Toiler, sans eyes, dull-brained Penelope,
Cradler of chaos, powerless to create,
War, whom the clash of iron fires to glee,
The furious blast of clarions makes elate—
Quaffer of blood, foul hag that to thy feast
Lur'st men and madden'st them with vile delight,—
Cloud, swollen with thunder North, South, West and East,
Fulfilled with rage darker than darkest night—
Vast Madness, that for swords keen lightnings wieldest,
What is thy use, dire birth of hellish race,
If, while thou ruinest sin, crime thou upbuildest,
Setting the monster i' the beast's pride of place;
If with thine awful darkness thou dost smother
One Emperor, but to yield earth thence another?

10. *Mourning* was written after the death of his son, and has been translated by Marwood Tucker:

Charles, Charles, my son! hast thou, then, quitted me?
Must all fade, nought endure?
Hast vanished in that radiance, clear for thee,
But still for us obscure?

.

My sunset lingers, boy, thy morn declines!
Sweet mutual love we've known;
For man, alas! plans, dreams, and smiling twines
With others' souls his own.

He cries, "This has no end!" pursues his way.
He soon is downward bound:
He lives, he suffers; in his grasp one day
Mere dust and ashes found.

I've wandered twenty years, in distant lands,
With sore heart forced to stay:
Why fell the blow Fate only understands!
God took my home away.

To-day one daughter and one son remain
Of all my goodly show:
Well-nigh in solitude my dark hours wane;
God takes my children now.

Linger, ye two still left me! though decays
Our nest, our hearts remain;
In gloom of death your mother silent prays,
I in this life of pain.

Martyr of Sion! holding Thee in sight,
I'll drain this cup of gall,
And scale with step resolved that dangerous height,
Which rather seems a fall.

Truth is sufficient guide; no more man needs
Than end so nobly shown.
Mourning, but brave, I march; where duty leads,
I seek the vast unknown.

11. *On a Barricade:*

Upon a barricade thrown 'cross the street
Where patriot's blood with felon's stains one's feet,
Ta'en with grown men, a lad aged twelve, or less!
"Were you among them—you?" He answered: "Yes."

"Good," said the officer, "when comes your turn.
You'll be shot too."—The lad sees lightnings burn,—
Stretched 'neath the wall his comrades one by one:
Then says to the officer, "First let me run
And take this watch home to my mother, sir?"
"You want to escape?"—"No, I'll come back."—"What fear
These brats have! Where do you live?"—"By the well, below:
I'll return quickly if you let me go."
"Be off, young scamp!" Off went the boy. "Good joke!"
And here from all a hearty laugh outbroke,
And with this laugh the dying mixed their moan.
But the laugh suddenly ceased, when, paler grown,
'Midst them the lad appeared, and breathlessly
Stood upright 'gainst the wall with: "Here am I."

Dull death was shamed; the officer said, "Be free!"

Child, I know not, in all this agony
Where good and ill as with one blast of hell
Are blent, *thy* part, but this I know right well.
That thy young soul's a hero-soul sublime.
Gentle and brave, thou trod'st, despite all crime,
Two steps,—one toward thy mother, one toward death.
For the child's deeds the grown man answereth;
No fault was thine to march where others led.
But glorious aye that child who chose instead
Of flight that lured to life, love, freedom, May,
The somber wall 'neath which slain comrades lay!
Glory on thy young brow imprints her kiss.
In Hellas old, sweetheart, thou hadst, y-wis,
After some deathless fight to win or save,
Been hailed by comrades bravest of the brave;—
Hadst smiling in the holiest ranks been found,
Haply by some Aeschylean verse bright-crowned!
On brazen disks thy name had been engraven;—
One of those godlike youths who, 'neath blue heaven,
Passing some well whereo'er the willow droops

What time some virgin 'neath her pitcher stoops
Brimmed for her herds athirst, brings to her eyes
A long long look of awed yet sweet surmise.

12. *The Epic of the Lion,* from *The Art of Being a Grandfather,* is a whimsical poem or fable written from a child's viewpoint. A lion carried off a king's son and kept him in a cave unharmed. A knight set out to rescue the little Prince, but was killed and eaten in the lion's den; a priest who followed was driven away by threats; a body of soldiers was frightened and fled when the lion roared horribly. Exasperated by the attacks upon him, the lion carried the Prince to the King's palace, from which every one had fled in terror, and threatened to eat the child in the King's own apartment. Why he did not do it is told by Edwin Arnold in his translation, as follows:

In the palace grounds
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing—forgot in the general fear,
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice—was that moment waking;
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking,
The Prince's sister; all alone—undressed—
She sate up singing: children sing so best.

A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer!
A mouth all rose-bud, blossoming in laughter!
A baby-angel hard at play! a dream
Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem
If girls were hatched!—all these! Eyes, too, so blue
That sea and sky might own their sapphire new!
Neck bare, arms bare, pink legs and stomach bare!

Nought hid the roseate satin skin, save where
A little white-laced shift was fastened free;
She looked as fresh, singing thus peacefully,
As stars at twilight or as April's heaven;
A floweret—you had said—divinely given,
To show on earth how God's own lilies grow;
Such was this beauteous baby-maid; and so
The Beast caught sight of her and stopped—
And then
Entered:—the floor creaked as he stalked straight in.

Above the playthings by the little bed
The Lion put his shaggy massive head,
Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
More dreadful with that princely prey so borne;
Which she, quick spying, "Brother! brother!" cried,
"Oh, my own brother!" and, unterrified—
Looking a living rose that made the place
Brighter and warmer with its fearless grace—
She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
Whose yellow balls not Typhon had withstood.
And—well! who knows what thoughts these small heads
hold?
She rose up in her cot—full height, and bold,
And shook her pink fist angrily at him.

Whereon—close to the little bed's white rim,
All dainty silk and laces—this huge Brute
Set down her brother gently at her foot,
Just as a mother might, and said to her—
"Don't be put out, now! there he is, Dear!—there!"

V. HUGO'S DRAMAS. Of the half score dramas written by Victor Hugo but two are still performed in France, *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas,* and critics differ so upon the merits of these that it is difficult to form a settled conviction. However, they, with *Marion Delorme,* are usually

considered his greatest works, and if their rating is to be affected at all by the influence they exerted upon contemporary literature, their rank is high indeed.

As early as 1827 Charles Kemble, with Miss Smithson and others of a company of English players, were at the Odeon Theater playing *Othello, Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet,* all of which were enthusiastically received by the *Cenacle,* and Hugo, by that time their recognized leader, wrote his *Cromwell,* intending to produce a drama which should mingle the comic and the tragic and be governed by none of the conventions of vocabulary. *Amy Robsart* (1829), a drama from Scott's novel *Kenilworth,* was a failure, and *Marion Delorme* was forbidden until 1831. Within the decade which followed he wrote *Le Roi s'Amuse, Ruy Blas,* and the prose dramas *Lucrecia Borgia; Marie Tudor; Angelo, Tyran de Padoue.* In 1843 his career as a dramatist ended with *Les Burgraves,* except for *Torquemada,* which did not appear until 1882.

1. From *Marion Delorme* the following lines, from the first love passages between Marion and Didier, are translated by Fanny Kemble-Butler:

Marion (*smiling*). You're strange, and yet I love you thus.
Didier. You love me?
Beware, nor with light lips utter that word.
You love me!—know you what it is to love
With love that is the life-blood in one's veins,

The vital air we breathe, a love long-smothered,
Smoldering in silence, kindling, burning, blazing,
And purifying in its growth the soul.
A love that from the heart eats every passion
But its sole self; love without hope or limit,
Deep love that will outlast all happiness;
Speak, speak; is such the love you bear me?

Marion. Truly.

Didier. Ha! but you do not know how I love you!
The day that first I saw you, the dark world
Grew shining, for your eyes lighted my gloom.
Since then, all things have changed; to me you are
Some brightest, unknown creature from the skies.
This irksome life, 'gainst which my heart rebelled,
Seems almost fair and pleasant; for, alas!
Till I knew you wandering, alone, oppressed,
I wept and struggled, I had never loved.

2. The story of *Hernani* is in brief as follows: *First Act, The King:* Hernani, rebel and bandit, as he is called in the play, while making love to Dona Sol in her apartment, is discovered by the King, Don Carlos, in disguise. Her betrothed, the aged Don Ruy Gomez, surprises them, but the King placates Gomez by saying he came to announce the death of the Emperor, and intends to seek the crown. Hernani plans to elope with Dona Sol and explains his heritage of hatred against the King.

Second Act, The Bandit: The King tries to steal Dona Sol, but is seized and then liberated by Hernani, who has recognized him, and, though conscious of his power, refuses to take Dona Sol with him. The citizens are roused to take Hernani, but he kisses Dona Sol and makes his escape.

Third Act, The Old Man: As Don Ruy Gomez is about to wed the reluctant Dona Sol, Hernani, disguised as a beggar, enters, is received as a guest, and protected by Don Gomez, even after he has been detected making love to Dona Sol. After the King appears, Hernani is hidden behind the Don's portrait. Rather than violate the laws of hospitality, the Don allows the King to take Dona Sol. When, however, he learns that the monarch is a rival, he makes a compact with Hernani and the two follow Don Carlos.

Fourth Act, The Tomb: The King, by the tomb of Charlemagne, waits for his election as emperor. Conspirators gather about to slay him, and Hernani is chosen by lot to strike the blow. A signal announces the election, the Emperor appears from the tomb, forgives the conspirators and gives Dona Sol to Hernani, who is discovered to be the Count of Aragon.

Fifth Act, The Nuptials: It is the day of the wedding between Hernani and Dona Sol. After a charming love scene, Hernani hears the summons of Ruy Gomez, who reminds him of the pledge he made when his life was spared, namely, that when Ruy Gomez should call, Hernani would obey his mandate and give up his life. Dona Sol learns what is transpiring, seizes a vial, and drinks; Hernani takes the remainder, and the two die in each other's arms.

Among the strong passages in the drama, the soliloquy of Don Carlos at the tomb of Charlemagne is thought to stand preëminent:

Forgive me, Charlemagne! Oh, this lonely vault
Should echo only unto solemn words.
Thou must be angry at the babble vain
Of our ambition at your monument.
Here Charlemagne rests! How can the somber tomb
Without a rifting spasm hold such dust!
And art thou truly here, colossal power,
Creator of the world? And canst thou now
Crouch down from all thy majesty and might?
Ah, 'tis a spectacle to stir the soul
What Europe was, and what by thee 'twas made.
Mighty construction with two men supreme
Elected chiefs to whom born kings submit.
States, duchies, kingdoms, marquisates and fiefs—
By right hereditary most are ruled,
But nations find a friend sometimes in Pope
Or Caesar; and one chance another chance
Corrects; thus even balance is maintained
And order opens out. The cloth-of-gold
Electors, and the scarlet cardinals.
The double, sacred senate, unto which
Earth bends, are but paraded outward show,
God's fiat rules it all. One day He wills
A thought, a want, should burst upon the world,
Then grow and spread, and mix with every thing,
Possess some man, win hearts, and delve a groove
Though kings may trample on it, and may seek
To gag;—only that they some morn may see
At diet, conclave, this the scorned idea,
That they had spurned, all suddenly expand
And soar above their heads, bearing the globe
In hand, or on the brow tiara. Pope
And Emperor, they on earth are all in all,
A mystery supreme dwells in them both,
And Heaven's might, which they still represent,
Feasts them with kings and nations, holding them
Beneath its thunder-cloud, the while they sit
At table with the world served out for food.
Alone they regulate all things on earth,

Just as the mower manages his field.
All rule and power are theirs. Kings at the door
Inhale the odor of their savory meats,
Look through the window, watchful on tip-toe,
But weary of the scene. The common world
Below them groups itself on ladder-rungs.
They make and all unmake. One can release,
The other surely strike. The one is Truth,
The other Might. Each to himself is law,
And is, because he is. When—equals they
The one in purple, and the other swathed
In white like winding-sheet—when they come out
From Sanctuary, the dazzled multitude
Look with wild terror on these halves of God,
The Pope and Emperor. Emperor! oh, to be
Thus great! Oh, anguish, not to be this Power
When beats the heart with dauntless courage fill'd!
Oh, happy he who sleeps within this tomb!
How great, and oh! how fitted for his time!
The Pope and Emperor were more than men,
In them two Romes in mystic Hymen joined
Prolific were, giving new form and soul
Unto the human race, refounding realms
And nations, shaping thus a Europe new,
And both remolding with their hands the bronze
Remaining of the great old Roman world.
What destiny! And yet 'tis here he lies?
Is all so little that we come to this!
What then? To have been Prince and Emperor,
And King—to have been sword, and also law;
Giant, with Germany for pedestal—
For title Caesar—Charlemagne for name:
A greater to have been than Hannibal
Or Attila—as great as was the world.
Yet all rests here! For Empire strive and strain
And see the dust that makes an Emperor!
Cover the earth with tumult, and with noise
Know you that one day only will remain—
Oh, madd'ning thought—a stone! For sounding name

Triumphant, but some letters 'graved to serve
For little children to learn spelling by.
How high so e'er ambition made thee soar,
Behold the end of all! Oh, Empire, power,
What matters all to me! I near it now
And like it well. Some voice declares to me
Thine—thine—it will be thine. Heavens, were it so!
To mount at once the spiral height supreme
And be alone—the key-stone of the arch,
With states beneath, one o'er the other ranged,
And kings for mats to wipe one's sandal'd feet!
To see 'neath kings the feudal families,
Margraves and Cardinals, and Doges—Dukes,
Then Bishops, Abbes—Chiefs of ancient clans,
Great Barons—then the soldier class and clerks,
And know yet farther off—in the deep shade
At bottom of th' abyss there is Mankind—
That is to say a crowd, a sea of men,
A tumult—cries, with tears, and bitter laugh
Sometimes. The wail wakes up and scares the earth
And reaches us with leaping echoes, and
With trumpet tone. Oh, citizens, oh, men!
The swarm that from the high church towers seems now
To sound the tocsin! (*Musing.*)
Wondrous human base
Of nations, bearing on your shoulders broad
The mighty pyramid that has two poles,
The living waves that ever straining hard
Balance and shake it as they heave and roll,
Make all change place, and on the highest heights
Make stagger thrones, as if they were but stools.
So sure is this, that ceasing vain debates
Kings look to Heaven! Kings look down below,
Look at the people!—Restless ocean, there
Where nothing's cast that does not shake the whole;
The sea that rends a throne, and rocks a tomb—
A glass in which kings rarely look but ill.
Ah, if upon this gloomy sea they gazed
Sometimes, what Empires in its depths they'd find!

Great vessels wrecked that by its ebb and flow
Are stirr'd—that wearied it—known now no more!
To govern this—to mount so high if called,
Yet know myself to be but mortal man!
To see the abyss—if not that moment struck
With dizziness bewildering every sense.
Oh, moving pyramid of states and kings
With apex narrow,—woe to timid step!
What shall restrain me? If I fail when there
Feeling my feet upon the trembling world,
Feeling alive the palpitating earth,
Then when I have between my hands the globe
Have I the strength alone to hold it fast,
To be an Emperor? Oh, God, 'twas hard
And difficult to play the kingly part.
Certes, no man is rarer than the one
Who can enlarge his soul to duly meet
Great Fortune's smiles, and still increasing gifts.
But I! Who is it that shall be my guide,
My counselor, and make me great?

[*Falls on his knees before the tomb.*

'Tis thou,
Oh, Charlemagne! And since 'tis God for whom
All obstacles dissolve, who takes us now
And puts us face to face—from this tomb's depths
Endow me with sublimity and strength.
Let me be great enough to see the truth
On every side. Show me how small the world
I dare not measure—me this Babel show
Where, from the hind to Caesar mounting up,
Each one, complaisant with himself, regards
The next with scorn that is but half restrained.
Teach me the secret of thy conquests all,
And how to rule. And show me certainly
Whether to punish, or to pardon, be
The worthier thing to do.

Is it not fact
That in his solitary bed sometimes
A mighty shade is wakened from his sleep,

Aroused by noise and turbulence on earth;
That suddenly his tomb expands itself,
And bursts its doors—and in the night flings forth
A flood of light? If this be true indeed,
Say, Emperor! what can after Charlemagne
Another do! Speak, though thy sovereign breath
Should cleave this brazen door. Or rather now
Let me thy sanctuary enter lone!
Let me behold thy veritable face,
And not repulse me with a freezing breath.
Upon thy stony pillow elbows lean,
And let us talk. Yes, with prophetic voice
Tell me of things which make the forehead pale,
And clear eyes mournful. Speak, and do not blind
Thine awe-struck son, for doubtlessly thy tomb
Is full of light. Or if thou wilt not speak,
Let me make study in the solemn peace
Of thee, as of a world, thy measure take,
Oh, giant, for there's nothing here below
So great as thy poor ashes. Let them teach,
Failing thy spirit.

The third scene from Act V:

DONA SOL

At last they all are gone.

HERNANI (*seeking to draw her to his arms*).

Dear love!

DONA SOL (*drawing back a little*).

Is't late?—
At least to me it seems so.

HERNANI

Angel dear,
Time ever drags till we together are.

DONA SOL

This noise has wearied me. Is it not true,
Dear Lord, that all this mirth but stifling is
To happiness?

HERNANI

Thou sayest truly, Love,
For happiness is serious, and asks
For hearts of bronze on which to 'grave itself.
Pleasure alarms it, flinging to it flowers;
Its smile is nearer tears than mirth.

DONA SOL

Thy smile's
Like daylight in thine eyes.

[HERNANI *seeks to lead her to the door.*
Oh, presently.

HERNANI

I am thy slave; yes, linger if thou wilt,
Whate'er thou dost is well. I'll laugh and sing
If thou desirest that it should be so.
Bid the volcano stifle flame, and 'twill
Close up its gulfs, and on its sides grow flowers,
And grasses green.

DONA SOL

How good you are to me,
My heart's Hernani!

HERNANI

Madam, what name's that?
I pray in pity speak it not again!
Thou call'st to mind forgotten things. I know
That he existed formerly in dreams,
Hernani, he whose eyes flashed like a sword,
A man of night and of the hills, a man
Proscribed, on whom was seen writ everywhere
The one word *vengeance.* An unhappy man
That drew down malediction! I know not
The man they called Hernani. As for me,
I love the birds and flowers, and woods—and song
Of nightingale. I'm Juan of Aragon,
The spouse of Dona Sol—a happy man!

DONA SOL

Happy am I!

HERNANI

What does it matter now,
The rags I left behind me at the door!
Behold, I to my palace desolate
Come back. Upon the threshold-sill there waits
For me an Angel; I come in and lift
Upright the broken columns, kindle fire,
And ope again the windows; and the grass
Upon the courtyard I have all pluck'd up;
For me there is but joy, enchantment, love.
Let them give back my towers, and donjon-keep,
My plume, and seat at the Castilian board
Of Council, comes my blushing Dona Sol,
Let them leave us—the rest forgotten is.
Nothing I've seen, nor said, nor have I done.
Anew my life begins, the past effacing.
Wisdom or madness, you I have and love,
And you are all my joy!

DONA SOL

How well upon
The velvet black the golden collar shows!

HERNANI

You saw it on the King ere now on me.

DONA SOL

I did not notice. Others, what are they
To me? Besides, the velvet is it, or
The satin? No, my Duke, it is thy neck
Which suits the golden collar. Thou art proud
And noble, my own Lord. [*He seeks to lead her indoors.*
Oh, presently,
A moment! See you not, I weep with joy?
Come look upon the lovely night.
[*She goes to the balustrade.*
My Duke,
Only a moment—but the time to breathe
And gaze. All now is o'er, the torches out,
The music done. Night only is with us.
Felicity most perfect! Think you not

That now while all is still and slumbering,
Nature, half waking, watches us with love?
No cloud is in the sky. All things like us
Are now at rest. Come, breathe with me the air
Perfumed by roses. Look, there is no light,
Nor hear we any noise. Silence prevails.
The moon just now from the horizon rose
E'en while you spoke to me; her trembling light
And thy dear voice together reached my heart.
Joyous and softly calm I felt, oh, thou
My lover! And it seemed that I would then
Most willingly have died.

HERNANI

Ah, who is there
Would not all things forget when listening thus
Unto this voice celestial! Thy speech
But seems a chaunt with nothing human mixed,
And as with one, who gliding down a stream
On summer eve, sees pass before his eyes
A thousand flowery plains, my thoughts are drawn
Into thy reveries!

DONA SOL

This silence is
Too deep, and too profound the calm. Say, now,
Wouldst thou not like to see a star shine forth
From out the depths—or hear a voice of night,
Tender and sweet, raise suddenly its song?

HERNANI (*smiling*)

Capricious one! Just now you fled away
From all the songs and lights.

DONA SOL

Ah yes, the ball!
But yet a bird that in the meadow sings,
A nightingale in moss or shadow lost,
Or flute far off. For music sweet can pour
Into the soul a harmony divine,
That like a heavenly choir wakes in the heart

A thousand voices! Charming would it be!
[*They hear the sound of a horn from the shade.*
My prayer is heard.

HERNANI (*aside, trembling*)
Oh, miserable man!

DONA SOL
An angel read my thought—'twas thy good angel
Doubtless?

HERNANI (*bitterly*)
Yes, my good angel! (*Aside.*)
There, again!

DONA SOL (*smiling*)
Don Juan, I recognize your horn.

HERNANI
Is't so?

DONA SOL
The half this serenade to you belongs?

HERNANI
The half, thou hast declared it.

DONA SOL
Ah, the ball
Detestable! Far better do I love
The horn that sounds from out the woods! And since
It is your horn 'tis like your voice to me.
[*The horn sounds again.*

HERNANI (*aside*)
It is the tiger howling for his prey!

DONA SOL
Don Juan, this music fills my heart with joy.

HERNANI (*drawing himself up and looking terrible*)
Call me Hernani! call me it again!
For with that fatal name I have not done.

DONA SOL (*trembling*)
What ails you?

HERNANI
The old man!

DONA SOL

Oh, God, what looks!
What is it ails you?

HERNANI

That old man who in
The darkness laughs. Can you not see him there?

DONA SOL

Oh, you are wand'ring! Who is this old man?

HERNANI

The old man!

DONA SOL

On my knees I do entreat
Thee, say what is the secret that afflicts
Thee thus?

HERNANI

I swore it!

DONA SOL

Swore!

[*She watches his movements with anxiety. He stops suddenly and passes his hand across his brow.*

HERNANI (*aside*)

What have I said?
Oh, let me spare her. (*Aloud.*)
I—nought. What was it
I said?

DONA SOL

You said——

HERNANI

No, no, I was disturbed——
And somewhat suffering I am. Do not
Be frightened.

DONA SOL

You need something? Order me,
Thy servant. [*The horn sounds again.*

HERNANI (*aside*)

Ah, he claims! he claims the pledge!
He has my oath. (*Feeling for his dagger*).
Not there. It must be done!
Ah!——

DONA SOL

Suff'rest thou so much?

HERNANI

'Tis an old wound
That I thought healed—it has reopened now. (*Aside.*)
She must be got away. (*Aloud.*)
My best beloved,
Now listen; there's a little box that in
Less happy days I carried with me——

DONA SOL

Ah,
I know what 'tis you mean. Tell me your wish.

HERNANI

It holds a flask of an elixir which
Will end my sufferings.—Go!

DONA SOL

I go, my Lord.
[*Exit by the door to their apartments.*

3. *Le Roi s'Amuse!* (*The King's Diversion*) is a tragedy in which an attack is made on the rights and privileges of monarchy in so savage a manner that its suppression was a matter of course. The plot is simple and increases in interest until its final catastrophe is one of the most terrible in dramatic literature. Many criticisms have been passed upon the immorality of the play, but Hugo skillfully defends himself from the charge, showing that the opposition was always more political than moral; yet there are undoubtedly many things in it

which offend modern taste. Like many of his other dramas, each act is given a title, as we have indicated in the outline of *Hernani*. There is a change of scenery only at the beginning of the acts, and the division into scenes is made upon the entrance or exit of a character, as is true of all French dramas, ancient or modern.

At the opening of the play, King Francis I is shown among the ladies of his court. His courtiers have seen Triboulet, the ugly dwarf, frequently visiting and leaving a house, which he always locks very carefully behind him, and suspecting that he has a mistress there, they plan to carry her off in revenge for his sarcastic remarks. The King has seen the object of Triboulet's solicitude, a beautiful young lady, and has fallen in love with her, though he has no idea who she is. When the King shows admiration for the wife of De Cosse, Triboulet advises him to destroy the noble and take his wife. St. Vallier curses the King for the seduction of Diane of Poitiers and Triboulet for his insults, after which the old man is arrested.

The lady whom Triboulet guards so carefully proves to be his daughter Blanche, whom he loves above anything else on earth. The King enters Triboulet's home, bribes the duenna, and under the disguise of a student, sees and makes ardent love to Blanche, who responds unreservedly. The courtiers and Triboulet all arrive in the street outside. The

dwarf is persuaded that the action is against another party, and, while the courtiers hold him, they carry off Blanche, believing her to be his mistress. His anguish when he discovers his own loss is most vividly portrayed.

Blanche is taken to the King's palace, where she recognizes the monarch as the student whom she loves, but, knowing him, she rejects all his advances, and, when he pursues her, she flees through an open door into the King's bedchamber. He follows immediately and locks the door. Triboulet comes on the scene and learns where his daughter is, but is kept back by the courtiers until she makes her escape, to mingle her tears with the dwarf's curses when he discovers what has happened.

At the hovel of Saltabadil the King amuses himself with Maguelonne, the cut-throat's sister, while Triboulet and Blanche, who still loves her student King, see his falseness through a crevice in the wall. A storm comes up and the King goes to a chamber for the night, where it is disclosed that Saltabadil is to kill him to avenge Triboulet, but Maguelonne objects, and it is agreed by the brother and sister that if any one else appears during the night he shall suffer death in place of the King and be put as a substitute into the sack, for which Triboulet is to call. In the meantime, the dwarf has disguised his daughter in the clothing of a young noble and sent her away, but, becoming alarmed for the safety of the King, she returns to the hovel and knocks

at the door in order to alarm the King. Saltabadil opens the door and kills her, as he thinks. Triboulet comes late in the night and is given the sack containing his daughter's body. Thinking it to be the corpse of the King, he is about to throw it into the river, when Francis himself crosses the stage singing and is recognized. By a flash of lightning Triboulet examines the body and discovers its identity. Blanche regains consciousness long enough to explain what has happened, and then dies in the arms of her father, who, with a scream of anger and the exclamation, "I have slain my child!" falls senseless on the ground.

4. *Ruy Blas* is in form similar to the other plays we have described, and all of them contain much more descriptive matter in the way of stage directions than any of the earlier plays, in which respect also they are a departure from the classical dramas. Like *Hernani, Ruy Blas* is a Spanish drama, the scene of which, however, is laid two centuries later, during which time the absolute monarchy has come to be more a patriarchal form of government, with less power in the hands of the king.

Don Salluste de Bazan, for an intrigue with a servant of the Queen, has been banished, and he tries to induce his cousin, Don Caesar de Bazan, a wild and dissolute youth, to help him in revenge upon the Queen; but the poor scapegrace and half-bandit refuses scornfully the wealth and honor offered him for such treachery. Don Caesar recognizes an old friend in

Ruy Blas, one of Don Salluste's servants, and is told by Ruy that he devotedly loves the Queen, though, of course, he can never aspire to a return of his affection. Don Salluste notices the strong resemblance between the two men and causes the disappearance of his cousin, while he clothes Ruy Blas in a courtier's dress and introduces him as Don Caesar. In return Ruy Blas promises in writing to obey absolutely the commands of his master, but sees no treachery when he is ordered to be attentive to the Queen and make love to her.

The deserted and lonely Queen is kept in her palace under the surveillance of her duenna, but has found flowers and notes full of respectful love, which were left by Ruy Blas before his change of circumstances, and is grateful that any one, however humble, should love her. When Ruy Blas appears as a messenger from the King, who is away hunting, and in the character of Don Caesar he is recognized by a piece of lace; this lace was torn from his sleeve in climbing the fence surrounding the palace, and the Queen had seen the piece that had caught on the fence. She recognizes the lace on his sleeve as identical with that she had found on the picket of the fence. Her agitation is noticed by Don Guritan, who challenges the supposed Don Caesar. The Queen discovers the fact and sends Guritan on a long mission in order that the duel may be prevented.

Ruy Blas has risen to almost unlimited power in the kingdom, and with the Queen

rules everything. In the interest of justice he has just banished two nobles and received the approval of the Queen, when Don Salluste, disguised as a lackey, comes, and, after treating Ruy Blas most insultingly, threatens him with exposure unless he remains at his home all the next day and carries out the orders of Salluste, as he had promised six months earlier. At this moment, too, Don Guritan returns from his mission. Ruy Blas, in despair at his home, sends a warning to the Queen through Guritan, but the latter is suspicious and does not give the message. Ruy Blas, meantime, leaves his house to lose himself among the populace. In the meantime, the real Don Caesar, reduced almost to starvation, has succeeded in escaping from those who held him abroad, and, returning to Paris, descends through a chimney accidentally into the apartment of Ruy Blas. Here he receives a messenger, who was sent with money to the false Don Caesar, and appropriates the funds. Soon a duenna brings a note saying that the lady will come to his apartments if he will write across the folded note the one word "Come." Not understanding the meaning, the ne'er-do-well writes the word and returns the message. Then Don Guritan enters, quarrels with Don Caesar, and in a street duel is slain by him. When the latter returns to the house, he finds Don Salluste in waiting, is recognized by his cousin, and given over to the officers of justice as a robber and the murderer of Guritan.

Ruy Blas has returned to his rooms and alone there is contemplating suicide, when he is surprised by the Queen, who thinks he must expect her, as he had written the word "Come" in response to her inquiry. Before explanations can be fully made, Don Salluste appears, exposes the counterfeit Don Caesar as Ruy Blas, the servant, and threatens the Queen with exposure and disgrace as his revenge, it appearing that he is responsible for the deceptive notes that have brought her there. Ruy Blas, when he has learned the depth of Don Salluste's treachery, seizes the latter's sword, takes him into a closet, and slays him. On his return he begs forgiveness, the Queen grants it, and he dies from self-administered poison, after telling her that he really is only Ruy Blas, the servant of Don Salluste.

As a relief from the dark tragedy of the dramas, we quote a portion of the scene in which Don Caesar enters the apartment of Ruy Blas. Wrapped in a tattered cloak, he has just fallen noisily from the chimney into the room and is "scared, out of breath, stupefied, disordered, with an expression of mingled joy and anxiety:"

'Tis I! So much the worse!

(*He rises, rubbing the leg on which he has fallen, and comes into the room hat in hand and bowing low.*)

Your pardon, pray!
But heed me not. I don't attend—go on
With your discourse, continue I entreat,
I enter rather rudely—Sirs, for that
I'm sorry!

(*He stops in the middle of the room, perceiving he is alone.*)

No one here?—When on the roof
Just now I perched, I thought I heard the sound
Of voices.—No one, though!

(*Seats himself in an arm-chair.*)

That's very well.
Let me now gather up my thoughts. And good
Is solitude. Oh, what events!—Marvels
With which I'm charged, just as a wetted dog
Who shakes off water. First those Alguazils
Who seized me in their claws, and that absurd
Embarkment; then the corsairs, and the town
So big where I was beaten sorely. Then
Temptations of that sallow woman; next,
Departure from the prison; travels, too,
And at the last return to Spain. And then—
Oh, what a tale!—The day that I arrived,
Those self-same Alguazils the first I met.
My desperate flight, and their enraged pursuit;
I leaped a wall, and then I saw a house
Half-hidden by the trees; I thither ran;
None saw me, so I nimbly climbed from shed
To roof; at last I introduced myself
Into the bosom of a family
By coming down a chimney, where I tore
To rags my newest mantle, that now hangs
About my heels. By heav'n, Cousin Salluste,
You are a braggart rogue!

(*Looking at himself in a little Venetian glass placed on the sculptured chest.*)

My doublet here
Has kept to me through these disasters all.
It struggles yet.

(*He takes off his mantle and admires in the glass his rose-colored doublet, now torn and patched; then he puts his hand sharply to his leg, with a look at the chimney.*)

But in my fall my leg
Has suffer'd horribly!

(*He opens the drawers of the chest. In one of them he finds a mantle of light-green velvet embroidered with gold. The mantle given by* DON SALLUSTE *to* RUY BLAS. *He examines it and compares it with his own.*)

It seems to me
This mantle is more decent than my own.

(*He puts on the green mantle, and leaves his own in the chest, after having carefully folded it up. He adds his hat, which he crushes under the mantle with a blow of his fist. Then he shuts the drawer, and struts about proudly draped in the fine mantle embroidered with gold.*)

'Twill do. Behold me now return'd. All is
Proceeding well. Ah, cousin very dear,
You wished to send me off to Africa,
Where man is mouse unto the tiger! Ah,
I'll be revenged on you most savagely,
My cursèd cousin, when I've breakfasted.
In my right name I'll go to you, and drag
With me a troop of rogues, such as can smell
The gibbet a league off—and more, I will
Deliver you alive, thus to appease
The appetites of all my creditors,
These followed by their little ones.

(*He perceives in the corner a pair of splendid boots trimmed with lace. He takes off his shoes in a leisurely manner, and, without scruple, puts on the new boots.*)

But first
Now let me see where all his perfidies
Have led me.

(*After looking all round the room.*)

A mysterious dwelling, fit
For tragedies. Closed doors and shutters barred,
A dungeon quite. Into this charming place
One enters from the top, just as there comes
The wine into the bottles.

(*With a sigh.*)

Ah, good wine
Is very good.

(*He notices the little door at the right, opens it, and hastily enters the closet with which it communicates, and then comes back with a gesture of astonishment.*)

Oh, wonders, wonders more!
Where everything is closed, a little room
Without the means of egress!

(*He goes to the door at the back, half-opens it, and looks out; he lets it close and comes to the front.*)

Not a soul!—
Oh, where the deuce am I?—At any rate,
I've managed to escape the Alguazils.
What matters all the rest? Need I be scared
And take a gloomy view, because I ne'er
Before beheld a house like this?

(*He seats himself in the arm-chair, and yawns, but soon gets up again.*)

Come, though,
I feel the dullness here is horrible!

(*Perceiving a little corner cupboard in the wall.*)

Let's see, this looks to me a little like
A bookcase.

(*He opens it, and finds it to be a well-furnished larder.*)

Ah! 'tis just the thing.—A pie,
A water-melon, and some wine. A cold
Collation for emergency. By Jove!
I'd prejudices 'gainst this house.

(*Examines the flagons one after the other.*)

All good.—
Come, now! This place is worthy of great praise.

(*He goes to the corner, and brings thence to the front a little round table, on which he places the contents of the larder—bottles, dishes, etc. He adds a glass, plate, fork, etc. Then he takes up one of the bottles.*)

Let's read this one the first.

(*He fills the glass, and drinks off the wine.*)

A work that is
Most admirable. The production fine
Of that so famous poet called the sun!

Xérès-des-Chevaliers can nothing show
More ruby-like.
(*He sits, and pours out another glass of wine.*)
What book's worth this? Find me
Something that is more spiritual!
(*He drinks.*)
Ah!
This comforts! Let us eat.
(*He cuts the pie.*)
I have outstripp'd
Those dogs of Alguazils. They've lost the scent.
(*He begins eating.*)
The king of pies! and as for him who is
The master here, should he drop in——
(*He goes to the sideboard, and brings thence a glass and a plate.*)
Why, him
I now invite, if that he does not come
To drive me hence. Let me be very quick.
(*He takes large mouthfuls.*)
My dinner done, I'll look about the house.
Who can inhabit it? Maybe, he is
A jolly fellow. This place can but hide
Some feminine intrigue. Pshaw! What's the harm
That here I do? What is it, I beseech?
Nought but this worthy's hospitality
After the ancient way,
(*He half kneels, surrounding the table with his arms.*)
Embracing thus
The altar. (*He drinks.*)
Firstly though, this wine is not
A bad man's wine. And then if any one
Should come, I'd certainly declare myself.
How you would rage, my old accursèd coz!
What, that low fellow, that Bohemian!
That beggarly black sheep Zafari? Yes,
Don Caesar de Bazan, the cousin he
Of the Don Salluste! What a fine surprise!
And what a hubbub in Madrid! When was't

That he return'd? This morning, or this night?
What tumult everywhere at such a bomb,
The great forgotten name that all at once
Again is heard! Don Caesar de Bazan!
Yes, if you please, good Sirs. Nobody thought—
Nobody spoke of him,—then he's not dead!
He lives, my dames and gentlemen! The men
Will cry: "The deuce!" The women they will say,
"Indeed! Aye, aye!" Soft sound that mingles with
The barking of three hundred creditors
As you go home! Fine part to play! Alas!
I'm wanting money for it.
(*A noise is heard at the door.*)
Some one comes!
No doubt t' expel me like a vile buffoon.—
No matter though. Caesar, do nought by halves!

The scene between the duenna who brings the note and Don Caesar is as follows:

THE DUENNA (*at the threshold of the door*)
Don Caesar de Bazan?

(DON CAESAR, *absorbed in his meditations, turns his head suddenly.*)

DON CAESAR
Now then, what is it? (*Aside.*)
A woman! Oh!
(*Whilst the* Duenna *makes a low respectful curtsey at the back he comes to the front wonder-struck.*)
The devil or Sallust
Must be mixed up in this! Next I expect
To see my cousin here. Duenna, oh!
(*Aloud.*)
'Tis I, Don Caesar, tell your business, pray.
(*Aside.*)
Most commonly it is a woman old
That ushers in a young one.

THE DUENNA (*bowing and making sign of the Cross*)
I, my Lord,
Salute you, on this fast day, in the name
Of Him o'er whom there's nothing can prevail.

DON CAESAR (*aside*)
A galant ending that begins devoutly.
(*Aloud.*)
Amen. Good day.

THE DUENNA
May God maintain you, e'er
In happiness. (*Mysteriously.*)
Know you of some one who
Has sent me now, with whom you've plann'd to-night
A secret meeting?

DON CAESAR
Oh, I'm capable
Of such a thing.

THE DUENNA (*who takes from her farthingale a folded letter which she shows to him, but without allowing him to take it*)
Then you indeed it is,
Gallant discreet, who've just addressed to one
Who loves you, for to-night a message,—one
Whom you know well?

DON CAESAR
It must be I.

THE DUENNA
Good—good.
The lady married to some dotard old
Is forced, no doubt, to careful be. I was
Desired to hither come. Her I know not,
But you know her—it was her waiting maid
Who told me about things. That was enough,
Without the names.

DON CAESAR
Excepting mine.

THE DUENNA

'Tis plain,
Th' appointment for the lady has been made
By her soul's friend,—but fearing there may be
Some snare, and knowing too much caution ne'er
Spoiled aught, she sends me here from your own mouth
To have the confirmation——

DON CAESAR

Oh, the old
And surly thing! What fuss about a sweet
Love letter! Yes, 'tis I myself, I tell
You so.

THE DUENNA (*placing on the table the folded letter, which* DON CAESAR *looks at with curiosity*)

In that case then, if you it be,
The one word, "Come," upon the letter you
Will write—but not by your own hand—that so
There may be nothing compromised.

DON CAESAR

Indeed!
From mine own hand! (*Aside.*)
A message well conveyed!

(*He puts out his hand to take the letter; but it has been resealed and the* Duenna *will not let him touch it.*)

THE DUENNA

You must not open. You will recognize
The fold.

DON CAESAR

By Heaven! (*Aside.*)
I who burn to see!——
But let me play my part!

(*He rings the little bell. One of the* negroes *enters.*)

Know'st thou to write?

(*The* Negro *nods an affirmative sign. Astonishment of* DON CAESAR.) (*Aside.*)
A sign! (*Aloud.*) Art thou then dumb, thou rascal?

(*Again the* Negro *makes the sign of affirmation. Fresh stupefaction of* DON CAESAR.) (*Aside.*)

Well!

Continue! Mutes appear the latest thing!

(*To the* Mute, *showing him the letter which the old woman holds down on the table.*)

Write there: "Come."

(*The* Mute *writes.* DON CAESAR *signs to the* Duenna *to take back the letter, and to the* Mute *to go. Exit the* Mute.)

Ah! he is obedient!

THE DUENNA (*with an air of mystery again placing the letter in her farthingale, and approaching nearer to*

DON CAESAR)

To-night you'll see her. Is she very fair?

DON CAESAR

Oh, charming!

THE DUENNA

'Twas the cunning waiting-maid
Who managed it. At sermon-time aside
She took me. Oh, how beautiful was she!
With angel's profile and a demon's eye.
Knowing in love affairs she seemed to be.

DON CAESAR (*aside*)

I'd be contented with the maid!

THE DUENNA

We judge—
For always beauty makes the plain afraid,—
So with Sultana and her slave, and with
The master and his man. Most certainly
Your love is very beautiful.

DON CAESAR

I'm proud,
Indeed, to think so!

THE DUENNA (*making a curtsey and about to withdraw*)

Sir, I kiss your hand.

DON CAESAR (*giving her a handful of doubloons*)
I'll grease thy palm. Old woman, stop.

THE DUENNA (*pocketing them*)
Ah, youth
Is gay to-day!

DON CAESAR (*dismissing her*)
Now go.

THE DUENNA (*curtseys*)
If you have need—
I'm named Dame Oliva. Saint Isidro,
The Convent,——

(*She goes out. Afterwards the door re-opens and her head appears.*)

Always at the right I sit
Of the third pillar entering the church.

(DON CAESAR *turns round with impatience. The door closes; again it half opens and the old woman re-appears.*)
To-night you'll see her! In your prayers, my Lord,
Remember me.

DON CAESAR (*driving her away angrily*)
Ah!

(*The* Duenna *disappears and the door closes.*)

DON CAESAR (*alone*)
Now I'm resolved, my faith,
At nothing more to be at all surprised.
I'm in the moon. Behold a love affair
Now comes; I am about to satisfy
My heart, after long hunger. (*Musing.*) Oh, all this
To me just now seems mighty good. But ah!
Beware the end!

(*The door at the back opens.* DON GURITAN *appears with two long naked swords under his arm.*)

VI. THE NOVELS OF VICTOR HUGO. *Hans of Iceland* and *Bug Jargal* were the productions of youth and *Notre Dame de Paris* of youthful

maturity, but after the publication of his prose dramas and the period of quiescence in which politics absorbed his mind, he returned to literature in the fullness of his power, and finding the drama too restricted for the gigantic themes he proposed turned to fiction, in which he had already met with great success. In 1862 the long-heralded *Les Miserables* appeared; four years later, *The Toilers of the Sea;* in three years more, *The Man Who Laughs;* and then, in 1873, the *Ninety-Three.*

1. *Notre Dame de Paris,* usually known as *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* is a tragic historical romance of Paris in the days of Louis XI, abounding in scenes of terror and pathos, with little to relieve its somber colors. A. C. Swinburne, who perhaps should not be cited as an authority because he is too lost in admiration for Hugo to be capable of a correct judgment of his work, has said:

> The greatest of all tragic romances has a Grecian perfection of structure, with a Gothic intensity of pathos. To attempt the praise of such a work would be only less idle than to refuse it. Terror and pity, with eternal fate for keynote to the strain of story, never struck deeper to men's hearts through more faultless evolution of combining circumstance on the tragic stage of Athens. Louis the Eleventh has been painted by many famous hands, but Hugo's presentation of him, as compared for example with Scott's, is as a portrait by Velasquez to a portrait by Vandyke. The style was a new revelation of the supreme capacities of human speech: the touch of it on any subject of description or of passion is as the touch of the sun for penetrating irradiation and vivid evocation of life.

Quasimodo, the hero, is a wretched dwarf:

We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of that tetrahedron nose—that horse-shoe mouth—that small left eye over-shadowed by a red bushy brow, while the right eye disappeared entirely under an enormous wart—of those straggling teeth with breaches here and there like the battlements of a fortress—of that horny lip, over which one of those teeth projected like the tusk of an elephant—of that forked chin—and, above all, of the expression diffused over the whole—that mixture of malice, astonishment, and melancholy. Let the reader, if he can, figure to himself this combination.

. . . . . .

His whole person was a grimace. His large head, all bristling with red hair—between his shoulders an enormous hump, to which he had a corresponding projection in front—a framework of thighs and legs, so strangely gone astray that they could touch one another only at the knees, and, when viewed in front, looked like two pairs of sickles brought together at the handles—sprawling feet—monstrous hands—and yet, with all that deformity, a certain gait denoting vigor, agility, and courage—a strange exception to the everlasting rule which prescribes that strength, like beauty, shall result from harmony. He looked like a giant that had been broken and awkwardly mended.

As his character develops, he excites our horror, sympathy, pity and admiration, but never our mirth. La Esmeralda, the heroine, is a charming creature, whose misfortunes are too terrible to contemplate, as is also her tragic death. But at her first appearance in the story she is most delightful, though then known only as a gipsy dancer, who, with her trained goat, entertains the people of the slums:

In a wide space left clear between the fire and the crowd, a young girl was dancing. Whether she was a human being, a fairy, or an angel, was what Gringoire, skeptical philosopher and ironical poet as he was, could not at the first moment decide, so much was he fascinated by this dazzling vision.

She was not tall, but the elasticity of her slender shape made her appear so. She was brown; but it was evident that in the daylight her complexion would have that golden glow seen upon the women of Andalusia and of the Roman States. Her small foot, too, was Andalusian; for it was at once tight and easy in its light and graceful shoe. She was dancing, turning, whirling upon an old Persian carpet spread negligently under her feet; and each time that in turning round her radiant countenance passed before you, her large black eyes seemed to flash upon you.

Around, every look was fixed upon her, every mouth was open; and, indeed, while she was dancing thus to the sound of a tambourine which her two round and delicate arms lifted above her head—slender, fragile, brisk as a wasp in the sunshine, with her golden corset without a plait, her parti-colored skirt swelling out below her slender waist, her bare shoulders, her fine-formed legs of which her dress gave momentary glimpses, her black hair and her sparkling eyes—she looked like something more than human.

"Truly," thought Gringoire, " 'tis a salamander—a nymph—a goddess—a bacchante of Mount Maenalus!"

At that moment one of the braids of the salamander's hair came undone, and a small piece of brass that had been attached to it rolled upon the ground.

"Oh no!" said he; "it's a gipsy." All the illusion had disappeared.

She resumed her dance. She took up from the ground two swords, the points of which she supported upon her forehead, making them turn in one direction while she turned in the other. It was indeed no other than a gipsy. Yet, disenchanted as Gringoire found himself, the scene,

taken altogether, was not without its charm, not without its magic. The bonfire cast upon her a red flaring light, which flickered brightly upon the circle of faces of the crowd and the brown forehead of the girl, and, at the extremities of the Place, threw a pale reflection, mingled with the wavering of their shadows—on one side, upon the old dark wrinkled front of the Maison-aux-Piliers; on the other, upon the stone arms of the gibbet.

Notre Dame, the mighty cathedral of Paris, is always in the foreground, and dominates the story as it does the city. To Quasimodo the church is an object of veneration and awe; no less is his devotion to the bells which he rings with an abandon of joy. Only when La Esmeralda enters his life does his loyalty waver. In and out and over the church the reader is taken till he grows so familiar with it that it typifies for him the whole of the Paris of the Middle Ages.

Instead of trying to give plot or incident from the book, we will content ourselves with the novelist's unrivaled picture of Louis XI:

Louis XI seldom made his appearance in his good city of Paris; and when he did appear, it was during very short intervals, as he did not there feel himself surrounded by a sufficient abundance of pitfalls, gibbets, and Scottish archers.

He had come that day to sleep at the Bastille. His grand chamber at the Louvre, five toises square, with its grand chimney-piece loaded with twelve great beasts and thirteen great prophets, and his great bed, eleven feet by twelve, were little to his taste. He felt himself lost amidst all those grandeurs. This good, homely King preferred the Bastille with a chamber and a bed of humbler dimensions; and, besides, the Bastille was stronger than the Louvre. . . .

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NOTRE DAME, PARIS

FOR MORE THAN SIX CENTURIES THIS GREAT EDIFICE HAS BEEN THE CENTRAL POINT OF PARIS LIFE.

The chamber which Louis XI reserved to himself in the famous state prison, notwithstanding its comparative smallness, was positively spacious, occupying the upper story of a secondary tower adhering to the donjon or great keep of the fortress. It was a circular apartment, hung with matting of shining straw, ceiled with wooden beams decorated with raised fleurs-de-lis of gilt metal, with colored spaces between them, and wainscoted with rich carvings interspersed with rosettes of white metal, and painted of a fine light green made of orpiment and fine indigo.

There was but one window, a long pointed one, latticed with iron bars and brass wire, and still further darkened with fine glass painted with the arms of the king and queen, each pane of which had cost two-and-twenty sols.

There was but one entrance, a modern doorway under an overhanging circular arch, furnished inside with a piece of tapestry, and outside with one of those porches of Irish wood, as it was called—frail structures of curious cabinet work, which were still to be seen abounding in old French mansions a hundred and fifty years ago. "Although they disfigure and encumber the places," says Sauval in despair, "yet our old gentlemen will not put them out of the way, but keep them in spite of everybody."

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At the moment at which we have introduced the reader into it this closet was very dark. The curfew had rung an hour ago; it was dark night; and there was but one wavering wax-candle set upon the table to light five different persons variously grouped in the chamber.

The first upon whom the light fell was a seigneur splendidly attired in a doublet and hose of scarlet striped with silver, and a cloak with shoulder-pieces of cloth of gold with black figures. This splendid costume, as the light played upon it, glittered flamingly at every fold. The man who wore it had upon his breast his arms embroidered in brilliant colors. . . and wore in his girdle

a rich dagger, the hilt of which, of silver gilt, was chased in the form of a helmet top, and surmounted by a count's coronet. His air was unprepossessing, his look haughty and stiff. At the first glance you saw arrogance in his face; at the second, cunning.

He was standing bareheaded, with a long written scroll in his hand, behind the easy chair, upon which was seated, with his body ungracefully bent double, his knees thrown one across the other, and his elbow resting on the table, a person in very indifferent habiliments. Imagine, indeed, upon the rich morocco seat, a pair of crooked joints, a pair of lean thighs poorly wrapped in a web of black worsted, a trunk wrapped in a loose coat of linsey-woolsey, the fur trimming of which had much more leather left than hair; and to crown the whole, an old greasy hat of the meanest black cloth, garnished all round with a band of small leaden figures. Such, together with a dirty skullcap, beneath which hardly a single hair was visible, was all that could be distinguished of the sitting personage. He kept his head so much bent down over his chest that nothing was visible of his face, thus thrown into shadow, except only the extremity of his nose, upon which a ray of light fell, and which, it was evident, must be a long one. The thinness of his wrinkled hand showed it to be an old man. It was Louis XI.

At some distance behind them were, talking in a low voice, two men habited after the Flemish fashion, Guillaume Rym, the sagacious pensionary of Ghent, and Jacques Coppenole, the popular hosier. It will be recollected that these two men were concerned in the secret politics of Louis XI.

And quite behind all the rest, near the door, there was standing in the dark, motionless as a statue, a stout, brawny, thick-set man, in military accouterments, whose square face, with its prominent eyes, its immense cleft of a mouth, its ears concealed each under a great mat of hair, and with scarcely any forehead, seemed a sort of compound of the dog and the tiger.

All were uncovered except the King.

The seigneur standing by him was reading over to him a sort of long official paper, to which his Majesty seemed to be attentively listening; while the two Flemings were whispering to each other behind.

. . . . . .

At that moment the King raised his voice, and they ceased talking.

"Fifty sols for the gowns of our valets, and twelve livres for the mantles of the clerks of our crown! That's the way! Pour out gold by tons! Are you mad, Olivier?"

So saying, the old man had raised his head. The golden shells of the collar of St. Michel were now seen to glitter about his neck. The candle shone full upon his meager and morose profile. He snatched the paper from the hands of the other.

"You're ruining us," cried he, casting his hollow eyes over the schedule. "What's all this? What need have we of so prodigious a household? Two chaplains at the rate of ten livres a month each, and a chapel clerk at a hundred sols! A valet-de-chambre at ninety livres a year! Four squires of the kitchen at a hundred and twenty livres a year each! A roaster, a potagier, a saucier, a chief cook, an armory-keeper, two sumptermen, at the rate of ten livres a month each! Two turnspits at eight livres! A groom and his two helpers at four-and-twenty livres a month! A porter, a pastry-cook, a baker, two carters, each sixty livres a year! And the marshal of the forges a hundred and twenty livres! And the marshal of our exchequer chamber twelve hundred livres! And the controller five hundred! And God knows what besides! Why, it's absolutely monstrous! The wages of our domestics are laying France under pillage! All the treasure in the Louvre will melt away in such a blaze of expense! We shall have to sell our plate! And next year, if God and our Lady" (here he raised his hat from his head) "grant us life, we shall drink our ptisans out of a pewter pot!"

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He stopped, quite out of breath; then resumed with vehemence, "I see none about me but people fattening upon my leanness. You suck money from me at every pore!"

All kept silence. It was one of those fits of passion which must be allowed to run its course. He continued:

"It's just like that Latin memorial from the body of the French seigneurs, requesting us to reëstablish what they call the great offices of the crown. . . But we'll show you, *Pasque-Dieu!* whether we're a king or not."

Here he smiled in the consciousness of his power; his ill-humor was allayed by it, and he turned round to the Flemings:

"Look you, compere Guillaume, the grand baker, the grand butler, the grand chamberlain, the grand seneschal are not so useful as the meanest valet. Bear this in mind, compere Coppenole—they're of no service whatever. Keeping themselves, thus useless, about the King, they put me in mind of the four evangelists that surround the face of the great clock of the Palais, and that Philippe Brille has just now been renovating. They're gilt, indeed, but they don't mark the hour, and the hand of the clock can do very well without them. Proceed, Olivier."

The person whom he designated by this name again took the sheet in his hands, and went on reading aloud:

". . . . To Guillaume, his brother, the sum of four livres four sols parisis, for his trouble and cost in having fed and nourished the pigeons of the two pigeon-houses at the Hotel des Tournelles during the months of January, February and March of this year, for the which he has furnished seven sextiers of barley.

"To a cordelier, for confessing a criminal, four sols parisis."

The King listened in silence. From time to time he coughed; then he lifted the goblet to his lips, and swallowed a draught of its contents, at which he made a wry face.

"In this year have been made," continued the reader,

"by judicial order, by sound of trumpet, through the streets of Paris, fifty-six several cries. Amount not made up.

"For search made in divers places, in Paris and elsewhere, after treasure said to have been concealed in the said places, but nothing has been found, forty-five livres parisis."

"Burying an ecu to dig up a sou!" said the King.

"For putting in at the Hotel des Tournelles six panes of white glass, at the place where the iron cage is, thirteen sols. For two new sleeves to the King's old doublet, twenty sols. For a box of grease to grease the King's boots, fifteen deniers. A new sty for keeping the King's black swine, thirty livres parisis. Divers partitions, planks, and trapdoors, for the safe keeping of the lions at the Hotel St. Pol, twenty-two livres."

"Dear beasts, those!" said Louis XI. "But no matter; it's a fair piece of royal magnificence. There's a great red lion that I love for his pretty behavior. Have you seen him, Maitre Guillaume? Princes must have those wondrous animals. For dogs we kings should have lions, and for cats, tigers. The great befits a crown. In the time of the pagans of Jupiter, when the people offered up at the churches a hundred oxen and a hundred sheep, the emperors gave a hundred lions and a hundred eagles. That was very fierce and very noble. The kings of France have always those roarings about their throne. Nevertheless, this justice will be done me—to admit that I spend less money in that way than my predecessors, and that I have a more moderate stock of lions, bears, elephants and leopards.—Go on, Maitre Olivier; only we had a mind to say so much to our Flemish friends."

Guillaume Rym made a low bow, while Coppenole with his gruff countenance, looked much like one of the bears of whom his Majesty spoke. The King did not observe it—he had just then put the goblet to his lips, and was spitting out what remained in his mouth of the unsavory beverage, saying, "Foh! the nauseous ptisan!" His reader continued:

"For the food of a rogue and vagabond, kept for the last six months in the lock-up house of the Ecorcherie, until it should be known what was to be done with him, six livres four sols."

"What's that?" interrupted the King sharply. "Feeding what ought to be hanged! *Pasque-Dieu!* I'll not give a single sol towards such feeding. Olivier, you'll arrange that matter with Monsieur d'Estouteville; and this very night you'll make preparations for uniting this gentleman in holy matrimony to a gallows. Now, go on with your reading."

Olivier made a mark with his thumb-nail at the rogue and vagabond article, and went on:—

"To Henriette Cousin, executioner-in-chief at the justice of Paris, the sum of sixty sols parisis, to him adjudged by Monseigneur the Provost of Paris, for having bought, by order of the said lord the provost, a large, broad-bladed sword, to be used in executing and beheading persons judicially condemned for their delinquencies, and had it furnished with a scabbard and all other appurtenances; as also for repairing and putting in order the old sword, which had been splintered and jagged by executing justice upon Messire Louis of Luxemburg, as can be more fully made appear——"

Here the King interrupted him. "Enough," said he; "I shall give the order for that payment with all my heart. Those are expenses I make no account of. I have never grudged that money. Proceed."

"For making a great new cage——"

"Ha!" said the King, laying each hand upon an arm of his chair; "I knew I was come to this Bastille for something or other. Stop, Maitre Oliver; I will see that cage myself. You shall read over to me the cost of it while I examine it. Messieurs the Flemings, you must come and see that—it's curious."

Then he rose, leaned upon the arm of his interlocutor, made a sign to the sort of mute who kept standing before the doorway to go before him, made another to the two Flemings to follow him, and went out of the chamber.

The royal train was recruited at the door by men-at-arms ponderous with steel, and slender pages carrying flambeaux. It proceeded for some time in the interior of the gloomy donjon, perforated by staircases and corridors even into the thickness of the walls. The captain of the Bastille walked at its head, and directed the opening of the successive narrow doors before the old, sickly, and stooping King, who coughed as he walked along.

At each doorway every one was obliged to stoop in order to pass except only the old man bent with age. "Hum!" said he between his gums, for he had no teeth left, "we're quite ready for the door of the sepulcher. A low door needs a stooping passenger."

At length, after making their way through the last door of all, so loaded with complicated locks that it took a quarter of an hour to open it, they entered a spacious and lofty chamber, of Gothic vaulting, in the center of which was discernible, by the light of the torches, a great cubical mass of masonry, iron, and woodwork. The interior was hollow. It was one of those famous cages for state prisoners which were called familiarly *les fillettes du roi.* In its walls there were two or three small windows, so thickly latticed with massive iron bars as to leave no glass visible. The door consisted of a single large flat stone, like that of a tomb—one of those doors that serve for entrance only. The difference was that here the tenant was alive.

The King went and paced slowly round this small edifice, examining it carefully.

. . . . . .

"Very fine heart of oak," said the King, rapping his knuckles against the timbers.

"Used in this cage," said Olivier, "two hundred and twenty great iron bolts, nine feet and a half long, the rest of a medium length—together with the plates and nuts for fastening the said bolts—the said irons weighing altogether three thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pounds; besides eight heavy iron *equières* for fixing the

said cage in its place, with the cramp-irons and nails. weighing altogether two hundred and eighteen pounds—without reckoning the iron for the trellis-work of the windows of the chamber in which the said cage has been placed, the iron bars of the door of the chamber, and other articles——''

''Here's a deal of iron,'' observed the King, ''to restrain the levity of a spirit.''

''The whole amounts to three hundred and seventeen livres five sols seven deniers.''

''Pasque-Dieu!'' cried the King.

At this oath, which was the favorite one of Louis XI, some one seemed to be roused in the interior of the cage. There was a noise of chains clanking upon its floor, and a feeble voice was heard, which seemed to issue from the tomb, exclaiming, ''Sire, sire! mercy, mercy!'' It could not be seen who uttered this exclamation.

''Three hundred and seventeen livres five sols seven deniers!'' repeated Louis XI.

The voice of lamentation which had issued from the cage chilled the blood of all present, even that of Maitre Olivier. The King alone looked as if he had not heard it. At his command, Maitre Olivier resumed his reading, and his Majesty coolly continued his inspection of the cage.

''. . . Besides the above, there has been paid to a mason for making the holes to fix the window-grates and the floor of the chamber containing the cage, because the other floor would not have been strong enough to support such cage by reason of its weight, twenty-seven livres fourteen sols parisis——''

Again the voice began to complain: ''Mercy, sire! I assure you that it was Monsieur the Cardinal of Angers that committed the treason, and not I.''

''The mason is a rough hand,'' said the King. ''Proceed, Olivier.''

Olivier continued: ''. . . To a joiner for window-frames, bedstead, close-stool and other matters, twenty livres two sols parisis——''

The voice still continued: "Alas, sire! will you not listen to me? I protest it was not I that wrote that matter to Monseigneur of Guyenne; it was Monsieur the Cardinal Balue."

"The joiner charges high," observed the King. "Is that all?"

"No, sire. To a glazier for the window-glass of the said chamber, forty-six sols eight deniers parisis."

"Have mercy, sire!" cried the voice again. "Is it not enough that all my property has been given to my judges—my plate to Monsieur de Torcy, my library to Maitre Pierre Doriolle, and my tapestry to the Governor of Rousillon? I am innocent. It is now fourteen years that I have been shivering in an iron cage. Have mercy, sire, and you will find it in heaven."

"Maitre Olivier," said the King, "what is the sum total?"

"Three hundred and sixty-seven livres eight sols three deniers parisis."

"Our Lady!" exclaimed the King. "Here's a cage out of all reason!"

He snatched the account from the hands of Maitre Olivier, and began to reckon it up himself upon his fingers, examining by turns the paper and the cage. Meanwhile the prisoner was heard sobbing within. The effect, in the darkness, was dismal in the extreme; and the faces of the bystanders turned pale as they looked at one another.

"Fourteen years, sire! It is fourteen years since April, 1469. In the name of the holy mother of God, sire, hearken to me. All that time you have been enjoying the warmth of the sun; and shall I, wretched that I am, never again see the light? Mercy, sire! Be merciful! Clemency is a noble virtue in a king, that turns aside the stem of wrath. Does your Majesty think that at the hour of death it is a great satisfaction for a king to have left no offense unpunished? Besides, sire, it was not I that betrayed your Majesty; it was Monsieur of Angers. And I have a very heavy chain to my foot, with a huge

ball of iron at the end of it, much heavier than is needful. Oh, sire, do have pity on me!''

''Olivier,'' said the King, shaking his head, ''I observe that they put me down the bushel of plaster at twenty sols, though it's only worth twelve. You'll draw out this account afresh.''

He turned his back on the cage, and began to move towards the door of the chamber. The wretched prisoner judged, by the withdrawing of the torchlight and the noise, that the King was going away. ''Sire, sire!'' cried he in despair. The door closed again, and he no longer distinguished anything but the hoarse voice of the turnkey, humming in his ears a popular song of the day:

''Maitre Jehan Balue
Has lost out of view
His good bishoprics all:
Monsieur de Verdun
Cannot now boast of one;
They are gone, one and all.''

The King reascended in silence to his closet, followed by the persons of his train, horror-struck at the last groanings of the condemned. All at once his Majesty turned round to the governor of the Bastille. ''By-the-bye,'' said he, ''was there not some one in that cage?''

''*Par-Dieu,* yes, sire,'' answered the governor, astounded at the question.

''And who, pray?''

''Monsieur the Bishop of Verdun.''

The King knew that better than any one else, but this was a mania of his.

''Ha!'' said he, with an air of simplicity, as if he was thinking of it for the first time, ''Guillaume de Harancourt, the friend of Monsieur the Cardinal Balue. A good fellow of a bishop.''

A few moments after, the door of the closet had reopened and then closed again upon the five persons whom the reader found there at the beginning of this chapter, and who had severally resumed their places, their postures, and their whispering conversation.

2. *Les Miserables.* Hugo's novels, like the writings of Rousseau, threw open new worlds of nature and of social problems to the novelists, with a freer hand, a more stupendous purpose. *Les Miserables,* an enormous prose epic, has endless digressions, melodramatic incidents, tireless and almost childish character analysis. It lacks unity, beauty and repose, yet largely because of this mammoth work a leading English critic has called Hugo "the greatest writer born in the nineteenth century," a statement with which all may not agree.

Rarely, if ever, had a book been so anxiously expected, so thoroughly advertised. Extraordinary as the task would be to-day, it is almost incredible that even then it should have appeared simultaneously in ten different languages, at Paris, London, Brussels, New York, Madrid, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Turin. It was Hugo's purpose to display in one great epic all the tragi-comedy of human life, and with wealth of invention, beauty of diction and sincerity of purpose he did traverse his devious way and make a great and permanent contribution to literature. The brief preface, prefixed to the first volume, gives best the purpose of the work:

> So long as there shall exist, by reason of law and custom, a social condemnation, which, in the face of civilization, artificially creates hells on earth, and complicates a destiny that is divine, with human fatality; so long as the three problems of the age—the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarf-

ing of childhood by physical and spiritual night—are not solved; so long as, in certain regions, social asphyxia shall be possible; in other words, and from a yet more extended point of view, so long as ignorance and misery remain on earth, books like this cannot be useless.

Full of mannerisms, lacking in humor, interrupted by tiresome digressions, it may be, but the depths of human feeling are sounded, and charity, sympathy, benevolence are deified. The spirit of brotherhood, sympathetic kindliness from one human being to another, is the chief theme of the work, its one consistent gospel. *Les Miserables,* offering to all the beautiful, noble and venerable in nature, depicting life as it is and offering suggestions for the future, contains a wealth of detail and a picturesqueness of description that often obscure the design, though they may fascinate the reader.

It is a story of modern times, in five volumes, *Fantine, Cosette, Marius, St. Denis,* and *Jean Valjean,* in all of which the central figure is Jean Valjean, peasant, thief, convict and patient, long-suffering hero. His first misstep is stealing a loaf of bread for the starving children of his sister. For this he is arrested and condemned for five years to slave in the galleys, but for attempts to escape his term of service is lengthened to nineteen years. A poor, hard-working peasant when he entered the galleys, he is on his release a brutish, degraded enemy of society. Everywhere his requests for food and shelter are met with refusal, until the

kindly Bishop of D— takes him in for the night and feeds him generously. The return Jean makes for the charity of the saintly bishop is to steal his silver and escape into the night. Brought back by the police, Jean is humbled by the bishop, who declares that the silver was a free gift to the ex-convict and that he should be released. Touched by this Christian act, Jean makes goodness the law of his life, and enters upon a series of self-sacrifices that bring their reward in moral growth.

Successful ventures make him a wealthy manufacturer, and ultimately the chosen mayor of his town, known far and wide as a philanthropist. Among his good deeds are the favors he shows Fantine, a young woman, deserted by her lover, living in degradation and sin to support her little girl Cosette. Just as Javert, who has recognized the ex-convict in the rich mayor, arrests Jean, Fantine dies. Jean escapes from the detective and conceals himself until he hears that Javert, who has followed him unrelentingly, has by mistake arrested another man. Then Jean discloses his identity, and is returned to the galleys.

Cosette has been intrusted by her mother to the Thenardiers, unwholesome inn-keepers, who abuse the child shamefully. Valjean escapes, rescues Cosette, makes a home for her, and sees her grow into a beautiful, loving girl, the solace of his declining years.

Marius, a noble young man, falls in love with Cosette, and Valjean, concealing her ignoble

birth, favors the marriage and provides for her future. Marius mistakenly thinks Valjean guilty of dishonorable conduct; the latter, to protect his favorite, leaves her with Marius. When the young couple discover their mistake and fly to Valjean, they are too late, for the battered old hero is dying.

It is a long and complicated history, filled with incidents which affect a multitude of characters, mostly among the poor and vicious of Paris. Among the noted passages in the work is the long chapter, wholly a digression, which gives one of the best accounts yet written of the battle of Waterloo; another is the description of the flight of Jean Valjean, bearing the wounded Marius through the sewers of Paris.

Through the last two books run the several episodes which constitute the pitiful story of little Gavroche, street waif and Paris *gamin*. One side of his character is given in the following extract, which has been slightly condensed:

Spring in Paris is often accompanied with keen and sharp north winds, by which one is not exactly frozen, but frost-bitten; these winds, which mar the most beautiful days, have precisely the effect of those currents of cold air which enter a warm room through the cracks of an ill-closed window or door. It seems as if the dreary door of winter were partly open and the wind were coming in at it. In the spring of 1832, the time when the first great epidemic of this century broke out in Europe, these winds were sharper and more piercing than ever.

. . . . . .

One evening when these winds were blowing harshly, to that degree that January seemed returned, and the

bourgeois had resumed their cloaks, little Gavroche, always shivering cheerfully under his rags, was standing, as if in ecstasy, before a wig-maker's shop. He was adorned with a woman's woollen shawl, picked up nobody knows where, of which he had made a muffler. Little Gavroche appeared to be intensely admiring a wax bride, with bare neck and a head-dress of orange flowers, which was revolving behind the sash, exhibiting, between two lamps, its smile to the passers; but in reality he was watching the shop to see if he could not "chiper" a cake of soap from the front, which he would afterwards sell for a sou to a hair-dresser in the suburbs. It often happened that he breakfasted upon one of these cakes. He called this kind of work, for which he had some talent, "shaving the barbers."

As he was contemplating the bride and squinting at the cake of soap, he muttered between his teeth: "Tuesday. It isn't Tuesday. Is it Tuesday? Perhaps it is Tuesday. Yes, it is Tuesday."

Nobody ever discovered to what this monologue related.

If, perchance, this soliloquy referred to the last time he had dined, it was three days before, for it was then Friday.

The barber in his shop, warmed by a good stove, was shaving a customer and casting from time to time a look towards this enemy, this frozen and brazen *gamin,* who had both hands in his pockets, but his wits evidently out of their sheath.

While Gavroche was examining the bride, the windows, and the Windsor soap, two children of unequal height, rather neatly dressed, and still smaller than he, one appearing to be seven years old, the other five, timidly turned the knob of the door and entered the shop, asking for something, charity, perhaps, in a plaintive manner which rather resembled a groan than a prayer. They both spoke at once, and their words were unintelligible because sobs choked the voice of the younger, and the cold made the elder's teeth chatter. The barber

turned with a furious face, and without leaving his razor, crowding back the elder with his left hand and the little one with his knee, pushed them into the street and shut the door, saying:

"Coming and freezing people for nothing!"

The two children went on, crying. Meanwhile a cloud had come up; it began to rain.

Little Gavroche ran after them and accosted them:

"What is the matter with you, little brats?"

"We don't know where to sleep," answered the elder.

"Is that all?" said Gavroche. "That is nothing. Does anybody cry for that? Are they canaries then?"

And assuming, through his slightly bantering superiority, a tone of softened authority and gentle protection:

"*Momacques,* come with me."

"Yes, monsieur," said the elder.

And the two children followed him as they would have followed an archbishop. They had stopped crying.

Gavroche led them up the Rue Saint Antoine in the direction of the Bastille.

Gavroche, as he traveled on, cast an indignant and retrospective glance at the barber's shop.

"He has no heart, that barber," he muttered. "He is an *Angliche.*"

A girl, seeing them all three marching in a row, Gavroche at the head, broke into a loud laugh. This laugh was lacking in respect for the group.

"Good day, Mamselle Omnibus," said Gavroche to her.

A moment afterwards, the barber recurring to him, he added:

"I am mistaken in the animal; he isn't a barber, he is a snake. Wig-maker, I am going after a locksmith, and I will have a rattle made for your tail."

This barber had made him aggressive. He apostrophized, as he leaped across a brook, a portress with a beard fit to meet Faust upon the Brocken, who had her broom in her hand.

"Madame," said he to her, "you have come out with your horse, have you?"

And upon this, he splashed the polished boots of a passer with mud.

"Whelp!" cried the man, furious.

Gavroche lifted his nose above his shawl.

"Monsieur complains?"

"Of you!" said the passer.

"The bureau is closed," said Gavroche. "I receive no more complaints."

Meanwhile, continuing up the street, he saw, quite frozen under a porte-cochere, a beggar girl of thirteen or fourteen, whose clothes were so short that her knees could be seen. The little girl was beginning to be too big a girl for that. Growth plays you such tricks. The skirt becomes short at the moment that nudity becomes indecent.

"Poor girl!" said Gavroche. "She hasn't even any breeches. But here, take this."

And, taking off all that good woollen which he had about his neck, he threw it upon the bony and purple shoulders of the beggar girl, where the muffler again became a shawl.

The little girl looked at him with an astonished appearance, and received the shawl in silence. At a certain depth of distress, the poor, in their stupor, groan no longer over evil, and are no longer thankful for good.

This done:

"Brrr!" said Gavroche, shivering worse than St. Martin, who, at least, kept half his cloak.

At this brrr! the storm, redoubling its fury, became violent. These malignant skies punish good actions.

"Ah," exclaimed Gavroche, "what does this mean? It rains again! Good God, if this continues, I withdraw my subscription."

And he continued his walk.

"It's all the same," added he, casting a glance at the beggar girl who was cuddling herself under the shawl, "there is somebody who has a famous peel."

And, looking at the cloud, he cried:

"Caught!"

The two children limped along behind him.

As they were passing by one of those thick grated lattices which indicate a baker's shop, for bread like gold is kept behind iron gratings, Gavroche turned:

"Ah, ha, *momes,* have we dined?"

"Monsieur," answered the elder, "we have not eaten since early this morning."

"You are then without father or mother?" resumed Gavroche, majestically.

"Excuse us, monsieur, we have a papa and mamma, but we don't know where they are."

"Sometimes that's better than knowing," said Gavroche, who was a thinker.

"It is two hours now," continued the elder, "that we have been walking; we have been looking for things in every corner, but we can find nothing."

"I know," said Gavroche. "The dogs eat up everything."

He resumed, after a moment's silence:

"Ah! we have lost our authors. We don't know now what we have done with them. That won't do, *gamins.* It is stupid to get lost like that for people of any age. Ah, yes, we must eat, for all that."

. . . . . .

"Let us compose ourselves. Here is enough for supper for three."

And he took a sou from one of his pockets.

Without giving the two little boys time for amazement, he pushed them both before him into the baker's shop, and laid his sou on the counter, crying:

"Boy! five centimes' worth of bread."

The man, who was the master baker himself, took a loaf and a knife.

"In three pieces, boy!" resumed Gavroche, and he added with dignity:

"There are three of us."

And seeing that the baker, after having examined the three costumes, had taken a black loaf, he thrust his finger deep into his nose with a respiration as imperious as

if he had had the great Frederick's pinch of snuff at the end of his thumb, and threw full in the baker's face this indignant apostrophe:

"Whossachuav?"

Those of our readers who may be tempted to see in this summons of Gavroche to the baker a Russian or Polish word, or one of those savage cries which the Iowas and the Botocudos hurl at each other from one bank of a stream to the other in their solitudes, are informed that it is a phrase which they use every day (they, our readers), and which takes the place of this phrase: what is that you have? The baker understood perfectly well, and answered:

"Why! it is bread, very good bread of the second quality."

"You mean black bread," replied Gavroche, with a calm cold disdain. "White bread, boy! white bread! I am treating."

The baker could not help smiling, and while he was cutting the white bread, he looked at them in a compassionate manner which offended Gavroche.

"Come, paper cap!" said he, "what are you fathoming us like that for?"

All three placed end to end would hardly have made a fathom.

When the bread was cut, the baker put the sou in his drawer, and Gavroche said to the two children:

"*Morfilez.*"

The little boys looked at him confounded.

Gavroche began to laugh:

"Ah! stop, that is true, they don't know yet, they are so small."

And he added:

"Eat."

At the same time he handed each of them a piece of bread.

And, thinking that the elder, who appeared to him more worthy of his conversation, deserved some special encouragement and ought to be relieved of all hesitation

in regard to satisfying his appetite, he added, giving him the largest piece:

"Stick that in your gun."

There was one piece smaller than the other two; he took it for himself.

The poor children were starving, Gavroche included. While they were tearing the bread with their fine teeth, they encumbered the shop of the baker who, now that he had received his pay, was regarding them ill-humoredly.

"Come into the street," said Gavroche.

They went on in the direction of the Bastille.

From time to time when they were passing before a lighted shop, the smaller one stopped to look at the time by a leaden watch suspended from his neck by a string.

"Here is decidedly a real canary," said Gavroche.

Then he thoughtfully muttered between his teeth:

"It's all the same, if I had any *momes,* I would hug them tighter than this."

. . . . . .

Twenty years ago, there was still to be seen in the southeast corner of the Place de la Bastille, near the canal basin dug in the ancient ditch of the prison citadel, a grotesque monument which has now faded away from the memory of Parisians. . . We say monument, although it was only a rough model. But this rough model itself, a huge plan, a vast carcass of an idea of Napoleon which two or three successive gusts of wind had carried away and thrown each time further from us, had become historical, and had acquired a definiteness which contrasted with its provisional aspect. It was an elephant, forty feet high, constructed of framework and masonry, bearing on its back its tower, which resembled a house, formerly painted green by some house-painter, now painted black by the sun, the rain, and the weather. In that open and deserted corner of the Square, the broad front of the colossus, his trunk, his tusks, his sides, his enormous rump, his four feet like columns, produced at night, under the starry sky, a startling and terrible outline. One knew not what it meant. It was a sort of sym-

bol of the force of the people. It was gloomy, enigmatic, and immense. It was a mysterious and mighty phantom, visibly standing by the side of the invisible specter of the Bastille.

Few strangers visited this edifice, no passer-by looked at it. It was falling into ruin; every season, the mortar which was detached from its sides made hideous wounds upon it. "The aediles," as they say in fashionable dialect, had forgotten it since 1814. It was there in its corner, gloomy, diseased, crumbling, surrounded by a rotten railing, continually besmeared by drunken coachmen; crevices marked up the belly, a lath was sticking out from the tail, the tall grass came far up between its legs; and as the level of the Square had been rising for thirty years all about it, by that slow and continuous movement which insensibly raises the soil of great cities, it was in a hollow, and it seemed as if the earth sank under it. It was huge, contemned, repulsive, and superb; ugly to the eye of the bourgeois, melancholy to the eye of the thinker. It partook, to some extent, of a filth soon to be swept away, and, to some extent, of a majesty soon to be decapitated.

As we have said, night changed its appearance. Night is the true medium for everything which is shadowy. As soon as twilight fell, the old elephant became transfigured; he assumed a tranquil and terrible form in the fearful serenity of the darkness. Being of the past, he was of the night; and this obscurity was fitting to his greatness.

. . . . . .

It was towards this elephant, dimly lighted by the reflection of a distant lamp, that the *gamin* directed the two *momes*.

. . . . . .

As they came near the colossus, Gavroche comprehended the effect which the infinitely great may produce upon the infinitely small, and said:

"Brats! don't be frightened."

Then he entered through a gap in the fence into the inclosure of the elephant, and helped the *momes* to crawl through the breach. The two children, a little frightened, followed Gavroche without saying a word, and trusted themselves to that little Providence in rags who had given them bread and promised them a lodging.

Lying by the side of the fence was a ladder, which, by day, was used by the working-men of the neighboring wood-yard. Gavroche lifted it with singular vigor, and set it up against one of the elephant's fore legs. About the point where the ladder ended, a sort of black hole could be distinguished in the belly of the colossus.

Gavroche showed the ladder and the hole to his guests, and said to them:

"Mount and enter."

The two little fellows looked at each other in terror.

"You are afraid, *momes!*" exclaimed Gavroche.

And he added:

"You shall see."

He clasped the elephant's wrinkled foot, and in a twinkling, without deigning to make use of the ladder, he reached the crevice. He entered it as an adder glides into a hole, and disappeared, and a moment afterwards the two children saw his pallid face dimly appearing like a faded and wan form, at the edge of the hole full of darkness.

"Well," cried he, "why don't you come up, *momignards?* you'll see how nice it is! Come up," said he, to the elder, "I will give you a hand."

The little ones urged each other forward. The *gamin* made them afraid and reassured them at the same time, and then it rained very hard. The elder ventured. The younger, seeing his brother go up, and himself left all alone between the paws of this huge beast, had a great desire to cry, but he did not dare.

The elder clambered up the rounds of the ladder. He tottered badly. Gavroche, while he was on his way, encouraged him with the exclamations of a fencing master to his scholars, or of a muleteer to his mules:

"Don't be afraid!"

"That's it!"

"Come on!"

"Put your foot there!"

"Your hand here!"

"Be brave!"

And when he came within his reach he caught him quickly and vigorously by the arm and drew him up.

"Gulped!" said he.

The *mome* had passed through the crevice.

"Now," said Gavroche, "wait for me. Monsieur, have the kindness to sit down."

And, going out by the crevice as he had entered, he let himself glide with the agility of a monkey along the elephant's leg, he dropped upon his feet in the grass, caught the little five-year-old by the waist and set him half way up the ladder, then he began to mount up behind him, crying to the elder:

"I will push him; you pull him."

In an instant the little fellow was lifted, pushed, dragged, pulled, stuffed, crammed into the hole without having had time to know what was going on. And Gavroche, entering after him, pushing back the ladder with a kick so that it fell upon the grass, began to clap his hands, and cried:

"Here we are! Hurrah for General Lafayette!"

This explosion over, he added:

"Brats, you are in my house."

Gavroche was in fact at home.

O unexpected utility of the useless! charity of great things! goodness of giants! This monstrous monument which had contained a thought of the emperor, had become the box of a *gamin*. The *mome* had been accepted and sheltered by the colossus. The bourgeois in their Sunday clothes, who passed by the elephant of the Bastille, frequently said, eyeing it scornfully with their goggle eyes: "What's the use of that?" The use of it was to save from the cold, the frost, the hail, the rain, to protect from the wintry wind, to preserve from sleep-

ing in the mud, which breeds fever, and from sleeping in the snow, which breeds death, a little being with no father or mother, with no bread, no clothing, no asylum. The use of it was to receive the innocent whom society repelled. The use of it was to diminish the public crime. It was a den open for him to whom all doors were closed. It seemed as if the miserable old mastodon, invaded by vermin and oblivion, covered with warts, mold, and ulcers, tottering, worm-eaten, abandoned, condemned, a sort of colossal beggar asking in vain the alms of a benevolent look in the middle of the Square, had taken pity itself on this other beggar, the poor pigmy who went with no shoes to his feet, no roof over his head, blowing his fingers, clothed in rags, fed upon what is thrown away. This was the use of the elephant of the Bastille. This idea of Napoleon, disdained by men, had been taken up by God. That which had been illustrious only, had become august. The emperor must have had, to realize what he meditated, porphyry, brass, iron, gold, marble; for God the old assemblage of boards, joists, and plaster was enough. The emperor had had a dream of genius; in this titanic elephant, armed, prodigious, brandishing his trunk, bearing his tower, and making the joyous and vivifying waters gush out on all sides about him, he desired to incarnate the people. God had done a grander thing with it, he lodged a child.

The hole by which Gavroche had entered was a break hardly visible from the outside, concealed as it was, and as we have said, under the belly of the elephant, and so narrow that hardly anything but cats and *momes* could have passed through.

"Let us begin," said Gavroche, "by telling the porter that we are not in."

And plunging into the obscurity with certainty, like one who is familiar with his room, he took a board and stopped the hole.

Gavroche plunged again into the obscurity. The children heard the sputtering of the taper plunged into the phosphoric bottle. The chemical taper was not yet in

existence; the Fumade tinder-box represented progress at that period.

A sudden light made them wink; Gavroche had just lighted one of those bits of string soaked in resin which are called cellar-rats. The cellar-rats, which made more smoke than flame, rendered the inside of the elephant dimly visible.

Gavroche's two guests looked about them, and felt something like what one would feel who should be shut up in the great tun of Heidelberg, or better still, what Jonah must have felt in the Biblical belly of the whale. An entire and gigantic skeleton appeared to them, and enveloped them. Above, a long dusky beam, from which projected at regular distances massive encircling timbers, represented the vertebral column with its ribs, stalactites of plaster hung down like the viscera, and from one side to the other huge spider-webs made dusty diaphragms. Here and there in the corners great blackish spots were seen, which had the appearance of being alive, and which changed their places rapidly with a wild and startled motion.

The debris fallen from the elephant's back upon his belly had filled up the concavity, so that they could walk upon it as upon a floor.

The smaller one hugged close to his brother and said in a low tone:

"It is dark."

This word made Gavroche cry out. The petrified air of the two *momes* rendered a shock necessary.

"What is that you are driving at?" he exclaimed. "Are we humbugging? are we coming the disgusted? Must you have the Tuileries? would you be fools? Say, I inform you that I do not belong to the regiment of ninnies. Are you the brats of the pope's head-waiter?"

A little roughness is good for alarm. It is reassuring. The two children came close to Gavroche.

Gavroche, paternally softened by this confidence, passed "from the grave to the gentle," and addressing himself to the smaller:

"Goosy," said he to him, accenting the insult with a caressing tone, "it is outside that it is dark. Outside it rains, here it doesn't rain; outside it is cold, here there isn't a speck of wind; outside there are heaps of folks, here there isn't anybody; outside there isn't even a moon, here there is my candle, by jinks!"

The two children began to regard the apartment with less fear; but Gavroche did not allow them much longer leisure for contemplation.

"Quick," said he. And he pushed them towards what we are able to call the bottom of the chamber.

His bed was there.

Gavroche's bed was complete. That is to say, there was a mattress, a covering, and an alcove with curtains.

The mattress was a straw mat, the covering a large blanket of coarse gray wool, very warm and almost new. The alcove was like this:

Three rather long laths, sunk and firmly settled into the rubbish of the floor, that is to say of the belly of the elephant, two in front and one behind, and tied together by a string at the top, so as to form a pyramidal frame. This frame supported a fine trellis of brass wire which was simply hung over it, but artistically applied and kept in place by fastenings of iron wire, in such a way that it entirely enveloped the three laths. A row of large stones was fixed upon the ground all about this trellis so as to let nothing pass. This trellis was nothing more nor less than a fragment of those copper nettings which are used to cover the bird-houses in menageries. Gavroche's bed under this netting was as if in a cage. Altogether it was like an Esquimaux tent.

It was this netting which took the place of curtains.

Gavroche removed the stones a little which kept down the netting in front, and the two folds of the trellis which lay one over the other opened.

"*Momes,* on your hands and knees!" said Gavroche.

He made his guests enter into the cage carefully, then he went in after them, creeping, pulled back the stones, and hermetically closed the opening.

They were all three stretched upon the straw. Small as they were, none of them could have stood up in the alcove. Gavroche still held the cellar-rat in his hand.

"Now," said he, "*pioncez!* I am going to suppress the candelabra."

"Monsieur," inquired the elder of the two brothers, of Gavroche, pointing to the netting, "what is that?"

"That," said Gavroche gravely, "is for the rats, *pioncez!*"

However, he felt it incumbent upon him to add a few words for the instruction of these beings of a tender age, and he continued:

"They are things from the Jardin des Plantes. They are used for ferocious animals. Tsaol (it is a whole) magazine full of them. Tsony (it is only) to mount over a wall, climb by a window and pass under a door. You get as much as you want."

While he was talking, he wrapped a fold of the coverlid about the smaller one, who murmured:

"Oh! that is good! it is warm!"

Gavroche looked with satisfaction upon the coverlid.

"That is also from the Jardin des Plantes," said he. "I took that from the monkeys."

And, showing the elder the mat upon which he was lying, a very thick mat and admirably made, he added:

"That was the giraffe's."

After a pause, he continued:

"The beasts had all this. I took it from them. They didn't care. I told them: 'It is for the elephant.' "

He was silent again and resumed:

"We get over the walls and we make fun of the government. That's all."

The two children looked with a timid and stupefied respect upon this intrepid and inventive being, a vagabond like them, isolated like them, wretched like them, who was something wonderful and all-powerful, who seemed to them supernatural, and whose countenance was made up of all the grimaces of an old mountebank mingled with the most natural and most pleasant smile.

"Monsieur," said the elder timidly, "you are not afraid then of the sergents de ville?"

Gavroche merely answered:

"*Mome!* we don't say sergents de ville, we say *cognes.*"

The smaller boy had his eyes open, but he said nothing. As he was on the edge of the mat, the elder being in the middle, Gavroche tucked the coverlid under him as a mother would have done, and raised the mat under his head with some old rags in such a way as to make a pillow for the *mome.* Then he turned towards the elder:

"Eh! we are pretty well off, here!"

"Oh, yes," answered the elder, looking at Gavroche with the expression of a rescued angel.

The two poor little soaked children were beginning to get warm.

"Ah, now," continued Gavroche, "what in the world were you crying for?"

And pointing out the little one to his brother:

"A youngster like that, I don't say, but a big boy like you, to cry is silly; it makes you look like a calf."

"Well," said the child, "we had no room, no place to go."

"Brat!" replied Gavroche, "we don't say a room, we say a *piolle.*"

"And then we were afraid to be all alone like that in the night."

"We don't say night, we say *sorgue.*"

"Thank you, monsieur," said the child.

"Listen to me," continued Gavroche, "you must never whine any more for anything. I will take care of you. You will see what fun we have. In summer we will go to the Glacière with Navet, a comrade of mine, we will go in swimming in the Basin, we will run on the track before the Bridge of Austerlitz all naked, that makes the washerwomen mad. They scream, they scold, if you only knew how funny they are! We will go to see the skeleton man. He is alive. At the Champs Elysées. That parishioner is as thin as anything. And then I will take you to the theater. I will take you to Frederick Le-

maitre's. I have tickets, I know the actors, I even played once in a piece. We were *momes* so high, we ran about under a cloth, that made the sea. I will have you engaged at my theater. We will go and see the savages. They're not real, those savages. They have red tights which wrinkle, and you can see their elbows darned with white thread. After that, we will go to the Opera. We will go in with the claqueurs. The claque at the Opera is very select. I wouldn't go with the claque on the boulevards. At the Opera, just think, there are some who pay twenty sous, but they are fools. They call them dish-clouts. And then we will go to see the guillotining. I will show you the executioner. He lives in the Rue des Marais. Monsieur Sanson. There is a letter-box on his door. Oh! we have famous fun!"

At this moment, a drop of wax fell upon Gavroche's finger, and recalled him to the realities of life.

"The deuce!" said he, "there's the match used up. Attention! I can't spend more than a sou a month for my illumination. When we go to bed, we must go to sleep. We haven't time to read the romances of Monsieur Paul de Kock. Besides the light might show through the cracks of the porte-cochere, and the *cognes* couldn't help seeing."

"And then," timidly observed the elder who alone dared to talk with Gavroche and reply to him, "a spark might fall into the straw, we must take care not to burn the house up."

"We don't say burn the house," said Gavroche, "we say *riffauder* the *bocard*."

The storm redoubled. They heard, in the intervals of the thunder, the tempest beating against the back of the colossus.

"Pour away, old rain!" said Gavroche. "It does amuse me to hear the decanter emptying along the house's legs. Winter is a fool; he throws away his goods, he loses his trouble, he can't wet us, and it makes him grumble, the old water-porter!"

This allusion to thunder, all the consequences of which Gavroche accepted as a philosopher of the nineteenth century, was followed by a very vivid flash, so blinding that something of it entered by the crevice into the belly of the elephant. Almost at the same instant the thunder burst forth very furiously. The two little boys uttered a cry, and rose so quickly that the trellis was almost thrown out of place; but Gavroche turned his bold face towards them, and took advantage of the clap of thunder to burst into a laugh.

"Be calm, children. Don't upset the edifice. That was fine thunder; give us some more. That wasn't any fool of a flash. Bravo God! by jinks! that is most as good as it is at the theater."

This said, he restored order in the trellis, gently pushed the two children to the head of the bed, pressed their knees to stretch them out at full length, and exclaimed:

"As God is lighting his candle, I can blow out mine. Children, we must sleep, my young humans. It is very bad not to sleep. It would make you *schlinguer* in your strainer, or, as the big bugs say, stink in your jaws. Wind yourselves up well in the peel! I'm going to extinguish. Are you all right?"

"Yes," murmured the elder, "I am right. I feel as if I had feathers under my head."

"We don't say head," cried Gavroche, "we say *tronche.*"

The two children hugged close to each other. Gavroche finished arranging them upon the mat, and pulled the coverlid up to their ears, then repeated for the third time the injunction in hieratic language:

"*Pioncez!*"

And he blew out the taper.

Hardly was the light extinguished when a singular tremor began to agitate the trellis under which the three children were lying. It was a multitude of dull rubbings, which gave a metallic sound, as if claws and teeth were grinding the copper wire. This was accompanied by all sorts of little sharp cries.

The little boy of five, hearing this tumult over his head, and shivering with fear, pushed the elder brother with his elbow, but the elder brother had already "*pionce,*" according to Gavroche's order. Then the little boy, no longer capable of fearing him, ventured to accost Gavroche, but very low, and holding his breath:

"Monsieur?"

"Hey?" said Gavroche, who had just closed his eyes.

"What is that?"

"It is the rats," answered Gavroche.

And he laid his head again upon the mat.

The rats, in fact, which swarmed by thousands in the carcase of the elephant, and which were those living black spots of which we have spoken, had been held in awe by the flame of the candle so long as it burned, but as soon as this cavern, which was, as it were, their city, had been restored to night, smelling there what the good story-teller Perrault calls "some fresh meat," they had rushed in en masse upon Gavroche's tent, climbed to the top, and were biting its meshes as if they were seeking to get through this new-fashioned mosquito bar.

Still the little boy did not go to sleep.

"Monsieur!" he said again.

"Hey?" said Gavroche.

"What are the rats?"

"They are mice."

This explanation reassured the child a little. He had seen some white mice in the course of his life, and he was not afraid of them. However, he raised his voice again:

"Monsieur?"

"Hey?" replied Gavroche.

"Why don't you have a cat?"

"I had one," answered Gavroche, "I brought one here, but they ate her up for me."

This second explanation undid the work of the first, and the little fellow again began to tremble. The dialogue between him and Gavroche was resumed for the fourth time:

"Monsieur!"

"Hey?"

"Who was it that was eaten up?"

"The cat."

"Who was it that ate the cat?"

"The rats."

"The mice?"

"Yes, the rats."

The child, dismayed by these mice who ate cats, continued:

"Monsieur, would those mice eat us?"

"Golly!" said Gavroche.

The child's terror was complete. But Gavroche added:

"Don't be afraid! they can't get in. And then I am here. Here, take hold of my hand. Be still, and *pioncez!*"

Gavroche at the same time took the little fellow's hand across his brother. The child clasped this hand against his body, and felt safe. Courage and strength have such mysterious communications. It was once more silent about them, the sound of voices had startled and driven away the rats; in a few minutes they might have returned and done their worst in vain, the three *momes,* plunged in slumber, heard nothing more.

The hours of the night passed away. Darkness covered the immense Place de la Bastille; a wintry wind, which mingled with the rain, blew in gusts, the patrolmen ransacked the doors, alleys, yards, and dark corners, and, looking for nocturnal vagabonds, passed silently by the elephant; the monster, standing, motionless, with open eyes in the darkness, appeared to be in reverie and well satisfied with his good deeds, and he sheltered from the heavens and from men the three poor sleeping children.

Rising above the depressing conditions about him, Gavroche sings his way through plots and counterplots, kindly, savage, helpful, tormenting, but toward the end an ardent revolutionist, who plays no small part in the affairs of the more important characters of *Les Miserables.*

When the streets of Paris are barricaded, Gavroche is in the midst of the fighting, cheering his friends with his songs and aiding them to the utmost of his strength. The final scene is at the barricade, from which the soldiers have been driven by the furious firing of the revolutionists:

"This goes well," said Bossuet to Enjolras. "Success."

Enjolras shook his head and answered:

"A quarter of an hour more of this success, and there will not be ten cartridges in the barricade."

It would seem that Gavroche heard this remark.

Courfeyrac suddenly perceived somebody at the foot of the barricade, outside in the street, under the balls.

Gavroche had taken a basket from the wine-shop, had gone out by the opening, and was quietly occupied in emptying into his basket the full cartridge-boxes of the National Guards who had been killed on the slope of the redoubt.

"What are you doing there?" said Courfeyrac.

Gavroche cocked up his nose.

"Citizen, I am filling my basket."

"Why, don't you see the grape?"

Gavroche answered:

"Well, it rains. What then?"

Courfeyrac cried:

"Come back!"

"Directly," said Gavroche.

And with a bound, he sprang into the street.

Some twenty dead lay scattered along the whole length of the street on the pavement. Twenty cartridge-boxes for Gavroche, a supply of cartridges for the barricade.

The smoke in the street was like a fog. Whoever has seen a cloud fall into a mountain gorge between two steep slopes can imagine this smoke crowded and as if thickened by two gloomy lines of tall houses. It rose slowly

and was constantly renewed; hence a gradual darkening which even rendered broad day pallid. The combatants could hardly perceive each other from end to end of the street, although it was very short.

This obscurity, probably desired and calculated upon by the leaders who were to direct the assault upon the barricade, was of use to Gavroche.

Under the folds of this veil of smoke, and thanks to his small size, he could advance far into the street without being seen. He emptied the first seven or eight cartridge-boxes without much danger.

He crawled on his belly, ran on his hands and feet, took his basket in his teeth, twisted, glided, writhed, wormed his way from one body to another, and emptied a cartridge-box as a monkey opens a nut.

From the barricade, of which he was still within hearing, they dared not call to him to return, for fear of attracting attention to him.

On one corpse, that of a corporal, he found a powder-flask.

"In case of thirst," said he as he put it into his pocket.

By successive advances, he reached a point where the fog from the firing became transparent.

So that the sharp-shooters of the line drawn up and on the alert behind their wall of paving-stones, and the sharp-shooters of the banlieue massed at the corner of the street, suddenly discovered something moving in the smoke.

Just as Gavroche was relieving a sergeant who lay near a stone-block of his cartridges, a ball struck the body.

"The deuce!" said Gavroche. "So they are killing my dead for me."

A second ball splintered the pavement beside him. A third upset his basket.

Gavroche looked and saw that it came from the banlieue.

He rose up straight, on his feet, his hair in the wind, his hands upon his hips, his eyes fixed upon the National Guards who were firing, and he sang:

"On est laid à Nanterre,
C'est la faute à Voltaire,
Et bête à Palaiseau,
C'est la faute à Rousseau."

Then he picked up his basket, put into it the cartridge which had fallen out, without losing a single one, and, advancing towards the fusillade, began to empty another cartridge-box. There a fourth ball just missed him again. Gavroche sang:

"Je ne suis pas notaire,
C'est la faute à Voltaire;
Je suis petit oiseau,
C'est la faute à Rousseau."

A fifth ball succeeded only in drawing a third couplet from him:

"Joie est mon caractère,
C'est la faute à Voltaire;
Misère est mon trousseau,
C'est la faute à Rousseau."

This continued thus for some time.

The sight was appalling and fascinating. Gavroche, fired at, mocked the firing. He appeared to be very much amused. It was the sparrow pecking at the hunters. He replied to each discharge by a couplet. They aimed at him incessantly, they always missed him. The National Guards and the soldiers laughed as they aimed at him. He lay down, then rose up, hid himself in a doorway, then sprang out, disappeared, reappeared, escaped, returned, retorted upon the volleys by wry faces, and meanwhile pillaged cartridges, emptied cartridge-boxes, and filled his basket. The insurgents, breathless with anxiety, followed him with their eyes. The barricade was trembling; he was singing. It was not a child; it was not a man; it was a strange fairy *gamin*. One would have said the invulnerable dwarf of the melee. The bullets ran after him, he was more nimble than they. He was playing an indescribably terrible game of hide-and-seek with

death; every time the flat-nosed face of the specter approached, the *gamin* snapped his fingers.

One bullet, however, better aimed or more treacherous than the others, reached the Will-o'-the-wisp child. They saw Gavroche totter, then he fell. The whole barricade gave a cry; but there was an Antaeus in this pigmy; for the *gamin* to touch the pavement is like the giant touching the earth; Gavroche had fallen only to rise again; he sat up, a long stream of blood rolled down his face, he raised both arms in air, looked in the direction whence the shot came, and began to sing:

"Je suis tombé par terre,
C'est la faute à Voltaire,
La nez dans le ruisseau,
C'est la faute à ——"

He did not finish. A second ball from the same marksman cut him short. This time he fell with his face upon the pavement, and did not stir again. That little great soul had taken flight.

The first stanza of Gavroche's song runs something like this:

"They are ugly at Nanterre,
It is the fault of Voltaire,
And beasts at Palaiseau,
It is the fault of Rousseau."

Without the refrain, the second stanza may be rendered:

"I am not a notary; I am a little bird."

The third, "Joyous is my character, Misery is my wedding garment."

And the last stanza,

"I have fallen to the earth,
It is the fault of Voltaire;
My nose is in the rivulet,
It is the fault of Rousseau."

3. The scene of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* (*The Toilers of the Sea*) is laid on and around the island of Guernsey, where Hugo resided for many years. He was a tireless worker in his spacious study at the top of the house, whence through a large window he had a wide view of the Channel; and every page of *The Toilers* is redolent of the sea. It was the purpose of the great novelist to show man in his struggles with nature, as in *Notre Dame* he showed him the victim of dogma and in *Les Miserables* of society. To quote his own words:

> Religion, Society, and Nature! these are the three struggles of man. They constitute at the same time his three needs. He has need of a faith; hence the temple. He must create; hence the city. He must live; hence the plow and the ship. But these three solutions comprise three perpetual conflicts. The mysterious difficulty of life results from all three. Man strives with obstacles under the form of superstition, under the form of prejudice, and under the form of the elements.

The romance is another gigantic production in which the climax comes in the Titanic struggle of a man with the sea. Gilliatt, tenderhearted, gentle, wise and powerful in his way, but misunderstood by the inhabitants of the hamlet in Guernsey, where the scene of the story is laid, happens to see Deruchette, niece and adopted daughter of Mess Lethierry, wealthy shipowner, idly writing in the snow. Passing by, he discovers the telltale letters of his name, *Gilliatt*. He is the son of a widow refugee from the Revolution, knows little of his

ancestry, and has neither wealth nor means of acquiring it, nor can he hope to win the charming Deruchette.

Lethierry has been victimized by a former partner, but retained enough to build himself a steamboat, the first to ply between the island and the mainland, and upon this steamer and Deruchette he lavishes all his affections. Sieur Clubin, the captain of the steamer, appears to be a competent and reliable man, but when he meets Lethierry's absconding partner and succeeds in forcing him to disgorge the large sum of money he has stolen, Clubin shows his true character and wrecks the steamer, *Durande.* All the passengers are saved, but the captain, with his pretended nobility, remains with his ship, knowing he can easily swim ashore. Unfortunately, he has mistaken the rocks, and in attempting to leave them is seized and killed by a gigantic octopus.

The loss of the *Durande* is sufficient to beggar Lethierry, and while Deruchette is trying to console her uncle, Gilliatt hears her say that she would marry the man who raised and brought back the engines from the wreck. The task is conceded to be hopeless, but Gilliatt, taking his Dutch fishing sloop, goes out to the rocks and alone and unaided begins the herculean labor. The descriptions of the sea, the winds and waves and the terrors of the rocks are splendid and overpowering, while the superhuman exertions of Gilliatt, during the weeks he fought the elements, are fascinating,

if exaggerated. At one time, while diving, he is seized by a huge sea-demon:

The monster was the inhabitant of the grotto; the terrible genius of the place. A kind of somber demon of the water.

All the splendors of the cavern existed for it alone.

On the day of the previous month when Gilliatt had first penetrated into the grotto, the dark outline, vaguely perceived by him in the ripples of the secret waters, was this monster. It was here in its home.

When entering for the second time into the cavern in pursuit of the crab, he had observed the crevice in which he supposed that the crab had taken refuge, the pieuvre was there lying in wait for prey.

Is it possible to imagine that secret ambush?

No bird would brood, no egg would burst to life, no flower would dare to open, no breast to give milk, no heart to love, no spirit to soar, under the influence of that apparition of evil watching with sinister patience in the dusk.

Gilliatt had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snapped at it. It held him fast, as the spider holds the fly.

He was in the water up to his belt; his naked feet clutching the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom; his right arm bound and rendered powerless by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage.

Of the eight arms of the devil-fish three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliatt. In this way, clinging to the granite on the one hand, and with the other to its human prey, it enchained him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands, the fingers of which were each nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

As we have said, it is impossible to tear oneself from the folds of the devil-fish. The attempt ends only in a firmer grasp. The monster clings with more determined force. Its effort increases with that of its victim; every struggle produces a tightening of its ligatures.

Gilliatt had but one resource, his knife.

His left hand only was free; but the reader knows with what power he could use it. It might have been said that he had two right hands.

His open knife was in his hand.

The antenna of the devil-fish cannot be cut; it is a leathery substance impossible to divide with the knife, it slips under the edge; its position in attack also is such that to cut it would be to wound the victim's own flesh.

The creature is formidable, but there is a way of resisting it. The fishermen of Sark know this, as does any one who has seen them execute certain movements in the sea. The porpoises know it also; they have a way of biting the cuttle-fish which decapitates it. Hence the frequent sight on the sea of pen-fish, poulps, and cuttle-fish without heads.

The cephaloptera, in fact, is only vulnerable through the head.

Gilliatt was not ignorant of this fact.

He had never seen a devil-fish of this size. His first encounter was with one of the larger species. Another would have been powerless with terror.

With the devil-fish, as with a furious bull, there is a certain moment in the conflict which must be seized. It is the instant when the bull lowers the neck; it is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. He who loses that moment is destroyed.

The things we have described occupied only a few moments. Gilliatt, however, felt the increasing power of its innumerable suckers.

The monster is cunning; it tries first to stupefy its prey. It seizes and then pauses awhile.

Gilliatt grasped his knife; the sucking increased.

He looked at the monster, which seemed to look at him.

Suddenly it loosened from the rock its sixth antenna, and darting it at him, seized him by the left arm.

At the same moment it advanced its head with a violent movement. In one second more its mouth would have fastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his two arms entangled, he would have been a dead man.

But Gilliatt was watchful. He avoided the antenna, and at the moment when the monster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clenched in his left hand. There were two convulsions in opposite directions; that of the devil-fish and that of its prey. The movement was rapid as a double flash of lightnings.

He had plunged the blade of his knife into the flat slimy substance, and by a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whip in the air, describing a circle round the two eyes, he wrenched the head off as a man would draw a tooth.

The struggle was ended. The folds relaxed. The monster dropped away, like the slow detaching of bands. The four hundred suckers, deprived of their sustaining power, dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sank to the bottom of the water.

Breathless with the struggle, Gilliatt could perceive upon the stones at his feet two shapeless, slimy heaps, the head on one side, the remainder of the monster on the other.

Fearing, nevertheless, some convulsive return of his agony, he recoiled to avoid the reach of the dreaded tentacles.

But the monster was quite dead.

Gilliatt closed his knife.

It was time that he killed the devil-fish. He was almost suffocated. His right arm and his chest were purple. Numberless little swellings were distinguishable upon them; the blood flowed from them here and there. The remedy for these wounds is sea-water. Gilliatt plunged into it, rubbing himself at the same time with the palms of his hands. The swellings disappeared under the friction.

An investigation of the cavern showed a human skeleton, around the waist of which was a belt containing an iron box. On the belt were the initials of Clubin, and in the box the drafts for the large sum of money which the owner had taken from Lethierry's partner.

Eventually Gilliatt overcomes every obstacle and brings the engines and machinery safe home to the owner. Here he finds, however, the bitterest of disappointments, for in the garden he hears Deruchette and her lover exchange their pledges. Lethierry, through a letter from his former partner, learns of Clubin's treachery, and Gilliatt magnanimously turns over all the money to its rightful owner. Gilliatt is to marry Deruchette and be the captain of the new *Durande;* at least, such is the plan of Lethierry, who gives his orders accordingly. Satisfied, however, of the sincerity of Deruchette's affection for her lover and of his worthiness, Gilliatt arranges their marriage and assists the young couple secretly to take passage on a steamer about to sail on a long voyage. He even gives to Deruchette a chest of beautiful garments his mother had preserved for his wife when he should marry. But when the ship sails, Gilliatt betakes himself to the rock, covered at high tide, and from which he one time rescued Deruchette's lover, and seats himself to watch the vessel sink below the horizon. The tide is rising as the ship moves away, and as it fades from sight the waters close over the head of Gilliatt.

4. *L'Homme Qui Rit* (*The Man Who Laughs*) is a queer story of a man whose mouth has been so mutilated in childhood that he wears a perpetual and unchanging smile. The tale has not achieved great popularity, and is not considered on a par with his other works.

5. *Quatre-vingt-Treize* (*Ninety-Three*) is full of improbabilities and contains more than the usual number of wordy disquisitions, but the conversations of Marat, Danton and Robespierre are masterful and the pathetic pictures of the three little children caught in the meshes of revolutionary plots are considered to be among the finest productions of Hugo's genius. *Ninety-Three* is the first part of an unfinished trilogy, and deals with the Vendean insurrection. In his three principal characters Hugo represents three ages and three types of human society. The past is personified in the monarchic chief Lantenac, the present in the citizen-chief Cimourdain, and the future in the merciful Gauvain.

A woman, distracted by the horrors of the war waging around her, has taken refuge with her three little children in a wood in Bretagne, and there meets a company of republican soldiers. At the same time, the Marquis de Lantenac, a Breton nobleman with a party of *emigres,* who have been given a ship by the English, is preparing to land, but as they have been betrayed they find a flotilla drawn up to oppose them. After Lantenac has been landed in disguise, the *emigres* blow up the ship. In

the meantime, the nobleman learns that a price has been set on his head, and believes himself to be lost when a party of men come forward. Bravely he gives his name and is delighted to learn that the men are friends who have been expecting to meet him and place themselves under his leadership. In the bloody fight which follows with the republican soldiers the Marquis is victorious, and his followers give no quarter except to the three children, who are carried away as hostages to La Tourge.

Led by Lantenac's nephew Gauvain, the republicans besiege La Tourge and are assisted by the ex-priest Cimourdain, who has trained Gauvain in his own inflexible republicanism. When they see the tower about to be captured, the royalists decide to blow it up, with all it contains, and the flames have already begun to spread when Lantenac learns of a secret passage by which he and his followers reach a place of safety, only to be shocked by the agonizing shrieks of the mother, who sees her children left to perish in the flames. The heart of the Marquis is stirred with pity, and he returns to the tower and rescues the children, but is himself taken prisoner. Condemned to death and about to be executed, he is assisted to escape by his nephew Gauvain, who throws his cloak about the prisoner, sends him away, and remains to die in his place. A council of war, of which Cimourdain is a member, decides that Gauvain must suffer death, but after the vote is cast the ex-priest kills himself.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL (CONCLUDED) OTHER POETS AND NOVELISTS

LAMARTINE. In the romantic movement Lamartine precedes Victor Hugo, but he was an elder member of the *Cenacle,* who had already become famous for his charming poems. His *Meditations Poetiques,* the first subjective work of such importance published in the nineteenth century, appeared in 1820, and its touching and musical lines were in harmony with the new ideals that were just coming into popularity. Alphonse Marie-Louis de Prat de Lamartine was born at Macon, on the Saône, in October, 1790. During the Revolution his father had been imprisoned for favoring the royalists,

and the young Lamartine followed the family traditions and entered the bodyguard of Louis XVIII, but he was a born poet, and the success of his first publications gave him an appointment as attaché to the French embassy at Naples. In 1829 he was admitted into the Academy; from 1837 until after the Revolution of 1848 he was engaged in politics on the side of the republicans, gaining great popularity by his defense of the tricolor, but later he lost his friends and was overwhelmingly defeated as a candidate for the Presidency. Afterwards he retired permanently from public life and under the Second Empire fell into great poverty, but in 1868 was voted a pension of a half million francs, of which he was to receive the interest, not the principal. Broken in health by the privations he had suffered, he died in 1869.

Two love affairs which marked his early years show their effects in his poetry. When only sixteen he became attached to Lucy, and she became the heroine of his *Confidences*. A little later, while visiting in Italy, he met Graziella, a Neapolitan shopgirl, who gave her heart to the young stranger and sailed with him from Procida, on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The idyl was of short duration, and Lamartine was obliged to return to France, where a few months later he received a letter and a lock of Graziella's black hair as a memento from the dying girl. A more important love affair of Lamartine's life was his passion for Madame Charles, the "Elvira" of

his poems. She was the inspiration of his greatest lyrics, *Le Lac* and others.

These attachments, no matter how much of reality there was in them, did not prevent his marrying, soon after the publication of his *Meditations,* a beautiful and wealthy Englishwoman, Marianne Birch. In 1832 he traveled in princely splendor through the East with his wife and only daughter Julia, who, however, was lost to him before his return.

The prose of Lamartine is almost as musical as his poetry, and its beauty is still the standard of comparison among the French. Any one who will read his *History of the Girondists* will be fascinated by his eloquent style and artistic presentation of every subject, particularly the biographical sketches of the principal leaders in the Girondist cause. Yet the reader should remember that it is a poet who is writing, and not an historian.

As an historian Lamartine was too emotional and too careless of his facts to be regarded as an authority; his novels are of rather inferior type, and his great title to remembrance is in his poetry, of which we have already mentioned the *Meditations,* and in his *Confidences,* a prose autobiography. The *Harmonies* is a kind of religious epic, whose function is the glorification of God through the works of nature. It is touched with sadness, but like all of his writings, is filled with a cheerful optimism. "Only one thing can cause regret on leaving this world, namely, love and the woman loved."

The poetic genius of Lamartine did not improve with age, howevermuch it may have changed in character, for his finest lyrics are among his earliest poems. However, later in life he designed a great epic in which he intended to show by what means the human soul reached perfection. Two portions of the poem were completed, the *Jocelyn* and *La Chute d'un Ange* (*The Fall of an Angel*). The first shows how love is conquered by duty. Jocelyn, a child of humble parents, has entered a seminary in order to give his sister a larger dowry and enable her to marry the man she loves. Not yet a priest, he takes shelter high in the summits of the Alps from the revolutionary Terror. Here he receives into his wild abode a proscribed youth, Laurence, who becomes his friend and intimate companion, and when Laurence is found to be a girl, friendship turns to love in both their hearts. However, Jocelyn feels it his duty to become a priest, in order that he may receive the last confession of the condemned bishop, and the lovers are compelled to part. Laurence wanders far astray in passionate ways, but in her dying hours is confessed by Jocelyn, whose despair has given place to peaceful harmony with his saintly calling. Laying her body among the hills and streams of their early love, Jocelyn chronicles the events and his feelings in the poem. *La Chute d'un Ange* is a vast conception, fantastic in subject, and shows the decline of the poet's power. In spite of some beautiful verses, the

story is supernatural and uninteresting, as compared with his other work. Among the mountains of Lebanon, where dwell the descendants of Cain, the angel falls in love with a maiden, Daidha, and assumes human form. The idea is to show how the spirit is degraded by its subjection to the senses.

We have space for but one brief lyric, *Far from the World,* which we give in the translation of Katharine Hillard:

Far from the faithless and the wicked world,
Fly, O my soul! to some deep solitude;
Fly, shaking from our feet the weary dust
Of love, desire, hope, and carking care
Upon the threshold of these deserts wild.

Behold the rocks, the forests, and the shores,
Nature has molded with her mighty hands:
The streams alone have hollowed out these paths;
Their foam alone has touched the river banks
Where never human foot has left a trace.

There seek at last for peace within thyself;
Thy dreams of happiness have been but brief!
Drive them forever far from this retreat;
Love nothing but the blue sky that loves thee,
And of the sun alone ask happy days!

To wounded hearts, nature is ever sweet,
And solitude belongs to wretchedness.
Already peace re-enters my sad heart;
Already life takes up, without a jar,
Its course suspended by the hand of grief!

II. De Vigny. Alfred Victor, Count de Vigny, born in 1797, is represented only by two volumes of poetry, a novel, one or two comedies

and a few minor tales. Nevertheless, his reputation, which now rests chiefly on his poems, has gained in extent since his death, though Gautier in his own day called him the purest glory of the Romantic school, and present critics declare him to be the most genuine, sincere and logical of that school.

The last descendant of a once wealthy and distinguished family ruined by the Revolution, he was taken to Paris and carefully educated by his parents. From his father's wounds, the parchments and the escutcheons of his family, and the portraits of his armed ancestors he learned history and romance. Having entered the army, he was soon dissatisfied because, with the departure of Napoleon, the opportunities for glory in a military life had ceased, and the gifted young man revived his early passion for poetry. However, it was his historical novel, *Cinq Mars,* that established his reputation in literature, and the story has an elegance of style that, combined with its dramatic interest and the strength of its characters, has fixed its standing as a classic.

Admitted to the Academy in 1845, his energetic mind and mature powers promised much, but his love of seclusion and retirement led him to retreat into himself, and he produced little until near the time of his death, which occurred in 1863. In the last volume, *Les Destinees,* are some of the finest passages of his writings and some of the most intimate disclosures of his inner life.

Sainte-Beuve says that his originality is distinct from that of both Hugo and Lamartine, though his birth is chronologically between the two. Victor Hugo and Lamartine both gave evidence of a connection with earlier French poetry, but De Vigny was wholly original, as may be seen from the following lyrics:

MOSES

He said unto the Lord:—"Shall I ne'er be done?
Where wilt thou still that I my footsteps turn?
Am I to live for aye, great, powerful, and alone?
Give me, ah, give me leave to sleep the sleep of earth!
What did I to thee to be chosen thine elect?
Let now some other stand 'twixt thee and thine!
Some other curb thy wild steed, Israel!
I gladly make him heir to book and brazen rod.
Why needest thou have dried up all my hopes?
Why not have left me man in all my ignorance?
Alas! thou madest me wise among the wise:
My finger showed thy wandering race its path,
I called down fire upon the heads of kings,
And future time will kneel before my laws.

I am the Great: my feet tread nations' necks,
My hand holds generations in its will.
Alas, my Lord! I am great—I am alone:
Give me—ah, give me leave to sleep the sleep of earth!"

ELOA

On the snowy mountain crown of the hamlet,
The Spaniard has wounded the Asturian eagle
That threatened his white bounding flock.
With bristling plumes, and raining down blood,
The bird strikes upward to heaven, quick as a flash could descend,
Gazing up at his sun! breathing it in with wide-open beak,
As if once again his life to retake from the empire of flame.

In the golden air he swims with great strokes,
Hovers a moment in rest, 'mid the bright darting rays,—
But the aim of the man was too sure:
The hot ball burns like a coal in his wound;
His wing drops its shafts, his royal mantle its plumes;
Dispossessed of his heights, his weight bears him down,—
He sinks into the snow of the mount, with wild heaving
breast:
And the cold of the earth, with its heavy death sleep,
Shuts the eyes that held the respect of the sun.

III. Musset. Quite in contrast with the character of Alfred de Vigny stands Louis Charles Alfred de Musset, the frivolous, amorous, unfortunate poet, novelist and playwright, who alone disputes with Hugo and Lamartine the first place in French poetry of the nineteenth century. Highly nervous and sensitive from the beginning, he appears at eighteen as the favorite child of the *Cenacle,* a personal friend of Hugo, and a lad of the greatest promise. When only nineteen he published his *Tales of Spain and Italy,* an immoral but entertaining and somewhat ironical collection of stories in verse that brought him hostile criticism. A year later, *The Venetian Night,* an unsuccessful drama, was produced at the Odeon, and two years later, when he left the *Cenacle* and abandoned his devotion to Hugo and the romanticists, he was in the full tide of popularity. Sensuous and romantic by nature, he formed an attachment for George Sand, who returned his passion, and with her he left for Italy in the winter of 1833. However, their natures were so uncongenial that

the *liaison* had lasted but a short time when he returned to France, disappointed and broken in spirit. This affair brought out the worst side of his character, and many mutual recriminations passed between him and his mistress, who seemed much less affected by their disastrous connection than himself.

In 1838 he received an appointment as librarian in the Home Office, but, soon after, his health began to fail, and the latter years of his broken life were unproductive. In 1852 he was received into the Academy, but even then some of its members demurred because of his pitiable mental and moral condition. He died in 1857 and was buried in the famous old cemetery of Pierre Lachaise, where a fine monument inscribed with some lines of his own has been erected. Witty, sarcastic, and sometimes most passionate, the poems of Musset are reflections of his own personal feelings, and his best work was done in exploiting his own emotions. Some of his lyrics are perfect, and the four *Nuits* (*Nights*), especially those of May and August, are considered among the most sublime poems in French literature. Nevertheless, his greatest work and most enduring is exhibited in little dramas, both prose and poetry, which combine romance and fantasy with elegance and wit all his own.

The *Night of May* was written while Musset was still suffering from his rupture with George Sand, and shows in its magnificent beauty that what he has said elsewhere is true:

Le seul bien qui me reste au monde
Est d'avoir quelquefois pleure.

(The only happiness which remains in the world for me is that sometimes I have wept.)

In the despair and gloom which characterize the *Night of May* may be seen some resemblance, though in a lighter degree, to Poe's feelings as expressed in *The Raven.* The *Night of August,* almost as beautiful as the *Night of May,* shows the poet consoling the Muse, who is now sad, as was the poet himself in the *Night of May.* Solitude, "a stranger dressed in black, who resembles him like a brother," followed Musset everywhere in the *Night of December.* In the *Night of October* the poet thinks only of the future, having forgotten and pardoned the past.

Octave, the leading character in the extraordinary book *Confession,* is the personification of the skepticism of the century. He loves, but in spite of the devotion of Brigitte, he does not believe in love; in fact, he believes in nothing.

One of the masterpieces of Musset is the powerful poem *Rolla,* which is regarded as the culmination of the Byronic stage of Musset's genius. Like many of his works, *Rolla* reflects the lack of morality in the author. His idea seems to be that there is no reform possible after sin has once been committed, and in this despicable Rolla, debased by self-indulgence, he creates a personage not unlike himself; but the poetry is so artistic and beautiful that the

reader is inclined to forget the character of the man who puts all his money into three purses, spends it in riotous debauchery, and then after a night of orgies, kills himself in despair.

Lorenzaccio, his strongest but perhaps least popular drama, is Shakespearean in style and gives a picture of Florence in the sixteenth century when that great city had lost its independence and was ruled by tyrannical governors appointed by Charles V. Lorenzo de' Medici, anxious to rid Florence of her tyrant Alexander, becomes the companion of the Duke, joins in all his riotous and ignoble pleasures, becomes intensely popular, and after he has slain the Duke discovers that his own name has been irremediably polluted.

Next after *Lorenzaccio* in originality comes the drama *One Must not Play with Love,* in which there are some really comic personages, but the bitterness of some of the scenes and the tragic end of the play prevent its being classed with the comedies. Perdican, who loves his cousin Camille, pays ardent court to Rosette in order to make Camille jealous. When later the little Rosette learns of Perdican's treachery, she dies of grief, and Camille returns to the convent where she had been educated.

His longest prose narrative is *Confession d'un Enfant du Siecle* (*The Confession of a Child of the Century*), a cynical tale of debauchery, of which the author coarsely said, "I have but vomited the truth."

It is quite impossible to make extracts from the works of Musset which will show him at his best, but we may quote two of his fine lyrics. The first is an extract from *To a Comrade:*

The joy of meeting makes us love farewell;
We gather once again around the hearth,
And thou wilt tell
All that thy keen experience has been
Of pleasure, danger, misadventure, mirth,
And unforeseen.

And all without an angry word the while,
Or self-compassion,—naught dost thou recall
Save for a smile;
Thou knowest how to lend good fortune grace,
And how to mock what'er ill luck befall
With laughing face.

But friend, go not again so far away;
In need of some small help I always stand,
Come whatso may;
I know not whither leads this path of mine,
But I can tread it better when my hand
Is clasped in thine.

Juana is thus translated by Andrew Lang:

Again I see you, ah, my queen—
Of all my old loves that have been,
The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget—
Ah me, for I remember yet—
How the last summer days were blest?

Ah, lady, when we think of this—
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!
How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen,
And I am twenty winters old.

My rose, that mid the red roses
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is!
Yet keeps the beauty of her prime;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace;
Remember the dead summer-time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
To me for a peace-offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake—
To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware, for all we say,
This Love shall live another day,
Awakened from his deathly sleep:
The heart that once has been your shrine
For other loves is too divine;
A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say—why do I dream?
Why should I struggle with the stream
Whose waves return not any day?
Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me;
Farewell, farewell! so must it be,
So runs, so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
And days that were, and days that flit:
The loved lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
For you that not remember it.

IV. Gautier. In 1811 Theophile Gautier was born at Tarbes, in Southern France, and at the local academy promised to be a brilliant scholar at a very early age. His father, who

was largely responsible for his early education, brought the boy to Paris and continued his training in that city of colleges. His original intention was to become a painter, and the young Theophile actually entered Rioult's studio and remained there for two years. He was, however, an omniverous reader, with a particular preference for the decadent Latin and early French writers, especially Villon and Rabelais. Sainte-Beuve had just brought to the attention of the modern world the poets of the Pleiade of the sixteenth century, and his influence renewed Gautier's early love for poetry.

When nineteen years of age he met Victor Hugo, and attached himself to that great master with a devotion which was almost fanatical. Already the young poet had shown a marvelous gift of style, and now he threw himself with the greatest fervor into the work of the romanticists, championing their cause with an astonishing defiance of conventionality that turned even his dress into grotesqueness. At the first presentation of *Hernani* he appeared in a cherry-colored waistcoat, green trousers and gray overcoat lined with green satin, which he himself described as not a bad combination to irritate and scandalize the Philistines. With his long black hair streaming down his back, his black beard, sparkling black eyes and swarthy complexion, the ponderous man actually fought with his fists in the crowd about the theater and terrified his

bourgeois opponents. At this time he joined with other young men, who termed themselves "Young France" and whose purpose was to carry on the literary revolution, which had just reached its height.

Gautier was a curious personality and one of the most conspicuous figures of his age. His admirers regard him as one of the greatest writers of France, whose fame has only yet begun, while his critics consider him a man who has done a great deal of harm and whose name is destined to be forgotten; yet all agree upon his mastery of style and the elegance of his artistic execution. It is certain, however, that in at least one group of his poems, *Emaux et Camees* (*Enamels and Cameos*), he has produced a series of lyrics each of which is a triumph of art. If he was never inspired by great ideas, he was most certainly an artist with a keen appreciation of the beautiful and a mastery of humor and irony. His prose is little less remarkable than his poetry, but never does he reach the heart with the same certainty that has characterized other French poets.

He was a voluminous writer, a literary and an art critic of high rank, who earned his living largely by his pen. He had a remarkable fondness for cats, and rarely wrote without one of the little animals in his lap. This passion extended to other pets, and in his *Menagerie Intime* (*Home Menagerie*) he gives in a most charming and familiar manner an account of his cats, dogs, white rats, parrots and

other pets that from time to time shared his home with him.

A corpulent man with a ravenous appetite, he suffered severely from privations during the siege of Paris, and died in 1872. In spite of his fame and the excellence of his work, Gautier was never received into the French Academy, but Moliere, Beaumarchais, Balzac and many others suffered a like fate, and the fact is not detrimental to their position in the world of letters. Gautier left one talented daughter, who became the wife of M. Catulle Mendes and who has written successful novels in her own name of Judith Gautier.

In 1830 he published his first long poem, *Albertus, or, Soul and Sin,* an extravagant theological legend, "semi-diabolic, semi-fashionable," remarkable for color, imagery and perfection of style. The tale is, however, not pleasant. An old witch, Veronica, transforming herself into a young and beautiful maiden, makes love to Albertus, a young artist, in whom we see Theophile himself. Caring for nothing but his art, Albertus nevertheless falls a victim to the siren, but at the stroke of midnight, to his unbounded horror, the beautiful Veronica resumes her witchlike aspect and carries her victim to a terrible saturnalia of witches, sorcerers, ghouls and other horrible creatures which fill the young man's soul with terror. At the end of the revels, the body of Albertus, with broken back and twisted neck, is thrown beside the Appian Way. If any moral is in-

tended in the poem, it may be phrased in the old expression, "The wages of sin is death."

In 1833 he produced *Mlle. de Maupin,* a novel which shocked the public by its contempt for morality and furnished ground for most of the charges against Gautier's influence. Nevertheless, the story is an artistic appreciation of the beautiful. The *Romance of a Mummy* combines science and fiction in the most clever manner, to revive a civilization long extinct. The finding of the mummy, the royal tombs, Thebes with its hundred gates, the triumphal entrance of Pharaoh into the city, the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, are all beautiful descriptions wrought with extraordinary care. A brief extract descriptive of Pharaoh appears below:

At last the Pharaoh appeared!

Priests, turning towards him at regular intervals, stretched out their amschiras to him, first throwing incense on the coals blazing in the little bronze cup, holding them by a handle formed like a scepter, with the head of some sacred animal at the other end; they walked backwards respectfully, while the fragrant blue smoke ascended to the nostrils of the triumpher, apparently as indifferent to these honors as a divinity of bronze or basalt.

Twelve oëris, or military chiefs, their heads covered by a light helmet surrounded by ostrich feathers, naked to the waist, their loins enveloped in a narrow skirt with stiff folds, their targes suspended from the front of their belts, supported a sort of huge shield, on which rested the Pharaoh's throne. It was a chair, with arms and legs in the form of a lion, high-backed, with large full cushion, adorned on the sides with a kind of trellis-work

of pink and blue flowers; the arms, legs, moldings of the seat were gilded, and the parts which were not, flamed with bright colors.

On either side of the litter, four fan-bearers waved enormous semicircular fans, fixed to gilded staves; two priests held aloft a large richly decorated horn of plenty, from which fell bunches of enormous lotus blooms. The Pharaoh wore a miter-like helmet, cut out to make room for the ear, and brought down over the back of the neck to protect it. On the blue ground of the helmet scintillated a quantity of dots like the eyes of birds, made of three circles, black, white, and red; a scarlet and yellow border ran along the edge, and the symbolic viper, twisting its golden coils at the back, stood erect above the royal forehead; two long curled feathers, purple in color, floated over his shoulders, and completed his majestically elegant head-dress.

A wide gorget, with seven rows of enamels, precious stones, and golden beads, fell over the Pharaoh's chest and gleamed brightly in the sunlight. His upper garment was a sort of loose shirt, with pink and black squares; the ends, lengthening into narrow slips, were wound several times about his bust and bound it closely; the sleeves, cut short near the shoulder, and bordered with intersecting lines of gold, red, and blue, exposed his round, strong arms, the left furnished with a large metal wristband, meant to lessen the vibration of the string when he discharged an arrow from his triangular bow; and the right, ornamented by a bracelet in the form of a serpent in several coils, held a long gold scepter with a lotus bud at the end. The rest of his body was wrapped in drapery of the finest linen, minutely plaited, bound about the waist by a belt inlaid with small enamel and gold plates. Between the band and the belt his torso appeared, shining and polished like pink granite shaped by a cunning workman. Sandals with returned toes, like skates, shod his long narrow feet, placed together like those of the gods on the temple walls.

His smooth beardless face, with large clearly cut features, which it seemed beyond any human power to disturb, and which the blood of common life did not color, with its death-like pallor, sealed lips, enormous eyes enlarged with black lines, the lids no more lowered than those of the sacred hawk, inspired by its very immobility a feeling of respectful fear. One might have thought that these fixed eyes were searching for eternity and the Infinite; they never seemed to rest on surrounding objects. The satiety of pleasures, the surfeit of wishes satisfied as soon as expressed, the isolation of a demigod who has no equal among mortals, the disgust for perpetual adoration, and as it were the weariness of continual triumph, had forever frozen this face, implacably gentle and of granite serenity. Osiris judging the souls could not have had a more majestic and calm expression.

The most popular of Gautier's novels is *Le Capitaine Fracasse* (*Captain Smashall*), a picaresque tale upon which the author worked at intervals for twenty years, and which was announced long before its publication in 1863.

It is, however, upon his poems that Gautier's claim to immortality will finally rest. The *Comedy of Death* is full of horror and repulsiveness, in which the dialogues, however well expressed, are unpleasantly suggestive, and only in the *Enamels and Cameos* can be found work devoid of criticism. Curiously enough, in this collection a strong reaction against romanticism is evident, a reaction which was carried further in the work of a group of writers known as the *Parnassiens,* among whom were Leconte de Lisle and Sully Prudhomme. It seems that Gautier's love for the artistic and beautiful had compelled him

to drop the extravagances of his earlier romanticism and find that true art lies midway between classicism and the method of the new school.

We have space here for but two examples of his lyrics, and present them without further comment. The first is called *The Pot of Flowers:*

Sometimes a child finds a small seed,
And at once, delighted with its bright colors,
To plant it he takes a porcelain jar
Adorned with blue dragons and strange flowers.

He goes away. The root, snake-like, stretches,
Breaks through the earth, blooms, becomes a shrub;
Each day, farther down, it sinks its fibrous foot,
Until it bursts the sides of the vessel.

The child returns: surprised, he sees the rich plant
Over the vase's débris brandishing its green spikes;
He wants to pull it out, but the stem is stubborn.
The child persists, and tears his fingers with the pointed
arrows.

Thus grew love in my simple heart;
I believed I sowed but a spring flower;
'Tis a large aloe, whose root breaks
The porcelain vase with the brilliant figures.

The second, from *The Old Guard,* is an appreciation of those veterans:

The thing is worth considering;
Three ghosts of old veterans
In the uniform of the Old Guard,
With two shadows of hussars!

Since the supreme battle
One has grown thin, the other stout;
The coat once made to fit them
Is either too loose or too tight.

Don't laugh, comrade;
But rather bow low
To these Achilles of an Iliad
That Homer would not have invented.

Their faces with the swarthy skin
Speak of Egypt with the burning sun,
And the snows of Russia
Still powder their white hair.

If their joints are stiff, it is because on the battle-field
Flags were their only blankets;
And if their sleeves don't fit,
It is because a cannon-ball took off their arm.

V. The Elder Dumas. The last of the great stars in the galaxy of the dramatists was Alexandre Dumas. His full name was Alexandre Dumas-Davy de la Pailleterie, and he came of a noble family, but his own republican principles early induced him to drop all distinctions and to retain only the name Dumas. About 1760 his grandfather sold all his property in France and emigrated to Haiti, where he married, it is assumed, a woman of color, and the result of this union was the birth of Alexandre's father, who naturally had the hue of a mulatto and transmitted to his son Alexandre some traces of colored blood. The old Marquis returned to France in 1772, and his son, a courageous man of great physical strength, but sympathetic nature, fought in the armies of

the Republic and with Napoleon in Egypt. Possibly because he opposed the imperial plans of Napoleon, he fell into disfavor and died poor, in the early years of the nineteenth century. The boy Dumas had a great natural fondness for animals and, finding one of Buffon's natural histories, he taught himself to read from it and later evinced a great fondness for mythological tales and all the imaginative literature of the early legends. He was by right of his descent gifted with romantic tendencies, and even in early years entertained himself by composing vivid imaginative tales.

At the age of fifteen he saw *Hamlet* played, and was transported by the representation. When later the volumes of Scott and Cooper found their way into his hands, his imagination was further stimulated, and he became fixed in his determination to write. Always fond of hunting, he took to poaching and supported himself on his first trip to Paris by selling the game that he killed on the way. The friends he made there still further aroused his enthusiasm for the theater, and he began, in collaboration with two of his friends, to write plays, one of which was fortunate enough to be accepted and was produced with some success. Comedies, tragedies in prose and verse, some good, some bombastic, and others almost ridiculous, flowed from his pen in abundance, but most of them have been forgotten and really bear little relation to the novels which afterwards brought him a universal fame.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS (PÈRE)
1802–1870

It is as a novelist that Dumas is best known, and the tales he produced are almost numberless. In fact, many of those which bear his name are not altogether his own work, for he employed a number of assistants who prepared the scenes under his direction, filled out the characters he had sketched, looked up the historical connections and furnished the local color for his romances. However, through it all he was the guiding spirit, and no one of those who worked for him was able even to approximate the excellence of the work done under his guiding hand. In a certain sense, then, he deserves the credit for all that was done. It is impossible to determine what were the contributions of his assistants to any given novel, but from the style of writing, the character of the plot and the development of character, it is safe to assume that all of the greater stories, those which have made a place in the world of literature outside of France, are his own composition.

The above judgment of Dumas is generally accepted by English critics. It may be well to note, however, that French critics are of another mind, almost without exception. They base his title to literary distinction on his plays, and do not admit that his novels have any real literary value. This is explained by the lack of attention to form that is displayed by Dumas; artistic perfection of form is considered by the French to be indispensable in any literary work.

He made money rapidly from the novels which followed one another with such incredible rapidity, and spent it as freely as it came. He built a palace, in many respects not unlike Scott's Abbotsford, and filled it with his friends and a host of hangers-on, who relieved him of his money almost as rapidly as he made it. His funds were not dissipated in debauchery, but were poured out with a generous hand that never reckoned the cost. Passionately fond of animals, his house was the home of cats and dogs, who received as kind and generous treatment as the human parasites. The result of this extravagance was to dissipate his fortune and leave him an old man almost dependent upon his son, a distinguished dramatist.

The brilliance, animation, rapid movement and inexhaustible invention of Dumas has never been equaled, and his stories are fascinating to any one who enjoys action, adventure and the lively flash of human ingenuity. No one of the tales is dull, and every reader of Dumas is glad that his stories are numbered by the score, while Thackeray, Andrew Lang and a host of noted men have acknowledged the delight with which they have read his marvelous inventions. Toward the end of his life, Dumas felt that he had accomplished little of real value and that his stories could never live. "I seem to see myself," he said, "set on a pedestal which trembles as if it were founded on the sands." But Andrew Lang, writing of

the episode, says, "These sands, your uncounted volumes, are all of gold, and make a foundation more solid than rock." Thackeray has written: "All the forenoon I read with intense delight a novel called *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne,* a continuation of the famous *Mousquetaires,* and just as interesting, keeping one panting from volume to volume, longing for more." The faults of Dumas' work are plainly to be seen and in time become evident to every reader, but no one cares for these minor defects in face of the great merits of the books. What do we care if they are full of exaggeration, bombast and historical inaccuracies if they communicate to us their high spirits and enthrall us with the marvelous adventures, hair-breadth escapes, splendid fights, inexhaustible resources and indomitable courage of their heroes. And they are very human heroes, too, living and lifelike, whose characters are developed under our eyes by their acts and not by long descriptions and psychological analyses. D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, Chicot, the Count of Monte Cristo and all the rest are realities, whose acquaintance is a joy to all who read. It is unfair, however, to leave the reader with the impression that Dumas has created a few great characters only, for he has shown almost equal skill in the creation of scores of persons of minor importance, from kings to scullions, each of whom has as distinct a personality and as vivid a reality as the friends which surround us.

We cannot mention even by title the many books he wrote, nor can we hope by extracts to give any conception of them. Most famous of all is the Musketeer series: *The Three Musketeers, Twenty Years After,* and *The Vicomte de Bragelonne.* Another series of historical tales almost equally interesting is *Le Reine Margot,* translated under the name of *Margaret of Valois; La Dame de Monsoreau,* otherwise known as *Chicot, the Jester;* and *Les Quarante-Cinq* (*The Forty-Five*). *The Count of Monte Cristo,* which by many is considered his greatest work, has as a sequel *Edmond Dantes,* a much inferior tale. *The Black Tulip* is an innocent little romance of the time of William III of Holland. There are many other excellent stories which we have not the space even to enumerate.

Merely with the hope of showing something of the characters of the three famous Musketeers, we give the following characteristic extract, which tells how they held the Bastion of Saint-Gervais:

On arriving at the lodgings of his three friends, D'Artagnan found them assembled in the same chamber. Athos was meditating; Porthos was twisting his moustache; Aramis was saying his prayers in a charming little Book of Hours, bound in blue velvet.

"*Pardieu,* gentlemen," said he. "I hope what you have to tell me is worth the trouble, or else, I warn you, I will not pardon you for making me come here instead of getting a little rest after a night spent in taking and dismantling a bastion. Ah, why were you not there, gentlemen? It was warm work."

"We were in a place where it was not very cold," replied Porthos, giving his moustache a twist which was peculiar to him.

"Hush!" said Athos.

"Oh, oh!" said D'Artagnan, comprehending the slight frown of the musketeer. "It appears there is something fresh abroad."

"Aramis," said Athos, "didn't you breakfast the other day at Parpaillot's?"

"Yes."

"Were you comfortable there?"

"No, I did not like it at all. It was a fast day, and they had nothing but meat."

"What, no fish to be had in a seaport town?"

"They say," replied Aramis, taking up his book, "that they have all taken to the deep sea, since the Cardinal built that dike."

"That is not what I was asking," replied Athos. "Were you quite free and at your ease, or did any one pay attention to you?"

"Oh, nobody paid any attention to me. And if that is your object, Athos, Parpaillot's will suit us very well."

"Let us go at once then," said Athos, "for these walls are like paper."

On the way they met Grimaud, whom Athos beckoned silently to follow them. Grimaud, according to his custom, obeyed without a word.

It did not take them long to reach Parpaillot's, but unluckily the hour was ill chosen for a private conference. The *réveille* had just been sounded, and the sleepy soldiers were all pouring into the inn. This state of matters delighted the landlord, but was hardly so agreeable to the four friends, who merely nodded sulkily at the salutations of the crowd.

"If we are not careful," said Athos, rousing himself, "we shall find ourselves landed in some quarrel, which would be highly inconvenient at this moment. D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work, and then we will tell you about ours."

"Ah, yes," said a light-horse soldier, who was slowly sipping a glass of brandy, "you were down at the trenches last night, I think, and I believe you had a brush with the Rochellois."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see if he ought to answer or not.

"My dear fellow," replied Athos, "I don't think you are aware that M. De Busigny did you the honor to address you! Since these gentlemen are interested in last night's affair, tell them about it."

"Is it true that you captured a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who had filled his beer up with rum.

"Yes, monsieur," replied D'Artagnan, "we had that honor. We also introduced a barrel of powder into a corner, which in exploding opened a really beautiful breach; and as the bastion was not built yesterday, the whole building was severely shaken."

"What bastion was it?" said a dragoon, who was holding a goose on the point of his sword, and cooking it at the fire.

"The Bastion Saint-Gervais," replied D'Artagnan; "the Rochellois behind it were always annoying our men."

"And there was a good deal of sharp-shooting?"

"A good deal. We lost five men, and the Rochellois eight or ten."

"But this morning," went on the light-horseman, "they will probably send down some pioneers to rebuild the bastion."

"Yes, probably," answered D'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," broke in Athos, "I want to propose a bet."

"What bet?" asked the light-horseman.

"I bet you, M. De Busigny, that I and my three friends Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, will breakfast in the Bastion Saint-Gervais, and will hold it an hour by the clock, against all comers."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other. They were beginning to understand what Athos had in his head.

"But," objected D'Artagnan, leaning over to whisper to Athos, "we shall be killed without a chance of escape."

"We shall be killed a great deal more certainly if we don't go," replied Athos.

"Ah!" ejaculated Porthos, twirling his mustache, "that is a grand bet."

"I take it," said M. De Busigny; "let us fix the stakes."

"That is easily done," replied Athos. "We are four and you are four. The loser shall give the whole eight a dinner."

"Very well, let us agree to that," said M. De Busigny and the dragoon.

"Your breakfast is ready, gentlemen," broke in the landlord at this instant.

"Then bring it here," answered Athos.

The landlord obeyed, and Athos, making a sign to Grimaud, pointed out a large basket standing in a corner, which he was to fill with wine and food.

"But where are you going to eat it?" asked the landlord.

"What does that matter to you as long as you are paid?" replied Athos, throwing two pistoles on the table. Then, turning to M. De Busigny, he observed:—

"Will you have the kindness, monsieur, to set your watch by mine, or let me set mine by yours?"

"Certainly, monsieur," said the light-horseman, drawing out a beautiful watch incrusted with diamonds; "half-past seven."

"Five-and-twenty minutes to eight. So I am five minutes faster than you;" and bowing to the rest of the company, the four young men took the road to the Bastion Saint-Gervais, followed by Grimaud carrying the basket. He had not the faintest idea where they were going, or what they were to do, but Athos had given his orders, and he always obeyed without questioning.

As long as they were within the camp, the four friends remained silent; but once they had passed the wall of

circumvallation, D'Artagnan, who was completely in the dark, thought it was time to ask for an explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "will you be good enough to tell me where we are bound for?"

"Why, for the bastion, of course."

"And what are we to do when we get there?"

"I told you before. We are going to breakfast."

"But why didn't we do that at Parpaillot's?"

"Because we had some important matters to discuss, and it was impossible to talk for five minutes at that inn, with all those people coming and going, and perpetually bowing and speaking to you. Here at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "we shall not be interrupted."

"It seems to me," said D'Artagnan, with the caution which was as much his characteristic as his foolhardy courage, "it seems to me that we might have found some secluded place among the sand-hills on the sea-shore."

"Oh, somebody would have seen, and in a quarter of an hour spies would have informed the Cardinal that we were holding council."

. . . . . .

"Yes," said D'Artagnan, "but most certainly we shall attract some stray bullet."

"My good fellow," remarked Athos, "do you really think that the enemy's bullets are those we have most cause to fear?"

"But surely, if we were embarking on such an expedition, we ought to have brought our muskets?"

"Porthos, you are a goose! What would be the good of burdening ourselves with anything so useless?"

"I should hardly think that a heavy musket, a dozen cartridges, and a powder flask would be useless when one is in the presence of an enemy."

"Dear me!" said Athos, "didn't you hear what D'Artagnan was saying?"

"What did D'Artagnan say?" asked Porthos.

"He said that during last night's attack eight or ten Frenchmen were killed, and as many Rochellois."

"Well?"

"Well, hasn't everybody been too busy ever since to think of stripping the dead bodies?"

"What then?"

"What then? Why, we shall find their muskets, their flasks, and their cartridges, all waiting for us; and instead of four muskets and twelve charges, there will be fifteen pieces and a hundred bullets."

"O Athos," exclaimed Aramis, "you are a great man!"

Porthos nodded approval; only D'Artagnan did not seem to be convinced; and Grimaud appeared to have his doubts, for seeing they were still making for the bastion (which up to that moment he had declined to believe), he plucked his master by the coat.

"Where are we going?" he asked by a sign.

Athos pointed out the bastion.

"But," objected Grimaud, speaking always in pantomime, "we shall leave our bodies there."

Athos raised his hands and eyes to heaven. Grimaud placed his basket on the ground and sat down, shaking his head.

Athos took a pistol from his belt, looked to see if it was well primed, cocked it, and approached the barrel to Grimaud's ear. Grimaud was on his legs again, as if by magic. Athos then signed to him to take up the basket and go on.

Grimaud obeyed.

When they reached the bastion, the four friends turned round and beheld over three hundred soldiers assembled at the gate of the camp; M. De Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and their silent companion forming a group apart.

Athos removed his hat, put it on the edge of his sword, and waved it in the air.

The spectators returned his salute and gave a great hurrah, which penetrated to their ears even at that distance. Then all four disappeared inside the bastion, where Grimaud had preceded them.

As Athos had assumed, the bastion was only occupied by a dozen dead men, French and Rochellois.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, to whom the command of the expedition naturally fell, "while Grimaud lays out breakfast, we will begin by picking up the muskets and cartridges, and of course there is nothing in this employment to prevent our talking. Our friends here," he added, pointing to the dead, "will pay no attention to us."

"But after we have made sure they have nothing in their pockets, we had better throw them into the trench," said Porthos.

"Yes," replied Athos, "that is Grimaud's business."

"Well then," said D'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and after he has done so, throw them over the wall."

"He shall do nothing of the sort," replied Athos; "we may find them useful yet."

"You are going mad, my good fellow! Of what use can these dead men be?"

"Don't judge hastily, say the gospel and the Cardinal," replied Athos. "How many guns have we got?"

"Twelve," said Aramis.

"How many charges?"

"A hundred."

"That will do. Now let us load."

They set to work; and as they finished loading the last gun, Grimaud made a sign that breakfast was ready.

By a gesture Athos replied that they were ready also, and then pointed out a pepper-box turret, where Grimaud was to keep watch. To help him pass the time Athos allowed him to take some bread, two cutlets, and a bottle of wine. . . .

"Now," said D'Artagnan, "that there is no chance of our being overheard, I hope you will tell us your secret."

"I trust, gentlemen, to give you both pleasure and glory at once," replied Athos. "I have made you take a charming walk, and now here is an excellent breakfast; while below, as you may see through the loop-holes, are

five hundred persons, who consider us to be either lunatics or heroes,—two classes of idiots who have much in common."

Athos sipped a glass of wine. "Villainous host," cried he, "he has given us Anjou wine instead of champaigne and fancies we know no better."

The four friends had nearly finished their consultation when Athos exclaimed:

"*Pardieu!* if we may believe the signs Grimaud is making, we are about to have to do with a very different number of people. What is it, Grimaud? Considering the gravity of the occasion, I permit you to speak, my friend; but be laconic, I beg. What do you see?"

"A troop."

"How many?"

"Twenty."

"What are they?"

"Sixteen pioneers, four soldiers."

"How far off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Then we have just time to finish this fowl and drink your health, D'Artagnan."

A few minutes later the troop hove in sight, marching along a narrow trench that connected the bastion and the town.

"Bah!" said Athos. "It was scarcely worth while disturbing ourselves for a mere handful of rascals armed with pickaxes, hoes and shovels. Grimaud had only got to make them a sign to return whence they came, and I am sure they would have left us in peace."

"I doubt it," said D'Artagnan, "for they are advancing steadily. And besides the sappers, there are four soldiers and a brigadier, all armed with muskets."

"It is only because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Upon my honor," cried Aramis, "I feel quite ashamed to fire on poor devils like that."

"False priest!" exclaimed Porthos, "to have pity on heretics."

"Aramis is right," said Athos. "I will warn them."

"What on earth are you doing?" said D'Artagnan. "You will get yourself shot, my good fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this remark, and mounting the breach, his hat in one hand and his musket in the other, he addressed the troop, who were so astonished at this unexpected apparition that they halted about fifty paces distant. "Gentlemen," he said, bowing courteously as he spoke, "I am at this moment breakfasting with some friends in the shelter of this bastion. As you know, there is nothing so unpleasant as to be disturbed during your meals; therefore we should be greatly obliged if you would postpone any business you may have here, till we have finished, or else call again. Unless, indeed, you have the happy inspiration to quit the side of rebellion, and to drink, with us, to the health of the King of France."

"Do take care, Athos!" exclaimed D'Artagnan; "don't you see they are aiming at you?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Athos; "but they are only civilians, who don't know how to shoot; and they will never touch me."

He had scarcely uttered the words when four muskets fired simultaneously. The balls fell round Athos, but not one grazed him.

Four muskets immediately answered, but these were better directed than the others. Three of the soldiers fell dead, and one of the sappers was wounded.

"Grimaud, another musket," said Athos, who was still on the breach. Grimaud obeyed; a second volley was fired; the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead, and the rest of the troop took flight.

"Now we must make a sortie," cried Athos; and the four comrades dashed out of the fort, picked up the muskets belonging to the dead soldiers, and retreated to the bastion, carrying the trophies of their victory.

"Reload the muskets, Grimaud," said Athos, "and we, gentlemen, will go on with our breakfast, and resume our conversation. . . .

"Now you have done, Grimaud, take our brigadier's half-pike, tie a napkin to it, and plant it at the top of our bastion, that these rebels of Rochellois may see that they have to deal with brave and loyal soldiers of the king."

Just as the discussion of their plans was completed, Grimaud interrupted them with the cry, "To arms!"

The young men jumped up and ran for their muskets.

This time the advancing troop was composed of twenty or twenty-five men, but they were no longer sappers, but soldiers of the garrison.

"Hadn't we better return to the camp?" said Porthos. "The fight is not equal at all."

"Impossible, for three reasons," said Athos. "First, because we haven't finished breakfast; second, because we have several important things to discuss; and third, because there are still ten minutes before the hour is up."

"Well, anyway," remarked Aramis, "we had better have some plan of campaign."

"It is very simple," replied Athos. "The moment the enemy is within reach, we fire. If they still come on, we fire again, and go on firing as long as our guns are loaded. If any of them are left, and they try to carry the place by assault, we will let them get well into the ditch, and then drop on their heads a piece of the wall, that only keeps poised by a kind of miracle."

"Bravo," cried Porthos. "Athos, you were born to be a general; and the Cardinal, who thinks himself a great commander, is not to be compared to you."

"Gentlemen," replied Athos, "remember, one thing at a time. Cover your man well."

"I have mine," said D'Artagnan.

"And I," said Porthos and Aramis.

"Then fire;" and as Athos gave the word, the muskets rang out and four men fell. Then the drum beat, and the little army advanced to the charge, while all the time the fire was kept up, irregularly, but with a sure aim. The Rochellois, however, did not flinch, but came on steadily.

When they reached the foot of the bastion, the enemy still numbered twelve or fifteen. A sharp fire received them, but they never faltered, and leaping the trench, prepared to scale the breach.

"Now, comrades!" cried Athos. "Let us make an end of them. To the wall!"

And all four, aided by Grimaud, began to push with their guns a huge block of wall, which swayed as if with the wind, and then rolled slowly down into the trench. A horrible cry was heard, a cloud of dust mounted upwards; and all was silent.

"Have we crushed them all, do you think?" asked Athos.

"It looks like it," answered D'Artagnan.

"No," said Porthos, "for two or three are limping off."

In fact, three or four of these unfortunate men, covered with dirt and blood, fled along the hollow way, and at length regained the city. These were all who were left of the little troop.

Athos looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," he said, "an hour has elapsed since we came here, and we have won our bet. But we will be fair players," and the musketeer, with his usual coolness, re-seated himself before the remains of the breakfast, and all continued the conversation until Athos exclaimed. "What is going on in the town?"

"It is a call to arms."

They listened, and the sound of a drum reached their ears.

"They must be sending us an entire regiment," said Athos.

"You don't mean to fight a whole regiment?" said Porthos.

"Why not?" asked the musketeer. "If we had only had the sense to bring another dozen bottles, I could make head against an army!"

"As I live, the drum is coming nearer," said D'Artagnan.

"Let it," replied Athos. "It takes a quarter of an hour to get from here to the town, so it takes a quarter of an hour to get from the town here. That is more than enough time for us to arrange our plans. If we leave this, we shall never find such a good position. But I must first give Grimaud his orders;" and Athos made a sign to his servant.

"Grimaud," said he, pointing to the dead who were lying on the bastion, "you will take these gentlemen and prop them up against the wall, and put their hats on their heads and their guns in their hands."

"Great man!" ejaculated D'Artagnan; "I begin to see."

"You do?" asked Porthos.

"Do *you* understand, Grimaud?" said Aramis.

Grimaud nodded.

"Then we are all right," said Athos.

"On guard!" cried D'Artagnan. "Look at those red and black points moving down there! A regiment, did you call it, Athos?—it is a perfect army!"

"My word, yes!" said Athos, "there they come! How cunning to beat neither drums nor trumpets. Are you ready, Grimaud?"

Grimaud silently nodded, and showed them a dozen dead men, arranged skillfully in various attitudes, some carrying arms, some taking aim, other drawing their swords.

"Well done!" exclaimed Athos, "it does honor to your imagination."

"If it is all the same to you," said Porthos, " I should like to understand what is going on."

"Let us get away first," replied D'Artagnan, "and you will understand after."

"One moment, please! Give Grimaud time to clear away the breakfast."

"Ah!" said Aramis; "the red and black specks are becoming more distinct, and I agree with D'Artagnan that we have no time to lose in regaining the camp."

"Very well," rejoined Athos, "I have nothing to say against retreating. The wager was for an hour, and we have been here an hour and a half. Let us be off at once."

The four comrades went out at the back, following Grimaud, who had already departed with the basket.

"Oh!" cried Athos, stopping suddenly, "what the devil is to be done?"

"Has anything been forgotten?" asked Aramis.

"Our flag, man, our flag! We can't leave our flag in the enemy's hands, if it is nothing but a napkin." And Athos dashed again into the bastion, and bore away the flag unhurt, amid a volley of balls from the Rochellois.

He waved his flag, while turning his back on the troops of the town, and saluting those of the camp. From both sides arose great cries, of anger on the one hand and enthusiasm on the other, and the napkin, pierced with three bullet-holes, was in truth transformed into a flag. "Come down, come down!" they shouted from the camp.

Athos came down, and his friends, who had awaited him anxiously, received him with joy.

"Be quick, Athos," said D'Artagnan; "now that we have got everything but money, it would be stupid to get killed."

But Athos would not hurry himself, and they had to keep pace with him.

By this time Grimaud and his basket were well beyond bullet range, while in the distance the sounds of rapid firing might be heard.

"What are they doing?" asked Porthos; "what are they firing at?"

"At our dead men," replied Athos.

"But the dead can't return their fire."

"Exactly so; therefore the enemy will come to the conclusion that there is an ambuscade. They will hold a council, and send an envoy with a flag of truce, and when they at last find out the joke, we shall be out of reach. So it is no use getting a pleurisy by racing."

"Oh, I understand," said Porthos, full of astonishment.

"That is a mercy!" replied Athos, shrugging his shoulders, as they approached the camp, which was watching their progress in a ferment of admiration.

This time a new fusillade was begun, and the balls whistled close to the heads of the four victors and fell about their ears. The Rochellois had entered the bastion.

"What bad shooting!" said D'Artagnan. "How many was it we killed? Twelve?"

"Twelve or fifteen."

"And how many did we crush?"

"Eight or ten."

"And not a scratch to show for it."

"Ah, what is that on your hand, D'Artagnan? It looks to me like blood."

"It's nothing," replied D'Artagnan.

"A spent ball?"

"Not even that."

"But what is it, then?" As we have said, the silent and resolute Athos loved D'Artagnan like his own son, and showed every now and then all the anxiety of a father.

"The skin is rubbed off, that is all," said D'Artagnan. "My fingers were caught between two stones—the stone of the wall and the stone of my ring."

"That is what comes of having diamonds," remarked Athos disdainfully. The fusillade continued; but the friends were out of reach, and the Rochellois only fired to appease their consciences.

"My faith, it was time that idea came into Porthos's head. Here we are at the camp, and they are coming to meet us and bring us in triumphantly."

And he only spoke the truth, for the whole camp was in a turmoil. More than two thousand people had gazed, as at a play, at the lucky bit of braggadocio of the four friends,—braggadocio of which they were far from suspecting the real motive. The cry of "Long live the musketeers," resounded on all sides, and M. De Busigny was the first to hold out his hand to Athos and to declare that he had lost his wager. The dragoon and the Swiss

had followed him, and all the others had followed the dragoon and the Swiss. There was nothing but congratulations, hand-shakings, embraces; and the tumult became so great that the Cardinal thought there must be a revolt, and sent La Houdinière, his captain of guards, to find out what was the matter.

"Well?" asked the Cardinal, as his messenger returned.

"Well, monseigneur," replied La Houdinière, "it is about three musketeers and a guardsman who made a bet with M. De Busigny to go and breakfast at the Bastion Saint-Gervais, and while breakfasting, held it for two hours against the enemy, and killed I don't know how many Rochellois."

"You asked the names of these gentlemen?"

"Yes, monseigneur."

"What are they?"

"Athos, Porthos, and Aramis."

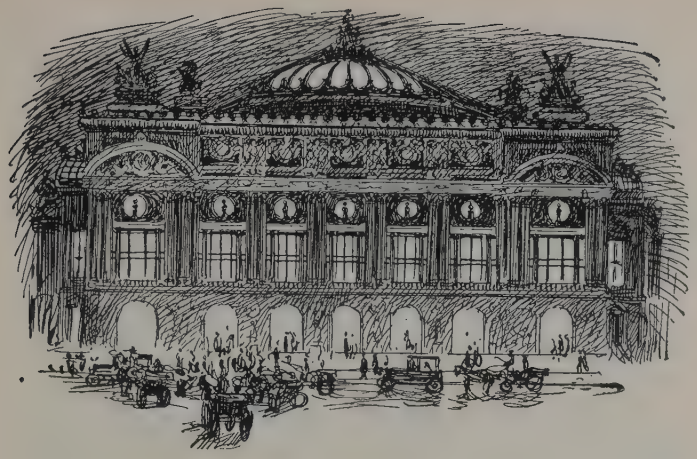
"Always my three heroes," murmured the Cardinal. "And the guardsman?"

"M. D'Artagnan."

"Always my young rogue! I must gain over these men."

And the same evening, the Cardinal had a conversation with M. De Treville about the morning's exploit, with which the whole camp was still ringing. M. De Treville, who had heard it all at first hand, gave his Eminence all the details, not forgetting the episode of the napkin.

"Very good, M. De Treville," said the Cardinal; "but you must get me that napkin, and I will have three golden lilies embroidered on it, and give it as a banner to your company."



CHAPTER XXV

NINETEENTH CENTURY PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY AND CRITICISM

MAISTRE. The royalist philosopher, Joseph Marie, Comte de Maistre (1754–1821), was a son of the president of the Senate of Savoy, and in 1792, at the approach of the French republican armies, he fled to Lausanne. Thenceforth, as an inveterate enemy of revolutionary ideas, he railed without mercy against the "irreligious doctrines" of the eighteenth century. The terrible upheavals which had devastated France were to him the Divine judgment upon her, the leader of Christendom, for her falseness and faithlessness. For fifteen years he was at the Russian court as envoy of his Prince, the King of Sardinia, struggling to maintain his position in

political society on the paltry salary of a clerk. His system of philosophy, written in clear and forcible French, was powerfully presented in his dialogues, *Les Soirees de Saint-Petersbourg,* and two essays, *Du Pape* and *De l'Eglise Gallicane.* It was a revolt against reason, as understood by the revolutionists, and a return to authority. This trained logician unsparingly denounced errors in Bacon, Locke and others, while presenting his own course of reasoning. God rules the world by laws which only He can alter or amend; He punishes as is His duty the offending race of men, but allows a refuge in prayer and sacrifices. There is no society without religion, no religion without the Catholic Church, no Catholic Church without the Pope. Governments ruling absolutely over the people, the Pope ruling absolutely over the governments—such is on earth the reflection of the divine monarchy.

II. Lamennais. Hugues Felicite Robert de Lamennais (1782–1854) was born at St. Malo in Brittany, and, dismayed by the revolution and Napoleon's conquest, he fled, at the commencement of the "Hundred Days" of Napoleon's return, to England, where he met Abbe Carron and was induced by him to enter the priesthood on his return to Paris. It was the overthrow of religion rather than the destruction of monarchical government that shocked him in the Revolution, and his first writings were violent denunciations of religious toleration. More a prophet than a priest, he viewed

From Painting by Creuze

LOUIS XVI

1754–1793

with horror the world perishing through lack of faith, and with passionate eloquence he pleaded for a return to the Church freed from its political bonds and in harmony with the democratic ideas of the time. As the motto of *L'Avenir* (*The Future*) he chose the words *Dieu et Liberte* (*God and Liberty*), but, failing to convince the Pope of his orthodoxy, he abandoned the Church and presented his opposing views in rhythmical but unconvincing prose. His associates, Lacordaire, an eloquent Dominican, and Montalembert, the romantic and learned historian of monasticism, remained with the Church, but he entered politics, was elected to the Assembly, and fought against the monarchy until convinced that there was no hope for popular sovereignty. At his death he was buried among the poor of Pere-Lachaise, with no cross to mark his resting place.

III. Cousin. The philosopher and historian, Victor Cousin (1792–1867), became at twenty-three a lecturer on philosophy at the Sorbonne, where at first he followed the Scottish school, but later was influenced by the Germans—Kant, Hegel and others. His liberal and revolutionary tendencies brought him into disfavor; he was dismissed from office, and on a second visit to Germany was arrested and detained for some months in Berlin. Returning to France, he regained his position, became director of the Normal School, a member of the Academy, and entered the Cabinet of

President Thiers as Minister of Public Instruction. The system of philosophy which he founded is still known by the name he gave it—eclecticism. In the four prior systems of sensationalism, idealism, skepticism and mysticism, he contended truth had been established—it was his function to fix a method for collecting and formulating it. From psychology he deduced his spiritualistic conclusions, which in the hands of his contemporaries were carried farther and expressed more convincingly in higher literary art.

IV. Saint-Simon and Fourier. Claude Henri de Rouvroy, Comte de Saint-Simon (1760–1825), and François Marie Charles Fourier (1772–1837), though of different opinions in many respects, may be considered together as being the founders of modern socialism.

Fourier was born at Besançon, educated in the college of his native town and by extensive travel in France, Germany and Holland. On his father's death he inherited a comfortable fortune, which, however, he lost in the siege of Lyons. As a means of subsistence, he entered the army, but was soon after discharged on account of poor health; he then turned his attention to mercantile business and acquired means to devote his subsequent life to evolving his ideas on the reconstruction of society. His publications began to attract attention in 1830, and after that time he won a considerable following.

The theories of Fourier were, however, overshadowed by those of Saint-Simon, who was connected with the family of the famous writer of memoirs. In the War of Independence he fought with the Americans, devised a scheme for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and during his subsequent life was often engaged in visionary undertakings. During the French Revolution he was imprisoned for a time and it was not until afterward that his socialistic ideas were promulgated. His theory involved the reorganization of society on industrial lines, in which there was to be a ruling aristocracy of business ability and talent. Philosophy and science were to replace the spiritual rule of the Church, and Christianity was to drop the dogmas of both Protestantism and Catholicism and reëstablish itself on principles adapted to our nineteenth century, namely, those of human charity and a united effort in favor of all mankind, particularly the poorest class.

He was not scientific in his method, and his work was presented in an incoherent and fantastic manner, yet he gathered a large following and exerted considerable influence upon other writers. His followers, however, quarreled over the enfranchisement of women, communism and free love, and the society which they organized soon dissolved. Saint-Simon's life was one of hard work and privation, and in 1823, after an attempt at suicide, he died in great poverty.

V. Comte. The erratic founder of modern positivism, Auguste Comte, was born at Montpelier in 1798. Educated in the public school of his own town, he later proceeded to the Ecole Polytechnique at Paris, where he distinguished himself, as he had in his earlier days, by a marked aptitude for mathematics. However, he was so rebellious in temperament and so opposed to the discipline of the school that he was sent home to his parents and did not return to the school, although later he went to Paris and for some years earned a precarious livelihood by teaching mathematics. When he was twenty years old he fell under the influence of Saint-Simon, whose doctrines colored those of his pupil for many years, though the latter in his maturity contended that the influence of Saint-Simon was for evil. In 1825, a year after he had emancipated himself from Saint-Simon, he married, and his life became a bitter struggle for existence. During this period he suffered from an attack of insanity, from which he recovered in 1828, so that he was able to resume his lectures. Until 1842 matters went more smoothly for him, but about that time his married life, which had never been happy, became intolerable, and he separated from his wife, though he continued to correspond with her and even under the greatest financial difficulties continued to make her an allowance until her death. In 1842 he published the sixth and last volume of the *Positive Philosophy,* of which the first

volume had appeared twelve years earlier. About this time he made the acquaintance of John Stuart Mill, who not only influenced his ideas, but generously provided means for subsistence. Comte, however, manifested the same lack of gratitude which characterized his dealings with all the friends upon whom for the greater part of his life he was quite dependent for existence.

About 1845 he met and formed a strong attachment for Madame Clotilde de Vaux, and this adoring friendship, which, however, lasted only for a year and was terminated by the death of the lady, influenced him only for good. Between 1851 and 1854 he published *The System of Positive Polity,* his second great work. Comte was an extremely rapid writer and labored incessantly at his lectures and books until death came from cancer, in 1857.

The positivism of Comte established socialism on a scientific basis, though the later followers of that doctrine have broken away from many of his principles, particularly his religious ideal. Comte wrote, "Our principle is love; our foundation, order; our aim, progress." He recognized a first stage of human mind as filled with religious beliefs; a second, with metaphysical ideas; and the third and highest, the positivist reconstruction of the social fabric on scientific principles. The supreme spiritual power is intrusted to a priesthood or science, whose influence should establish altruism over self-love. The "Great

Being," Humanity—that is, all the noble company, living and dead, who have contributed to the betterment of man, instead of God—is the object of religious reverence. Our gratitude, our homage, are paid to Humanity, and to Humanity our aspirations are directed; for her we act and live, subordinating our personal desires. The position of woman, the mother, the wife and the daughter in this scheme is that of an angelic guardian, a moral control over mankind.

VI. Proudhon. Joseph Pierre Proudhon (1809–1865) was born at Besançon, a true child of the people, with a character marked by integrity, affection, courage and an untiring energy. The son of a cooper in a brewery, he was educated in the local college, became a printer and proof reader, and taught himself the languages. By 1840 he produced his first important work, to which he gave the remarkable title *Qu'est-ce Que la Propriete* (*What is Property?*), a question which he answered by the no less remarkable sentence *La Propriete c'est le Vol* (*Property is Robbery*), the key to his whole socialistic philosophy.

In 1847 he settled in Paris, where he quickly surrounded himself with men of similar revolutionary and socialistic ideas, and until his death, in 1865, was a marked figure in the life of his community. He was a more brilliant writer than Comte, the basic principles of whose theories he accepted, but though not so deep a thinker, he arrived at conclusions

which varied greatly from those of his teacher. To him a revolutionary change of society was an object of ridicule. By a steady progress he would abolish the rights of property, interest, rent and the other factors of established society. The acquisition of property meant to him the death of individual freedom. All property should be administered by the State, and all labor, mental or physical, of whatever grade, should be paid for on the same scale, because service rewarded service, and time alone was the measure of the value of labor. Organized under such principles of justice and liberty, society would require no government, and true order could be obtained only by such anarchy. These ideas have found ardent defenders in writers of a later date, and form no mean portion of modern communism. To a great extent they have exerted a tremendous influence in practical politics.

VII. The Spirit of the Century. We have considered the leading philosophers of the nineteenth century in France, and this brief view of their principles will serve to show a tendency of modern thought and enable the reader to place France in her true position among the thinking nations of the world. In a sense, the ideas are an outcome of the Romantic movement, but they carry thought forward into the materialism of the present. We shall see that the historians and critics of the century were imbued with much of the same spirit.

The nineteenth century revival inspired a great number of authors whose work was more or less fugitive but bore the Romantic spirit of the times. In history and biography, however, among the many who wrote were some that thoroughly assimilated the new ideas, adopted them in their conception of history and produced works of universal value. Rising out of the conflicting opinions of what constitute history and what its functions should be were two schools, which may be termed the descriptive and the philosophical. To the former, history consists principally in a vivid narration of facts—the creation of pictures, of customs and manners which bring the past into lifelike relations with the mind of the reader, but leave him to deduce from this great number of facts those genuine truths which history should teach. The favorite style of these writers is clear, vivid, and at times picturesque, and their own opinions on the subjects upon which they write are not permitted to show. The second class would relegate these scenic descriptions to the domain of romance, while they seek in the events of the past those causes and effects a study of which may enable men to arrive at conclusions which will aid them in the future.

The chief representative in the nineteenth century of the first class is Thierry, though in the historical sketches of Dumas, DeVigny and others we see most excellent types of this style of writing.

VIII. THIERRY. Augustin Thierry (1795–1856), known best as the historian of the Norman Conquest, was of humble parentage, but he received a good education in the local grammar school and thereafter went to a normal school and prepared himself for a professorship in a provincial college. Like many another teacher of the times, he preferred literature to education, and as early as 1814, when he was but nineteen years of age, he was writing historical articles of value for the liberal journals of Paris. In early youth he had seen the failure of the Revolution, had witnessed the despotism of Bonaparte and the defeat of that conqueror by the allied armies of Europe. Too young to have imbibed the theories of the Revolution, he became prejudiced against radicalism and conceived so great a hatred of military despotism that he joined the reactionary party and drew his inspiration from Chateaubriand and men of his type.

Sir Walter Scott's historical novels produced a profound impression on the young man, but a reading of Chateaubriand's *Les Martyrs* is said to have determined him to become a historian. Passionately studious and laboring unintermittingly in his chosen profession, he ruined his eyesight, and at thirty-one became totally blind. However, at this time he met Julie de Querangal, a lady of a distinguished Breton family, who had already achieved some renown in literature. A mutual attachment sprang up between them, and after

their marriage she devoted herself to her husband and transcribed his writings with unremitting ardor. As Hazlitt says: "He was never more lucid, more graphic, and at the same time more vigorous in his style, than when it had become necessary for him to commit to other hands the transcription on paper of the works cast and elaborated in that powerful brain."

Thierry was a most careful and painstaking writer, satisfied with nothing short of accuracy, and spent hours of time in refining his expressions until they satisfied his critical taste and embodied in the most acceptable manner the facts he wished to present. Without intending it, however, he was to a certain extent prejudiced, and modern critics find his works unreliable from that fact, but whatever inaccuracy his writings contain is probably to be attributed more to the fact that his authorities were wrong than to any preconceived notions of his own. In any event, he was one of the first historians to go to original sources for his material, and if he was mistaken in the historic value of some of them, as we know he was, that should not be considered to his detriment. One very important document, from which he drew extensively, was subsequently found to be a clever forgery.

Besides his *Norman Conquest* he wrote *The Times of the Merovingians, Letters upon the History of France* and *Ten Years of Historic Studies.* Even under the slow advance of

paralysis and other infirmities, he followed his ideas of truth and beauty and continued his sedulous pursuit of accuracy. One morning, in 1856, he awakened his attendant at four o'clock and with indistinct and labored speech altered a phrase in the revision of the *Conquest*. On the same day he passed away.

The Norman Conquest of England was one of the first books of its kind, and is of great value to the English, for he for the first time presented the characters of that epoch as human beings and in a picturesque style described their acts and thoughts in a vivid and truthful manner. His conception of the Conquest carried it far beyond the date of William's invasion, and his history covers a period of about two centuries. His description of the battle of Hastings is as follows:

> On the ground which afterwards bore, and still bears the name of "Battle," the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a long chain of hills, fortified on all sides with a rampart of stakes and osier hurdles. In the night of the 13th of October, William announced to the Normans that the next day would be the day of battle. The priests and monks, who had followed the invading army in great numbers, being attracted like the soldiers by the hope of booty, assembled together to offer up prayers and sing litanies, while the fighting men were preparing their arms and their horses. The adventurers employed the time which remained to them after this first care, in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army, the night was passed in quite a different manner; the Saxons diverted themselves with great noise; and sung their old national songs, while they emptied horns of beer and wine round their fires.

In the morning the Bishop of Bayeux, son of William's mother by a citizen of Falaise, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, armed with a hauberk under his pontifical habit; he then mounted a large white horse, took a spear in his hand, and drew up his brigade of horse. The whole army was divided into three columns of attack. In the first were the soldiers from the county of Boulogne and from Ponthieu, with most of those engaged personally for pay; the second comprised the auxiliaries from Brittany, Maine and Poitou; the third, consisting of the recruits from Normandy, was commanded by William in person. At the head of each division marched several ranks of light-armed infantry, clad in quilted cassocks, and carrying upright bows of the height of a man, or crossbows of steel. The Duke mounted a Spanish horse, which a rich Norman had brought him when he returned from a pilgrimage to St. James of Gallicia; and from his neck were suspended the most venerated of the relics on which Harold had sworn. The standard blessed by the Pope was carried at his side by a young man called Toustain Leblanc. At the moment when the troops were about to advance, William, raising his voice, thus addressed them:

"Remember to fight well, and put all to death; for if we conquer, we shall all be rich; what I gain, you will gain; if I conquer, you will conquer; if I take the land, you will have it. Know, however, that I am not come here only to obtain my right; but also to avenge our whole race for the felonies, perjuries, and treacheries of these English. They put to death the Danes, men and women, on St. Bride's night. They decimated the companions of my kinsman Auvré, and took his life. Come on, then; and let us, with God's help, chastise them for all these misdeeds."

The army was soon within sight of the Saxon camp, to the northwest of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and ascended a neighboring height, to pray, and witness the conflict. A Norman named Taillefer spurred his horse forward in front,

and began the song of the exploits of Charlemagne and Roland, famous throughout Gaul. As he sung, he played with his sword, throwing it up with force in the air, and receiving it again in his right hand. The Normans joined in chorus, or cried, "God be our help! God be our help!"

As soon as they came within bowshot, the archers and crossbow-men began to discharge their arrows; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet of the Saxon redoubts. The infantry, armed with spears, and the cavalry then advanced to the entrances of the redoubts and endeavored to force them. The Anglo-Saxons, all on foot around their standard planted in the ground, and forming behind their redoubts one compact and solid mass, received the assailants with heavy blows of their battle-axes, which, with a back-stroke, broke their spears and clove their coats of mail. The Normans, unable either to penetrate the redoubts or to tear up the palisades, and fatigued with their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the division commanded by William. The Duke then commanded all his archers again to advance, and ordered them not to shoot point-blank, but to discharge their arrows upwards, so that they might descend over the rampart of the enemy's camp. Many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, in consequence of this manoeuver; Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow, but he nevertheless continued to command and to fight. The close attack of the foot and horse recommenced, to the cry of "Our Lady! God be our help! God be our help!" But the Normans were repulsed at one entrance of the Saxon camp, as far as a great ravine covered with grass and brambles, in which, their horses stumbling, they fell pell-mell, and numbers of them perished. There was now a momentary panic in the army of the foreigners; it was rumored that William was killed, and at this news they began to fly. William threw himself before the fugitives, and barred their passage, threatening them, and striking them with his lance; then, uncovering his head, "Here I am," cried he; "look at me; I am still alive, and with God's help I will conquer."

The horsemen returned to the redoubts; but, as before, they could neither force the entrance nor make a breach. The Duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position and their ranks. He ordered a thousand horse to advance and immediately fly. At the sight of this feigned rout, the Saxons were thrown off their guard; and all set off in pursuit, with their axes suspended from their necks. At a certain distance, a body of troops posted there for the purpose joined the fugitives, who then turned round; and the English, surprised in the midst of their disorder, were assailed on all sides with spears and swords, which they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in wielding their heavy axes. When they had lost their ranks, the openings of the redoubts were forced, and horse and foot entered together; but the combat was still warmly maintained, pell-mell and hand to hand. William had his horse killed under him. Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was plucked from the ground, and the flag sent from Rome planted in its stead. The remains of the English army, without a chief and without a standard, prolonged the struggle until it was so dark that the combatants on each side could recognize one another only by their language.

Having, says an old historian, rendered all which they owed to their country, the remnant of Harold's companions dispersed, and many remained lying on the roads, in consequence of their wounds and the day's fatigue. The Normans, in their exultation for the victory, leaped their horses over the bodies of the vanquished. They passed the night on the field of battle; and at sunrise, William drew up his troops, and had all the men who had followed him across the sea called over from the roll which had been prepared before his departure from St. Valery. The captains and soldiers were called over by their names and surnames. But a great many did not answer; a great many who had come with the hope of conquest and riches, lay dead or dying beside the Saxons. The fortunate survivors had, as the first

BATTLE ABBEY

FOUNDED BY WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE IN WHICH HE MET AND DEFEATED HAROLD, THE ENGLISH KING, IN 1066. IN BATTLE, ENGLAND, NEAR THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

profits of their victory, the spoils of the dead. In turning over the bodies, there were found thirteen wearing under their arms the monastic habit: these were the Abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; the name of their monastery was inscribed in the black book of the conquerors.

The mothers, wives, and children of those who had repaired to the field of battle from the neighboring country, to die with the king of their choice, came trembling to bury the bodies stripped by the foreigners. That of Harold was humbly begged of William by two monks of the Convent of Waltham, founded by the sons of Godwin. As they approached the conqueror, they offered him ten marks of gold for leave to carry away the remains of him who had been their benefactor. William granted them his permission. They went to the heap of dead bodies, and examined them carefully one after another, but that which they sought was so much disfigured by wounds that they could not recognize it. Sorrowful, and despairing of succeeding in their search by themselves, they applied to a woman whom Harold, before he was king, had kept as his mistress, and entreated her to assist them. She was called Edith, and poetically surnamed "the Swan-necked." She consented to follow the two monks, and succeeded better than they had done, in discovering the corpse of the man whom she had loved.

These events are all related by the chroniclers of the English race in a tone of dejection which it is difficult to transfuse. They call the day of the battle a day of bitterness—a day of death—a day stained with the blood of the brave. "England, what shall I say of thee?" exclaims the church historian of Ely; "what shall I say of thee to our sons?—That thou hast lost thy national king, and sinkest under the foreigner bathed in the blood of thy defenders!" Long after the day of this fatal conflict, patriotic superstition believed that its bloody traces were still to be seen on the ground which had drunk the blood of the warriors of their country. These traces are said to have been shown on the heights to the

northwest of Hastings, when a little rain had moistened the soil. The conqueror made a vow to erect on this happy ground *for him,* as he himself expressed it, a convent dedicated to St. Martin, the patron of the soldiers of Gaul. Afterwards, when his good fortune permitted him to fulfill this vow, the great altar of the monastery was placed on the spot where the Saxon standard had been torn down, and the circuit of the building so traced as to enclose all the hill which the bravest of the English had covered with their bodies. All the circumjacent land, on which the different scenes of the battle had been acted, became the property of this abbey, which, in the Norman or French language, was called Battle-Abbey. A troop of monks, called over from beyond the Channel, came to take up their abode in it: they were portioned with the goods of the Saxons slain in the fight; and with their prayers for those whose weapons had laid them low, mingled curses on their memory.

It is said that, when the first stone of the edifice was laid, the architects discovered that there would certainly be a want of water. This disagreeable news was carried to William. "Work, work away," replied the Norman bastard; "if God grant me life, there shall be more wine for the monks of the abbey to drink than there now is clear water in the best convent in Christendom."

IX. Guizot. One of the great men of modern France, intimately connected with her political progress throughout his maturity, was François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, the son of Protestant parents at Nimes. Born in 1787, he was but a lad when his father was executed in the Revolution, and his family was compelled to fly with him to Geneva. Guizot's precocity was wonderful, his devotion to study amazing, and at the end of four years in the gymnasium of Geneva he was able to read flu-

ently in the original the masterpieces of Greek, Latin, German, Italian and English literature. At eighteen he went to Paris to study law, but coming under the influence of the literary men of the great city, he abandoned his purpose. After seven years of study, he became, at twenty-five, professor of history in the University of Paris, and began the publication of the long list of translations and original histories that have made his name famous in all civilized countries.

There was living in Paris at this time a brilliant woman, Mlle. Pauline de Meulan, who was supporting her family by very trying journalistic work as editress of the *Publiciste*. Her unremitting labors brought on a severe illness that prevented work and brought her nearly to despair. One day she received an encouraging letter enclosing an editorial written in clever imitation of her own style. She accepted the article, published it, and day after day until her recovery she found other clever editorials awaiting her. It was some time after her return to her work that Guizot acknowledged the authorship of the articles. Five years afterward they were married and lived in affectionate companionship and mutual labor until her death, which occurred in 1827. It is said that during her last moments, Guizot soothed her dying spirit by reading in his solemn and impressive manner Bossuet's eloquent funeral oration on the Queen of England. Soon after, Guizot was called upon to

mourn his young son, who followed his mother to the grave; but a year later, Guizot married Eliza Dillon, the niece of his first wife, who, it is said, had earnestly urged the union.

In 1815 he became Secretary of the Interior, and the following year entered the State Council. It is not necessary for us to follow his varied political career in which he at times was in the height of favor and again defeated and among the minority. He is regarded as one of the great statesmen of France, although the Revolution of 1848 was largely due to his rigid policy. After that event he retired to spend the remainder of his life in completing the histories he had already begun. His death occurred in 1874.

The character and morals of Guizot were never called in question, and even his bitterest political foes never regarded him as unworthy of general confidence and esteem. In writing, his style is direct and positive, somewhat stiff and lacking in elegance, but never obscuring his brilliant thought and close reasoning. Though small of stature and frail of body, his oratory was dignified, energetic and positive, its lack of ornamentation being forgotten in the clearness of his orotund voice.

In one particular respect the work of Guizot is entitled to especially high regard. No one man ever accomplished more for public education than this great statesman, who not only was responsible for the laws which founded the public schools of France, but by nu-

merous circulars in his finest style and clearest thought raised the dignity of the teaching profession even in the humblest villages of distant provinces. Think of the dignified statesman, buried in the labors of his office, finding time to write so familiarly as this to the humble teachers:

> No sectarian or party spirit in your school; the teacher must rise above the fleeting quarrels which agitate society! Faith in Providence, the sanctity of duty, submission to parental authority, respect for the laws, the prince, the rights of all, such are the sentiments he must seek to develop.

In another place he wrote as follows of the duties and rewards of the teacher:

> There is no fortune to be made, there is little renown to be gained in the painful obligations which the teacher fulfills. Destined to see his life pass away in a monotonous occupation, sometimes even to experience the injustice or ingratitude of ignorance, he would often be saddened, and perhaps would succumb, if he derived courage and strength from no other sources then the prospect of immediate or merely personal reward. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labors; the grave happiness of having served his fellow-creatures, and obscurely contributed to the public welfare, must be his compensation, and this his conscience alone can give. It is his glory not to aspire to aught beyond his obscure and laborious condition, to exhaust himself in sacrifices scarcely noticed by those whom they benefit, to toil, in short, for man, and to expect his recompense only from God.

Guizot's principal works are the *History of the English Revolution, History of Civiliza-*

tion in Europe, History of Civilization in France and *A Child's History of France.* His attitude toward history is critical. In his mind, a historian must ascertain facts, must study and correlate them, and finally present them truthfully, with a view of ascertaining governing principles. He is, then, the exponent of the philosophy of history, and one must not expect to find in his works the imaginative display and the graphic portrayal of scenes and character that are part of the style of the other school.

The two histories of civilization consist of lectures delivered at the Sorbonne to his students in that institution. We can get an excellent idea of his method of presentation from the following extract, condensed from Hazlitt's translation of his account of *Alcuin and the Schools of Charlemagne:*

From this time [782] Alcuin was the confidant, the councilor, the intellectual prime minister, so to speak, of Charlemagne. Let us endeavor to form somewhat of a clear and complete idea of his labors.

In doing so, we must observe a distinction between his practical activity and his scientific activity, between the immediate results of his personal influence, and those of his writings.

In the practical point of view, as intellectual prime minister of Charlemagne, Alcuin did, more especially, three things: 1. He corrected and restored the manuscripts of ancient literature; 2. He revised public schools and public studies; 3. He himself taught.

I. The historians mention only in passing, and without attaching any importance to it, a fact which really played an important part in the revival of intellectual activity

at this period; I mean the revision and correction of ancient manuscripts, both sacred and profane. From the sixth to the eighth century, these had gone through the hands of copyists so ignorant that the texts had become altogether unrecognizable; infinite passages had been mutilated and misplaced; the leaves were in the utmost disorder; all orthographical and grammatical correctness had disappeared; to read and understand the works thus injured, required absolute science, and of science there was less and less every day. To remedy this evil, to restore ancient manuscripts to their proper reading and order, to correct their orthography and their grammar, was one of the first tasks to which Alcuin applied himself; a task which continued to occupy him throughout the remainder of his life, which he constantly recommended to his pupils, and in the fulfillment of which he was supported by Charlemagne's authority.

. . . . . .

Whilst he was thus, by the agency of others, collecting and correcting the texts destined for divine services, Alcuin himself labored at a complete revisal of the sacred writings. He concluded it about the year 801, in the abbey of St. Martin de Tours, and sent it to Charlemagne. "I long meditated," he says, "what present I could offer you, not merely not unworthy of the glory of your imperial power, but which might form some addition to your wealth; for I could not consent that while others were laying at your feet rich gifts of every kind, my humble talents should remain so idle as not to prepare some offering to your beatitude. At length, by an inspiration of the Holy Ghost, I thought of a present at once suitable in me to offer, and calculated to be agreeable to your wisdom. What, indeed, could be more worthy of you than the divine books, which I herewith send to your Most Illustrious Authority, collected into one body, and carefully freed from all errors, to the utmost of my ability and pains. If the devotion of my heart could have devised anything better, I would have

offered it to you with equal zeal for the increase of your glorious fortune."

This present, it would seem, excited the emulation of Charlemagne himself, for we read in Thegau, a contemporary chronicler, that, "in the year which preceded Charlemagne's death, he carefully corrected, by the assistance of certain learned Greeks and Syrians, the four gospels of Jesus Christ."

Such examples, and such orders, could not fail of effect, and the ardor for the reproduction of ancient manuscripts became general; as soon as an exact revision of any work had been completed by Alcuin or one of his disciples, copies of it were transmitted to the principal churches and abbeys, where fresh copies were made for diffusion amongst the lesser churches and abbeys. The art of copying became a source of fortune, of glory even; the monasteries in which the most correct and beautiful copies were executed, attained celebrity on this sole account; and in each monastery, the monks who most excelled in the art were, in like manner, honored among their brethren. The abbey of Fontenelle, and two of its members, Ovon and Hardouin, were especially renowned in this respect. The fraternities at Reims and at Corbie sought to vie with the famed monks of Fontenelle; instead of the corrupt characters which had been in use for the past two centuries, the small Roman characters were resumed. The monastic libraries soon became very considerable in their extent; a great number of existing manuscripts date from this period; and though its zeal was more peculiarly directed to sacred literature, profane literature was not altogether neglected. Alcuin himself, it is stated, on more than one authority, revised and copied the plays of Terence.

II. At the same time that he was restoring manuscripts, and thus supplying study with sound materials, he labored at the reëstablishment of schools, which had fallen everywhere into decay: here again an ordinance by Charlemagne shows us the measures, doubtless suggested by Alcuin himself, which were taken on this subject.

Many contemporary monuments give evidence that this *imperial circular*, as we should now call it, did not remain without effect; that it resulted in the reëstablishment of systematic studies in the episcopal cities and in the great monasteries. From this epoch date the majority of the schools, which soon afterwards acquired such celebrity, and from which proceeded the most distinguished men of the following century; for example, those of Ferrieres in Gatinois, of Fulda in the diocese of Mayence, of Reichenau in that of Constance, of Aniane in Languedoc, of Fontenelle or St. Vandrille, in Normandy; while most of the men who did honor to these establishments at the period in question had been disciples of Alcuin himself, who, amid all his avocations, was a public preacher and a public teacher of great distinction.

III. It was not, however, in a monastery, nor in any public institution, that he taught in the first instance: from 782 to 796, the period of his residence in the court of Charlemagne, Alcuin presided over a private school, called "The School of the Palace," which accompanied Charlemagne wherever he went, and at which were regularly present all those who were with the emperor. Here, besides many others, Alcuin had for auditors:

1. Charles, son of Charlemagne.
2. Pepin do.
3. Louis do.
4. Adalhard.
5. Angilbert.
6. Flavius Damaetas.
7. Eginhard.

(4–7: Privy councilors of Charlemagne.)

8. Riculf, archbishop of Mayence.
9. Rigbod, archbishop of Treves.
10. Gisla, sister of Charlemagne.
11. Gisla, daughter of Charlemagne.
12. Richtrude, a nun of Chelles.
13. Gundrade, sister of Adalhard, and Charlemagne himself, who took the most lively interest in the lessons given.

It is difficult to say what could have been the course of instruction pursued in this school; I am disposed to believe that to such auditors Alcuin addressed himself generally upon all sorts of topics as they occurred; that in the *Ecole du Palais,* in fact, it was conversation rather than teaching, especially so called, that went on; that movement given to mind, curiosity constantly excited and satisfied, was its chief merit. At such periods, in the days of its new birth, amid the joy of its first progress, the mind is neither regular nor fastidious; it troubles itself very slightly as to the beauty and real utility of its labors; that which it takes most especial delight in is the play of thought; it may be said to disport with itself rather than to study; it is more intent upon its own immediate activity than upon results; so that it is occupied with something which interests it, that is all it asks; let it but discover or produce something new, unexpected, and it is all delight. There has come down to us a singular specimen of the instruction given at this *Ecole du Palais:* it is a conversation entitled *Disputatio,* between Alcuin and Pepin, second son of Charlemagne, at that period of youth of fifteen or sixteen: I will lay before you a literal translation of the greater portion of this; you will judge for yourselves as to its claims to a learned character, and whether it is what we now understand by lessons.

Interlocutors: PEPIN, ALCUIN

Pepin. What is writing?
Alcuin. The keeper of history.
P. What is speaking?
A. The interpreter of the soul.
P. What is it gives birth to speaking?
A. The tongue.
P. What is the tongue?
A. The whip of the air.
P. What is the air?
A. The preserver of life.
P. What is life?

A. Happiness for the happy, misery for the miserable; the expectation of death.

P. What is death?

A. An inevitable event, a doubtful journey, a subject of tears for the living, the confirmation of wills, the robber of men.

P. What is man?

A. The slave of death, a passing traveler, a guest in his own abode.

P. How is man placed?

A. As a traveler exposed to the world.

P. Where is he placed?

A. Between six walls.

P. What are they?

A. That above, that below, that on the right, that on the left, that in front, that behind.

P. What is sleep?

A. The image of death.

P. What is the liberty of man?

A. Innocence.

P. What is the head?

A. The pinnacle of the body.

P. What is the body?

A. The abode of the soul.

(Next follow twenty-six questions relative to the various parts of the human body, which I suppress as wholly destitute of interest. Then Pepin goes on:)

P. What is heaven?

A. A moving sphere, an immense vault.

P. What is light?

A. The torch of all things.

P. What is the day?

A. A call to labor.

P. What is the sun?

A. The splendor of the universe, the beauty of the firmament, the grace of nature, the glory of the day, the distributor of the hours.

(I here again suppress five questions on the stars and elements.)

P. What is the earth?

A. The mother of all that grows, the nurse of all that exists, the granary of life, the gulf which swallows up all things.

P. What is the sea?

A. The highway of the daring, the limits of the earth, the hostelry of rivers, the source of rain.

(Now follow six wholly uninteresting questions as to material objects in nature. Then Pepin goes on:)

P. What is winter?

A. The exile of spring.

P. What is spring?

A. The painter of the earth.

P. What is summer?

A. The power which clothes the earth, and ripens fruits.

P. What is autumn?

A. The granary of the year.

P. What is the year?

A. The chariot of the world.

(I here omit five astronomical questions.)

P. Master, I am afraid to go upon the sea.

A. What leads you to the sea?

P. Curiosity.

A. If you are afraid, I will accompany you.

P. If I knew what a ship was, I would prepare one, wherein thou mightest accompany me.

A. A ship is a wandering house, an inn ready in all places, a traveler who leaves no trace behind him.

P. What is grass?

A. The robe of the earth.

P. What are vegetables?

A. The friends of the physician, the glory of the cooks.

P. What is it renders bitter things sweet?

A. Hunger.

P. What is that of which men never get weary?

A. Gain.

P. What is the dream of the waking?

A. Hope.

P. What is hope?

A. The refreshment of labor, a doubtful event.

P. What is friendship?

A. The similarity of souls.

P. What is faith?

A. The assurance of unknown and marvelous things.

P. What is marvelous?

A. I saw the other day a man standing, a dead man walking, a man walking who had never breathed.

P. How may that have been? Explain yourself.

A. It was an image reflected in the water.

P. How could I have failed to understand you; I who have so often seen the same thing!

A. As you are a youth of good disposition, and endowed with natural capacity, I will put to you several other unusual questions: endeavor to solve them.

P. I will do my best; if I make mistakes, you must correct them.

A. Doubtless. Some one, who is unknown to me, has conversed with me, having no tongue and no voice; he was not before, he will not be hereafter, and I neither heard nor knew him. What means this?

P. Perhaps you mean a dream, master?

A. Exactly so, my son. Listen, once more: I have seen the dead engender the living, and the dead consumed by the breath of the living.

P. Fire was produced by rubbing together dead branches, and it then consumed the branches.

A. You are quite accurate.

(Then come fourteen more enigmas of the same character, and the conversation terminates as follows:)

A. What is that which at one and the same time is and is not?

P. Nothing.

A. How can it be and not be?

P. It exists in name, but not in fact.

A. What is a mute messenger?

P. That which I hold in my hand.

A. What do you hold in your hand?

P. My letter.

A. Read it, my son.

Clearly, as a means of education, these conversations are altogether and strangely puerile: as a symptom and commencement of intellectual movement, they merit all our attention: they evidence that eager curiosity with which mind, in its crude infancy, directs its view upon all things; that so vivid pleasure which it takes in every unexpected combination, in every at all ingenious idea; a tendency which is manifested alike in the life of individuals and in that of nations, and which gives birth to the most fantastic dreams, the vainest subtleties. It was, beyond doubt, dominant in the palace of Charlemagne, and, doubtless, led to the formation of that sort of academy there, whose members all assumed surnames derived from sacred or profane literature—Charlemagne —David, Alcuin—Flaccus, Angilbert—Homer, Friedgies—Nathaniel, Amalaire—Symphosius, Gisla—Lucia, Gundrade,—Eulalia, and so on; and the singular conversation of which I have just laid extracts before you is, in all probability, only a fair specimen of that which habitually took place, and to their no small delight, among these *beaux-esprits,* half barbarian, half cultivated.

If the influence of Alcuin had been confined within the walls of this academy, it would have effected but little worthy of our notice; but the great business of his life was in connection with Charlemagne, and the intellectual authority of this extraordinary man was more grave and more productive of results.

. . . . . .

It was no easy task for Alcuin to fulfill such varied relations, to satisfy all the intellectual requirements of that indefatigable master, who thought of everything and busied himself with everything—history, morals, theology, astronomy, chronology, grammar—and doubtless regarded it as a matter of course, that in these things, as in all others, his will should in every case, and immediately, be carried into effect.

There is doubtless a powerful charm in the society of a great man; but when the great man is a sovereign it soon becomes a heavy burden to have to please him at every moment and in everything. No formal text shows it us; but Charlemagne, in his relations with Alcuin, no doubt exhibited that pitiless egoism of a superior and despotic genius, which only considers men, even those whom it best loves, and to whom it attaches the greatest importance, as tools, and progresses towards its end without troubling itself as to how dear it costs those whom it employs in the attainment. A profound weariness seized upon Alcuin—he earnestly solicited permission to retire from the court, and to live in retirement. In 796, he wrote to an archbishop, whose name is unknown:

"Your paternity must know that I your son ardently desire to lay aside the weight of worldly affairs, and to serve God alone. Every man needs with vigilance to prepare to meet God, and how especially so old men, borne down with years and infirmities!"

And to his friend Angilbert:

"On thy departure, I attempted many times to take refuge in the haven of repose; but the King of all things, the Master of souls, has not yet accorded to me what he has so long made me wish."

Charlemagne at length allowed him to depart, and about 796, it seems, he gave him for a retreat the abbey of Saint Martin of Tours, one of the most wealthy in the kingdom.

Alcuin hastened to take possession of it. The retreat was magnificent; there were more than twenty thousand laborers or serfs on the domains of the abbeys which he possessed, and the correspondence which he continued to keep up with Charlemagne animated without burdening his life. He did not remain idle in his new situation; he reëstablished rule and order in the monastery, enriched the library with manuscripts copied at York by young priests whom he sent for this purpose, and by his own teaching he gave the school a brilliancy which it

had never before known. It was at this epoch that many of the most distinguished men of the following century —among others, Raban Maur, who became archbishop of Mayence, and Amalaire, a learned priest of Metz— were formed by his lessons.

X. Michelet. A puny infant, seemingly too nervous to live, the son of a printer so unsuccessful that he was often unable to supply his family with proper food and warmth; a sensitive, timid and much persecuted boy among his playmates, but a remarkable scholar full of enthusiasm and gifted with a wonderful imagination, Jules Michelet (1798–1874) became one of the most brilliant writers of his century. Whatever inaccuracy, prejudice and unfairness, whatever rash generalizations, hostility to the Church and to the United States may characterize his writings, Michelet still must be considered the most vivid restorer of the past, the most appreciative interpreter of the feelings, acts and manners of ancient France and one of the most emotional and brilliant writers of his time. Facts, however, are lost in opinions, logic in eloquence.

His first publication appeared in 1827, and others followed at intervals to the end of his career. His greatest undertaking was the *History of France,* appearing between 1833 and 1867, after thirty-seven years of interrupted labor. *Roman History, Memoirs of Luther* and *The History of the French Revolution* are other important works in the same line. With great poetic beauty he wrote on a number of

natural history subjects—the bird, the insect, the sea, the mountain—but the essays are too imaginative and sentimental to be considered scientific.

As an example of his method the following account of the taking of the Bastille is condensed from the translation by C. Cocks:

On the 13th, Paris thought only of defending itself; on the 14th, it attacked.

On the evening of the 13th, some doubt still existed, but none remained in the morning. The evening had been stormy, agitated by a whirlwind of ungovernable frenzy. The morning was still and serene,—an awful calm.

With daylight, one idea dawned upon Paris, and all were illumined with the same ray of hope. A light broke upon every mind, and the same voice thrilled through every heart: "Go! and thou shalt take the Bastille!" That was impossible, unreasonable, preposterous. And yet everybody believed it. And the thing was done.

The Bastille, though an old fortress, was nevertheless impregnable, unless besieged for several days and with an abundance of artillery. The people had, in that crisis, neither the time nor the means to make a regular siege. Had they done so, the Bastille had no cause for fear, having enough provisions to wait for succor so near at hand, and an immense supply of ammunition. Its walls, ten feet thick at the top of the towers, and thirty or forty at the base, might long laugh at cannon-balls; and its batteries firing down upon Paris, could, in the meantime, demolish the whole of the Marais and the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Its towers, pierced with windows and loop-holes, protected by double and triple gratings, enabled the garrison, in full security, to make a dreadful carnage of its assailants.

The attack on the Bastille was by no means reasonable. It was an act of faith.

Nobody proposed; but all believed, and all acted. Along the streets, the quays, the bridges, and the boulevards, the crowd shouted to the crowd: "To the Bastille! The Bastille!" And the tolling of the tocsin thundered in every ear: "*à la Bastille!*".

. . . . . .

What had happened during that short night, on which nobody slept, for every uncertainty and difference of opinion to disappear with the shades of darkness, and all to have the same thoughts in the morning?

What took place at the Palais Royal and the Hôtel-de-Ville is well known; but what would be far more important to know, is, what took place on the domestic hearth of the people.

For there indeed, as we may sufficiently divine by what followed, there every heart summoned the past to its day of judgment, and every one, before a blow was struck, pronounced its irrevocable condemnation. History returned that night a long history of sufferings to the avenging instinct of the people. The souls of fathers who, for so many ages, had suffered and died in silence, descended into their sons, and spoke.

O brave men, you who till then had been so patient, so pacific, who, on that day, were to inflict the heavy blow of Providence, did not the sight of your families, whose only resource is in you, daunt your hearts? Far from it: gazing once more at your slumbering children, those children for whom that day was to create a destiny, your expanding minds embraced the free generations arising from their cradle, and felt at that moment the whole battle of the future!

The future and the past both gave the same reply; both cried "Advance!" And what is beyond all time,—beyond the future and the past,—immutable right said the same. The immortal sentiment of the Just imparted a temper of adamant to the fluttering heart of man; it said to him: "Go in peace; what matters? Whatever may happen, I am with thee, in death or victory!"

And yet what was the Bastille to them? The lower orders seldom or never entered it. Justice spoke to them, and, a voice that speaks still louder to the heart, the voice of humanity and mercy; that still small voice which seems so weak but that overthrows towers, had, for ten years, been shaking the very foundations of the doomed Bastille.

Let the truth be told; if any one had the glory of causing its downfall, it was that intrepid woman who wrought so long for the deliverance of Latude against all the powers in the world. Royalty refused, and the nation forced it to pardon; that woman, or that hero, was crowned in a public solemnity. To crown her who had, so to speak, forced open the state-prisons, was already branding them with infamy, devoting them to public execration, and demolishing them in the hearts and desires of men. That woman had shaken the Bastille to its foundations.

From that day, the people of the town and the faubourg, who, in that much-frequented quarter, were ever passing and repassing in its shadow, never failed to curse it. And well did it deserve their hatred. There were many other prisons, but this one was the abode of capricious arbitrariness, wanton despotism, and ecclesiastical and bureaucratical inquisition. The court, so devoid of religion in that age, had made the Bastille a dungeon for free minds,—the prison of thought. Less crowded during the reign of Louis XVI, it had become more cruel; the prisoners were deprived of their walk: more rigorous, and no less unjust: we blush for France, to be obliged to say that the crime of one of the prisoners was to have given a useful secret to our navy! They were afraid lest he should tell it elsewhere.

The Bastille was known and detested by the whole world. Bastille and tyranny were, in every language, synonymous terms. Every nation, at the news of its destruction, believed it had recovered its liberty.

In Russia, that empire of mystery and silence,—that monstrous Bastille between Europe and Asia, scarcely

had the news arrived when you might have seen men of every nation shouting and weeping for joy in the open streets; they rushed into each other's arms to tell the news: "Who can help weeping for joy? *The Bastille is taken.*"

. . . . . .

The governor, De Launey, had been under arms ever since two o'clock in the morning of the 13th; no precaution had been neglected; besides his cannon on the towers, he had others from the arsenal, which he placed in the court, and loaded with grape-shot. He caused six cart-loads of paving-stones, cannon-balls, and old iron, to be carried to the tops of the towers, in order to crush his assailants. In the bottom loop-holes he had placed twelve large rampart guns, each of which carried a pound and a half of bullets. He kept below his trustiest soldiers, thirty-two Swiss, who had no scruple in firing upon Frenchmen. His eighty-two Invalids were mostly distributed in different posts, far from the gates, upon the towers. He had evacuated the outer buildings which covered the foot of the fortress.

On the 13th, nothing save curses were bestowed on the Bastille by passers by.

On the 14th, about midnight, seven shots were fired at the sentinels upon the towers.—Alarm!—The governor ascends with staff, remains half-an-hour, listening to the distant murmuring of the town; finding all quiet he descends.

The next morning many people were about, and, from time to time, young men (from the Palais Royal, or others) were calling out that they must give them arms. They pay no attention to them. They hear and introduce the pacific deputation of the Hôtel-de-Ville, which, about ten o'clock, intreats the governor to withdraw his cannon, promising that if he does not fire, he shall not be attacked. He, willingly, accepts, having no orders to fire, and highly delighted, obliges the envoys to breakfast with him.

As they were leaving, a man arrives who speaks in a very different tone.

A violent, bold man, unacquainted with human respect, fearless and pitiless, knowing neither obstacle nor delay, and bearing in his breast the passionate genius of the Revolution—he came to summon the Bastille.

Terror accompanied him. The Bastille was afraid; the governor, without knowing why, was troubled and stammered.

That man was Thuriot, a monster of ferocity, one of the race of Danton. We meet with him twice, in the beginning and at the end. And twice his words are deadly; he destroys the Bastille, and he kills Robespierre.

He was not to pass the bridge; the governor would not allow it; and yet he passed. From the first court, he marches to a second; another refusal; but he passes on, and crosses the second ditch by the draw-bridge. Behold him now in front of the enormous iron gate by which the third court was shut. This seemed a monstrous well rather than a court, its eight towers united together, forming its inside walls. Those frightful gigantic towers did not look towards the court, nor had they a single window. At their feet, in their shadow, was the prisoners' only walk. Lost at the bottom of the pit, and overwhelmed by those enormous masses, he could contemplate only the stern nudity of the walls. On one side only, had been placed a clock, between two figures of captives in chains, as if to fetter time itself, and make the slow succession of hours still more burdensome.

There were the loaded cannon, the garrison, and the staff. Thuriot was daunted by nothing. "Sir," said he to the governor, "I summon you, in the name of the people, in the name of honor, and of our native land, to withdraw your cannon, and surrender the Bastille."—Then, turning towards the garrison, he repeated the same words.

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Thuriot's words acted differently on the Swiss and the French. The Swiss did not understand them; their captain, M. de Flue, was resolved to hold out. But the Staff and the Invalids were much shaken; those old soldiers,

in habitual communication with the people of the faubourg, had no desire to fire upon them. Thus the garrison was divided; what will these two parties do? If they cannot agree, will they fire upon each other?

The dispirited governor said, in an apologetical tone, what had just been agreed with the town. He swore, and made the garrison swear, that if they were not attacked they would not begin.

Thuriot did not stop there. He desired to ascend to the top of the towers, to see whether the cannon were really withdrawn. De Launey, who had been all this time repenting of having allowed him already to penetrate so far, refused; but, being pressed by his officers, he ascended with Thuriot.

The cannon were drawn back and masked, but still pointed. The view from that height of a hundred and forty feet was immense and startling; the streets and openings full of people, and all the garden of the arsenal crowded with armed men. But, on the other side, a black mass was advancing. It was the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

The governor turned pale. He grasped Thuriot by the arm: "What have you done? You abuse your privilege as an envoy! You have betrayed me!"

They were both standing on the brink, and De Launey had a sentinel on the tower. Everybody in the Bastille was bound by oath to the governor; in his fortress, he was king and the law. He was still able to avenge himself.

But, on the contrary, it was Thuriot who made him afraid: "Sir," said he, "one word more, and I swear to you that one of us two shall be hurled headlong into the moat!"

At the same moment, the sentinel approached, as frightened as the governor, and, addressing Thuriot: "Pray, Sir," said he, "show yourself; there is no time to lose; they are marching forward. Not seeing you, they will attack us." He leaned over through the battlements; and the people seeing him alive, and standing boldly upon the tower, uttered deafening shouts of joy and approbation.

Thuriot descended with the governor, again crossed through the court, and addressing the garrison once more: "I am going to give my report," said he; "I hope the people will not refuse to furnish a citizen guard to keep the Bastille with you."

The people expected to enter the Bastille as soon as Thuriot came forth. When they saw him depart, to make his report to the Hôtel-de-Ville, they took him for a traitor, and threatened him. Their impatience was growing into fury. The crowd seized on three Invalids, and wanted to tear them to pieces. They also seized on a young lady whom they believed to be the governor's daughter, and some wanted to burn her, if he refused to surrender. Others dragged her from them.

"What will become of us," said they, "if the Bastille be not taken before night?" The burly Santerre, a brewer, whom the faubourg had elected its commander, proposed to burn the place by throwing into it poppy and spikenard oil that they had seized the night before, and which they could fire with phosphorus. He was sending to fetch the engines.

A blacksmith, an old soldier, without wasting time in idle talk, sets bravely to work. He marches forward, hatchet in hand, leaps upon the roof of a small guard-house, near the first draw-bridge, and, under a shower of bullets, coolly plies his hatchet, cuts away, and loosens the chains; down falls the bridge. The crowd rush over it, and enter the court.

The firing began at once from the towers and from the loop-holes below. The assailants fell in crowds, and did no harm to the garrison. Of all the shots they fired that day, two took effect: only one of the besieged was killed.

The committee of electors, who saw the wounded already arriving at the Hôtel-de-Ville, and deplored the shedding of blood, would have wished to stop it. There was now but one way of doing so, which was to summon the Bastille, in the name of the city, to surrender, and to allow the citizen-guard to enter. The provost hesitated for a long time; Fauchet insisted; and other electors

entreated him. They went as deputies; but in the fire and smoke, they were not even seen; neither the Bastille nor the people ceased firing. The deputies were in the greatest danger. A second deputation, headed by the city proctor, with a drum and a flag of truce, was perceived from the fortress. The soldiers who were upon the towers hoisted a white flag, and reversed their arms. The people ceased firing, followed the deputation, and entered the court. There, they were welcomed by a furious discharge, which brought down several men by the side of the deputies. Very probably the Swiss who were below with De Launey, paid no attention to the signs made by the Invalids.

The rage of the people was inexpressible. Ever since the morning, it had been said that the governor had enticed the crowd into the court to fire upon them; they believed themselves twice deceived, and resolved to perish, or to be revenged on the traitors. To those who were calling them back, they exclaimed in a transport of frenzy: "Our bodies at least shall serve to fill the moats!" And on they rushed obstinately and nothing daunted, amid a shower of bullets and against those murderous towers, as if, by dying in heaps, they could at length overthrow them.

But then, numbers of generous men, who had hitherto taken no part in the action, beheld, with increased indignation, such an unequal struggle, which was actual assassination. They wanted to lend their assistance. It was no longer possible to hold back the French Guards; they all sided with the people. They repaired to the commandants nominated by the town, and obliged them to surrender their five cannons. Two columns were formed, one of workmen and citizens, the other of French Guards. The former took for its chief a young man, of heroic stature and strength, named Hullin, a clockmaker of Geneva, but now a servant, being gamekeeper to the Marquis de Conflans; his Hungarian costume as a *chasseur* was doubtless taken for a uniform; and thus did the livery of servitude guide the people to the combat of

liberty. The leader of the other column was Elie, an officer of fortune belonging to the Queen's regiment, who, changing his private dress for his brilliant uniform, showed himself bravely a conspicuous object to both friends and foes.

Among his soldiers, was one admirable for his valor, youth, and candor, Marceau, one of the glories of France, who remained satisfied with fighting, and claimed no share in the honor of the victory.

Things were not very far advanced when they arrived. Three cart-loads of straw had been pushed forward and set on fire, and the barracks and kitchens had been burnt down. They knew not what else to do. The despair of the people was vented upon the Hôtel-de-Ville. They blamed the provost and the electors, and urged them, in theatening language, to issue formal orders for the siege of the Bastille. But they could never induce them to give those orders.

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It was half-past five when a shout arose from La Greve. An immense noise, like the growling of distant thunder, resounds nearer and nearer, rushing on with the rapidity and roaring of a tempest. The Bastille is taken.

That hall already so full is at once invaded by a thousand men, and ten thousand pushing behind. The wood-work cracks, the benches are thrown down, and the barrier driven upon the bureau, the bureau upon the president.

All were armed in a fantastical manner; some almost naked, others dressed in every color. One man was borne aloft upon their shoulders and crowned with laurel; it was Elie, with all the spoils and prisoners around him. At the head, amid all that din, which would have drowned a clap of thunder, advanced a young man full of meditation and religion; he carried suspended and pierced with his bayonet a vile, thrice-accursed object,— the regulations of the Bastille.

The keys too were carried,—those monstrous, vile, ignoble keys, worn out by centuries and the sufferings of men. Chance or Providence directed that they should be intrusted to a man who knew them but too well,—a former prisoner. The National Assembly placed them in its Archives; the old machine of tyrants thus lying beside the laws that had destroyed them. We still keep possession of those keys, in the iron safe of the Archives of France. Oh! would that the same iron-chest might contain the keys of all the Bastilles in the world!

Correctly speaking, the Bastille was not taken; it surrendered. Troubled by a bad conscience it went mad, and lost all presence of mind.

Some wanted to surrender; others went on firing, especially the Swiss, who, for five hours, pointed out, aimed at, and brought down whomsoever they pleased, without any danger or even the chance of being hurt in return. They killed eighty-three men and wounded eighty-eight. Twenty of the slain were poor fathers of families, who left wives and children to die of hunger.

Shame for such cowardly warfare, and the horror of shedding French blood, which but little affected the Swiss, at length caused the Invalids to drop their arms. At four o'clock the subaltern officers begged and prayed De Launey to put an end to this massacre. He knew what he deserved; obliged to die one way or other, he had, for a moment, the horribly ferocious idea of blowing up the citadel: he would have destroyed one-third of Paris. His hundred and thirty-five barrels of gunpowder would have blown the Bastille into the air, and shattered or buried the whole faubourg, all the Marais, and the whole of the quartier of the Arsenal. He seized a match from a cannon. Two subaltern officers prevented the crime; they crossed their bayonets, and barred his passage to the magazines. He then made a show of killing himself, and seized a knife, which they snatched from him.

He had lost his senses and could give no orders. When the French Guards had ranged their cannon and

CAPTURE OF THE BASTILLE

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THIS EVENT, JULY 14, 1789, IS CELEBRATED AS THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY OF FRANCE.

fired (according to some), the captain of the Swiss saw plainly that it was necessary to come to terms; he wrote and passed a note, in which he asked to be allowed to go forth with the honors of war. Refused. Next, that his life should be spared. Hullin and Elie promised it. The difficulty was to perform their promise. To prevent a revenge accumulating for ages, and now incensed by so many murders perpetrated by the Bastille, was beyond the power of man. An authority of an hour's existence, that had but just come from La Greve, and was known only to the two small bands of the vanguard, was not adequate to keep in order the hundred thousand men behind.

The crowd was enraged, blind, drunk with the very sense of their danger. And yet they killed but one man in the fortress. They spared their enemies the Swiss, whom their smockfrocks caused to pass for servants or prisoners; but they ill-treated and wounded their friends the Invalids. They wished to have annihilated the Bastille; they pelted and broke to pieces the two captives of the dial; they ran up to the top of the towers to spurn the cannon; several attacked the stones, and tore their hands in dragging them away. They hastened to the dungeons to deliver the prisoners: two had become mad. One, frightened by the noise, wanted to defend himself, and was quite astonished when those who had battered down his door threw themselves into his arms and bathed him with their tears. Another, whose beard reached to his waist, inquired about the health of Louis XV, believing him to be still reigning. To those who asked him his name, he replied that he was called the Major of Immensity.

The conquerors were not yet at the end of their labors: in the Rue Saint Antoine they had to fight a battle of a different kind. On approaching La Greve, they came successively on crowds of men, who, having been unable to take any part in the fight wanted at all events to do something, were it merely to massacre the prisoners. One was killed at the Rue des Tournelles, and another on

the quay. Women, with disheveled hair, came rushing forward, and recognizing their husbands among the slain, left them to fly upon their assassins; one of them, foaming at the mouth, ran about asking everybody for a knife.

De Launey was conducted and supported in that extreme danger by two men of extraordinary courage and strength, Hullin, and another. The latter went with him as far as the Petit Antoine, but was there torn from his side by the rush of the crowd. Hullin held fast. To lead his man from that spot to La Greve, which is so near, was more than the twelve labors of Hercules. No longer knowing how to act, and perceiving that they knew De Launey only by his being alone without a hat, he conceived the heroic idea of putting his own upon his head; and, from that moment, he received the blows intended for the governor. At length, he passed the Arcade Saint Jean; if he could but get him on the flight of steps, and push him towards the stairs, all was over. The crowd saw that very plainly, and accordingly made a desperate onset. The Herculean strength hitherto displayed by Hullin no longer served him here. Stifled by the pressure of the crowd around him, as in the crushing fold of an enormous boa, he lost his footing, was hurled to and fro, and thrown upon the pavement. Twice he regained his feet. The second time he beheld aloft the head of De Launey at the end of a pike.

XI. Other Historians. If we have considered several of the important historians of France, there have been others almost equally famous, who have done almost if not quite as excellent work. But they represent one or the other of the schools we have characterized, and their writings belong rather to a special than to general literature. Among them were of particular importance François Mignet, Alexis

de Tocqueville, Edgar Quinet and Adolphe Thiers.

Mignet (1796–1884) is noted especially for his *History of the French Revolution* and for a series of works relating particularly to the sixteenth century, in which department he is considered an authority. Exact and clear, basing his writings upon wide and careful research, he was more a recorder of facts than a theorist.

Tocqueville (1805–1859) followed the analytic method of Guizot, but supported it by wise and careful inductions. He came to the United States to study her institutions and wrote *Democracy in America,* which presents our political institutions, morals, ideas and habits of thought in a masterly manner and draws from them valuable conclusions for us to follow, especially concerning the dangers of democracy and the possible means in which individualism may be controlled and made a powerful factor in the progress of the human race. Returning to France, he began on an exhaustive study of the real significance of the French Revolution, but only one volume, *The Ancient Regime and the Revolution,* was finished.

Quinet (1803–1875), poet, philosopher and historian, the friend and co-laborer with Michelet in attacks upon the Jesuits, was a conscientious and generous man who wrote upon many subjects in a broad, discursive manner, but was never thoroughly the master of

any one. In politics he was influential at times, but the narrowness and strictness of his views brought him into disfavor and caused his exile, from which he returned to continue his writings till his death. Probably his most important work is a history of the Revolution, in which he attempts to replace the hero-worship and the enthusiasms of other writers by a correct interpretation of the meaning of events. In his later years he turned to the study of nature and wrote *Creation,* in which he contended that the science of nature and of humanity are governed by the same law, and prophesied that when creation is fully accomplished a higher and nobler race will take our place.

Thiers (1797–1877), a prominent statesman as well as historian, is closely connected with the politics of his country, from his entry into public life about 1830 until in 1873 he resigned the Presidency of the Republic, because he feared to become the instrument of monarchical intrigue. He was liberal in his tendencies and the lifelong friend of Mignet, with whom he was at one time engaged in a history of the French Revolution. His greatest historical work is the *History of the Consulate and of the Empire,* a book full of facts of all kinds, big and little, important and unimportant, but vivified by an ardent patriotism and a conviction of the vanity of military success. His style is ready, flowing, and so remarkably clear that nowhere does the reader feel anything clouding the thought of the author. And

yet it is not a finished style, nor is it always correct; but his battles and campaigns are considered masterpieces of lucid and brilliant description.

XII. Criticism. The function of criticism from the time of Aristotle has been the interpretation of literary productions and the establishment of those canons by which the excellence of such productions might be ascertained. That literature should be universal in its application, pertaining rather to all human nature than to the individual, and should give inspiration and high and lasting pleasure to mankind has been admitted from that time. But in every language of modern times there has been a steady improvement in style and content, occasioned largely by the instinct of its writers no less than by the dictum of experts in that line. However, it was left for the nineteenth century to make of criticism a high art and an inspiration in itself. In France Boileau, Voltaire, Diderot and Hugo all essayed it with great success, and besides producing literature themselves, left their mark upon the work of others. However, their ideas were based upon either their personal taste or upon dogmatic utterance. Along with the romantic movement, however, criticism improved, as did every other department of literature, and became comparative and scientific, broadening its domain to include the comparative study of all literatures and the elaboration of characteristics which are uni-

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versal. We have already alluded to Madame de Stael's *Germany* and its effect upon France and to her conclusion that the inclination of France toward classical art and of Germany toward romantic art comes not from accident but from the original sources of nature and thought. Viewed in this light, the classic tendencies of all French literature become intelligible.

The study of history had been applied to philosophy and politics, when at length Villemain (1790–1870) applied it to literature. A professor in the Sorbonne, with essays crowned by the French Academy, and Director of Public Instruction for several years, his writings were always influential, though not themselves free from criticism. Biography, the literature of other countries, the character of the age in which the writings were produced, were all used by him in studying the productions of any given time. If he did not formulate a method of criticism, he followed an original one and paved the way for a more remarkable man.

Desire Nisard (1806–1888) was a critic of another type, one who having established a criterion of excellence, which was quite largely his personal taste, judged other works by that standard. His history of French literature sees the highest types of the art in France and in the France of Louis XIV. His high position in the teachers' profession and in politics gave importance to his writings, but the

best result of his labors was to establish criticism itself as an important art. It was left for Sainte-Beuve to be the great artist in that line.

XIII. Sainte-Beuve. That most admirable critic of the romantic school, Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, who is considered by many to be the greatest literary critic of modern times, was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1804 and was brought up by his widowed mother with some financial difficulty, although she managed to secure for him a good education until in 1818 he went to Paris and entered the College of Charlemagne. For three years he studied medicine and intended to follow that profession, although he had already shown unmistakable signs of literary genius and had contributed to the *Globe* a series of articles. In 1827, however, he gave up all idea of the practice of medicine and devoted himself enthusiastically to the advancement of the Romantic movement. From then to the time of his death in 1869 his was the life of a literary man, spent almost entirely in Paris, except for brief periods, when he lectured at Lausanne and Liege.

He was elected to the Academy in 1845, became commander of the Legion of Honor in 1859, and senator in 1865. These may be considered the important events in his quiet life.

Painstaking, exact and careful as he was, the volume of his work is surprising. Day after day for more than a score of years, besides his other labors, he contributed to the paper with which he was then connected an

article from seven thousand to seven thousand five hundred words on some literary character or literary subject. Besides these articles, which fill many volumes and are divided into three groups, the *Premiers Lundis* (*The First Mondays*), the *Causeries du Lundi* (*Monday Chats*), and the *Nouveaux Lundis* (*New Monday Chats*), he wrote two or three volumes of original poetry, composed a novel, gave a famous course of lectures on Chateaubriand and his contemporaries, produced *The Synopsis of French Poetry of the Sixteenth Century,* a work of considerable importance, and an infinite number of articles on literary topics.

The character of Sainte-Beuve and his purpose in literary criticism are indicated by his own words: "I have but one diversion, one pursuit: I analyze; I botanize. I am a naturalist of minds; what I would fain create is literary natural history." Exact, sure in his touch, usually free from prejudice, patient in his investigation, he accomplished his purpose in a remarkable manner, and his work is a standard of criticism not only in his own country but everywhere that literature is cultivated, for his articles were by no means confined to French authors. No one was so far removed from him in point of place or time as to be missed by his all-seeing literary eye, nor was any character so illusive as to escape his minute and critical analysis.

Though he did not consciously establish a method of criticism, yet he followed one which

is now generally accepted as the naturalistic and proper method of approach, at least. He viewed the writings of any author through the medium of the author's personality, and it is because of this that his articles have that intimate characteristic which makes them so acceptable to the ordinary reader, who feels that he may give his mind with confidence to Sainte-Beuve's opinions. His position in the France of the nineteenth century was as firmly fixed as that of Dr. Johnson in the England of the eighteenth century, but his culture and refinement are more like those of Matthew Arnold, with whom he is more frequently compared but whom he excels in breadth of sympathy and understanding.

To give an idea of his style and at the same time to define more clearly what constitutes the highest type of literary criticism, we quote Sainte-Beuve's analysis of his own method:

> It is understood then that to-day [July 22, 1862] you will allow me to enter into some details about the course and method that I have thought best to follow in studying books and talents. For me, literature—literary production—is not distinct, or at least not separable, from the rest of the man and from its environment. I can enjoy a work, but I can hardly judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. "The tree is known by its fruits," as I might say; and so literary study leads me quite naturally to the study of morals.
>
> A day will come of which I have caught glimpses in the course of my observations,—a day when the science will be established, when the great mental families and their principal divisions will be known and determined. Then, when the principal characteristic of a mind is

given, we shall be able to deduce many others from it. With men, no doubt, one can never work exactly as with animals or plants. Man is ethically more complex. He has what we call liberty, and what in any case presupposes a great mobility of possible combinations. But however that may be, we shall succeed in time, I think, in establishing moral science on a broader basis. To-day it is at the point where botany was before Jussieu and comparative anatomy before Cuvier,—in the stage, so to speak, of anecdote. We for our part are making mere monographs, amassing detailed observations: but I catch glimpses of connections, relations; and a broader mind, more enlightened and yet keen in the perception of detail, will be able some day to discover the great natural divisions that represent the genera of minds.

But even when mental science shall be organized as one may imagine it from afar, it will be always so delicate and so mobile that it will exist only for those who have a natural vocation and talent for observation. It will always be an art that will demand a skillful artist; just as medicine demands medical tact in him who practices it, as philosophy ought to demand philosophic tact from those who pretend to be philosophers, as poetry demands to be essayed only by a poet.

Suppose we have under observation a superior man, or one merely noteworthy for his productions; an author whose works we have read, and who may be worth the trouble of a searching study. How shall we go about it if we wish to omit nothing important and essential, if we wish to shake off the old-fashioned rhetorical judgments,—to be as little as possible the dupes of phrases, words, conventional sentiments, and to attain the truth as in a study of nature?

We shall surely recognize and rediscover the superior man, at least in part, in his parents, especially in the mother; in his sisters too, in his brothers, and even in his children. We shall find there essential characteristics that in the great man are often masked, because they are too condensed or too amalgamated. In others

of his blood we shall find his character more in its simple, naked state. Nature herself has done the analysis for us.

It is enough to indicate my thought. I will not abuse it. When you have informed yourself as far as possible about the origin, the immediate and near relations of an eminent writer, the essential point, after discussing his studies and his education, is his first environment,—the first group of friends and contemporaries in which he found himself at the moment when his talent was revealed, took material form and became adult. For be sure his talent will bear the mark of it, and whatever he may do later he will feel it always.

The very great men depend on no group; they make centers themselves; people gather around them: but it is the group, association, alliance, and active exchange of ideas,—a perpetual emulation in presence of one's equals and peers,—that gives to the man of talent all his productive energy, his development, and his value. There are talents that share at the same time in several groups, and never cease to pass through successive environments; perfecting, transforming, or deforming themselves. Then it is important to note, even in these variations and slow or sudden conversions, the hidden and unchanging impulse, the persistent force.

Each work of an author examined in this way, in its place, after you have put it back into its framework and surrounded it with all the circumstances that marked its birth, acquires its full significance,—its historic, literary significance; it recovers its just degree of novelty, originality, or imitation: and you run no risk in your criticism of discovering beauties amiss, and admiring beside the mark, as is inevitable when you depend on rhetorical criticism alone.

For the critic who is studying a talent, there is nothing like catching it in its first fire, its first outpouring; nothing like breathing it in its morning hour, in its efflorescence of soul and youth. The first proof of an engraved portrait has for the artist and the man of taste a price which nothing that follows can equal. I know no joy

for the critic more exquisite than to comprehend and portray a young talent in its freshness, in its frank and primitive aspect, anticipating all the foreign and perhaps factitious elements that may mingle with it.

O first and fruitful hour from which all takes its date! Ineffable moment! It is among men of the same age, and of the same hour almost, that talent loves to choose for the rest of its career, or for the longer half of it, its companions, its witnesses, its emulators,—its rivals too, and its adversaries. Each chooses his own opponent, his own point of view. There are such rivalries, challenges, piques, among equals or almost equals, that last a whole lifetime. But even though we should be a little inferior, let us never desire that a man of our generation should fall and disappear, even though he were a rival and though he should pass for an enemy. For if we have true worth, he too, at need and on occasion, will warn the coming ignorant generations and the insolence of youth, that in us they have to do with an old athlete whom they may not despise or dismiss with levity. His own self-esteem is interested in it. He has measured himself with us in the good old times. He has known us in our best days.—I will clothe my thought with illustrious names. It is still Cicero who renders the noblest homage to Hortensius. A phrase of Aeschines remains the fairest eulogy of Demosthenes. And the Greek hero Diomedes, speaking of Aeneas in Vergil, and wishing to give a lofty idea of him: "Trust him," said he, "who has measured his own strength with him."

It is not only important to catch a talent at the moment of its first essay, at its first outburst, when it appears full-formed and more than adolescent, when it declares its own majority. There is a second period to note, not less decisive if one wishes to take in the whole man. It is the moment when he begins to spoil, to decay, to fail, or to err. Some stiffen and dry, some yield and lose their hold, some grow hard, some heavy, some bitter. The smile becomes a wrinkle. After the first moment when talent in its brilliant blossoming has become man,—the young man

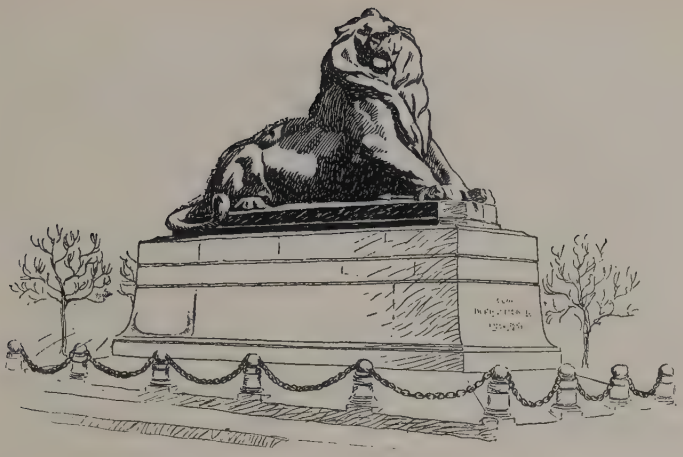
confident and proud,—one must note this second, sad moment when age unmakes and changes him.

One cannot take too many ways to know a man, nor approach him from too many sides; for a man is something quite different from pure spirit. Until you have asked yourself a certain number of questions about an author, and answered them, though only to yourself and under your breath, you are not sure that you have him wholly, though those questions may seem most foreign to the nature of his writings: What did he think about religion? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? How did he bear himself in regard to women, and to money? Was he rich? Was he poor? What was his regimen, his daily habit of life? And so on. In short, What was his vice or his foible? Everybody has one. None of these responses is indifferent to the judgment of the author of a book, and of the book itself, unless the book be a treatise on pure geometry; not if it is at all a literary work,—that is to say, a book into which he enters at all.

Up to a certain point one can study talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples and natural admirers. That is a last easy and convenient means of observation. Such affinities either proclaim or betray themselves. Genius is a king who creates his people. Tell me who loves, who admires you, and I will tell you who you are. The disciples who imitate the manner and taste of their model in writing are very curious to follow, and best suited in their turn to cast light on him. The disciple usually exaggerates or parodies his master without suspecting it. In rhetorical schools he enfeebles, in picturesque and naturalistic schools he forces, heightens to excess, exaggerates. He is an enlarging mirror. When the master is negligent, and the disciple careful and dressed in Sunday clothes, they resemble one another. On days when Chateaubriand writes badly and Marchangy does his best, they have a deceptive resemblance. From a little further off, from behind, and by moonlight, you might mistake them for one another.

If it is just to judge a talent by his friends and natural followers, it is not less legitimate to judge him and counter-judge him (for it is in fact a sort of counter-proof) by the enemies whom he rouses and unwittingly attracts; by his contraries, his antipathies; by those who instinctively cannot bear him. Nothing serves better to mark the limits of a talent, to circumscribe its sphere and domain, than to know the exact points where revolt against it begins. In its detail this even becomes piquant to watch. In literature people detest one another sometimes all their lives, and yet have never met. So the antagonism between mental genera grows clear. What would you have? It's in the blood, in the temperament, in first prejudices which often do not depend on ourselves. When it is not low envy, it is racial hatred. How will you make Boileau enjoy Quinault, and Fontenelle think highly of Boileau, and Joseph de Maistre or Montalembert love Voltaire? But I have said enough to-day about the natural method in literature.

EIFFEL TOWER



CHAPTER XXVI

LATER NOVELISTS

INTRODUCTORY. The novel of the nineteenth century, profiting by all that precedes it, has taken all fields for its own, and while influenced by the romanticism of Hugo, Dumas and others, has adopted a spirit of realism and truth to nature not heretofore attained. Novels with a purpose have multiplied until every conceivable subject has been adopted by one writer or another. On the whole, the change has been an improvement, and prose fiction has become one of the most influential factors in modern life. In no other department of literature has there been so stupendous a growth, nor is the present output of any other thing literary comparable to the immense volume of fiction. This movement is confined to no one nation, for all have

felt its force, and while national characteristics nearly always may be traced, there is a strikingly similar treatment everywhere. France has produced some of the greatest of modern novelists, whose names and stories are almost as familiar in England and Germany, for instance, as in France herself. We have not space to treat them all, nor would it be worth while, but there are a few writers whose work has been so largely instrumental in bringing about these universal conditions that before leaving finally the wonderful literature of that country, we must pause to consider them.

II. Beyle. Better known under his *nom de plume* of Stendahl is Marie Henri Beyle (1783–1842), who, besides being critic, essayist and novelist, was in turn soldier, shopman and diplomatist. He accompanied Napoleon to Moscow, and was somewhat distinguished in the disastrous retreat with which the campaign terminated. The latter years of his life were spent in consulships at Trieste and Civita Vecchia.

Naturally in point of time he belongs before the romanticists, and might have been studied at that time, but his lack of popularity among his contemporaries and the fact that his chief value as a novelist lies in his power of psychological analysis place his work rather among that of his followers. Stendahl's chief characteristic, at least that which is most conspicuous in his writings, is his egotism, and next, perhaps, his materialism. "The only excuse

for God is that he does not exist," is one of his epigrams. His powers of analysis he turned upon himself and scrutinized the effect of his indulgences for use in his novels. *Le Rouge et le Noir* (*The Red and the Black*) and *La Chartreuse de Parme* are among his most noted books. The hero of the former, Julien Sorel, is a renegade whose career is as sordid as his birth. The latter shows life in nineteenth century Italy and contains a remarkable description of a soldier's experiences on the field of Waterloo.

III. George Sand. Armandine Lucile-Aurore Dupin, a descendant of Marshal Saxe, was born in Paris in 1804. Her father was a lieutenant and her mother a woman of humble origin, so that in herself Lucile combined the blood of the aristocracy with that of the people. Until her thirteenth year she was educated at home, but after that she spent three years at a Parisian convent. In 1822 she married Casimir Dudevant, a country squire, in whom she was not interested and for whom she never had any affection. They had two children and for nine years lived unhappily, after which a separation was arranged and Madame Dudevant took the children to Paris and began earning a livelihood for her little family. At first she attempted painting, but receiving little encouragement there, she tried journalism, for which she had no adaptability and in which she accomplished little. Then with Jules Sandeau she collaborated on a novel and from him she

borrowed the pen name Sand, to which she prefixed the word George, a very common name in the provinces. By this pseudonym of George Sand she is almost exclusively known.

Her life in Paris during this time was a free and easy Bohemianism, during which she went about the streets clothed in man's garb and joining in all the gay pleasures of artists and poets. She formed a passion for Alfred de Musset and went to Italy with him, but when they found their temperaments wholly incompatible, he returned to France a broken man, while she was able to restore herself to her former frame of mind. Up till the Revolution of 1848 her life was a stormy one, but thereafter she retired to Nohant and proceeded quietly with her work. Her death occurred in 1876, and through her memoirs and correspondence we are able to trace the growth of a generous and noble spirit struggling with its errors and finally triumphing over them.

She was a voluminous writer, whose reputation now depends principally upon her novels, of which there are many of varying excellence and importance. Her composition appears to have been wholly a matter of inspiration, for she sat down to her work without any definite outline of plot or knowledge of characters in her mind and wrote fluently for seven or eight hours, with little intermission. She is said to have done most of her work from ten o'clock at night to five in the morning. If it is true of any one, it is of her, that her novels wrote them-

selves, and their style and structure show the effect of her method.

Her works naturally separate themselves into four chronological groups, the first of which were colored by her unfortunate marriage. In them her theme was the romance of love, and her purpose was to vindicate the rights of passion. With an excellent descriptive power she translated her own experiences into her romances, and in the enthusiasm of her purpose she wrote many passages of great beauty. However, this group, among which are included the novels *Indiana, Valentine* and *Jacques,* are by no means her best work. In the second period she was carried away by socialistic ideas, and her genius was finding its way to better things. *Consuelo* and its sequel, *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt,* are the best examples of this period. In *Consuelo* she studies the artistic temperament, which she fails in understanding or depicting as happily as one would expect. The third period covers the idyllic season she spent at Nohant, and its productions are her finest work. *La Mare au Diable* (*The Devil's Pool*), *La Petite Fadette,* and *François le Champi* (*François the Waif*) are delightful tales of humble life around Berri and in the huts where poor men live. They are genuine idyls of French peasant life, which at that time was unknown in French literature. With a keenness of observation that is as remarkable as her idealism, she draws her pictures of rural life and conveys

its meaning to her readers with gentle art. In the last group her novels are in the early psychological manner and seem to have lost somewhat in power, though she had gained in insight and wisdom. In these novels, of which *Jean de la Roche* and *Le Marquis de Villemer* are types, she interprets both aristocratic and peasant character with sympathetic zeal and calm penetration.

IV. "The Devil's Pool." In the Preface to the book, George Sand writes:

> As regards *The Devil's Pool,* an engraving of Holbein, that had struck me, and a real scene that I had before my eyes at the same time, while the men were sowing the crops, were all that induced me to write the modest story laid among the humble landscapes of my daily walks. If I am asked what I meant to do, I shall answer that I meant to write a very touching and very simple story, and that I have not succeeded to my satisfaction. I have indeed seen and felt the beauty of simplicity, but seeing and describing are not the same thing. The best the artist can hope for is to persuade those who have eyes to see for themselves. Look at what is simple, my kind reader; look at the sky, the fields, the trees, and at what is good and true in the peasants; you will catch a glimpse of them in my book, but you will see them much better in nature.

The simple tale may be summarized as follows: Germain, a widower with three children, is advised by his father-in-law to marry again and announces as his choice the rich widow Guerin, whom Germain reluctantly agrees to visit. Mother Guillette sends her sixteen-year-old daughter Marie to a farm near the widow's

GEORGE SAND
1804–1876

and commits the girl to the care of Germain, who placed her behind him on the horse and sets out. The two overtake Little Pierre, Germain's child, who has run away from home to be with his father, and Marie persuades him to take the little fellow along. A heavy rain comes up, and the travelers, being lost in the wood, are compelled to stop, and while in this desolate situation the horse breaks loose and runs away. Delighted with the ingenuity and wit of Marie in putting Little Pierre to sleep and in building a fire, Germain chats pleasantly with her and eats supper not unhappily. When Little Pierre has had his lunch, Marie hears his evening prayer, to which he adds the surprising request, "Little father, if you wish to give me a new mother, I hope it will be little Marie." Germain falls in love with Marie, who does not understand his feeling, and as night advances they try to find the way out of the wood, but two hours of wandering only bring them back to the campfire. Germain proposes to marry Marie, but she refuses on account of his age and because she does not love him; so when day comes they find the horse and proceed toward their destination. When they part Marie takes Little Pierre with her, and as they part the boy says, in response to Germain's suggestion, "Don't be afraid, father, I shall make her say yes. She does everything I wish."

The widow has three suitors with her when Germain calls, and he is much displeased with

her flippancy. On the way to mass he walks with her father and leaves the suitors a clear field; on his return he will not listen to the widow's father, but hurries away to call on Marie. Arriving at the farm, he learns that Marie and Little Pierre have run away, and fearing that they have met with ill treatment, he mounts his horse and gallops off with little definite direction and with misgivings in search of them.

Soon he comes to the Devil's Pool, near which he had spent the night with Marie and Little Pierre, and from an old witch learns that trouble comes to those who go near the Pool, unless they throw three stones in it with the left hand while crossing themselves with their right. "I am not asking about that," said Germain, moving nearer her, and screaming at the top of his lungs. "Have you seen a girl and a child walking through the wood?" "Yes," said the old woman, "a little child was drowned there." Germain shook from head to foot; but happily the hag added: "That happened a long time ago. In memory of the accident they raised a handsome cross there. But one stormy night, the bad spirits threw it into the water. You can still see one end of it. If anybody were unlucky enough to pass the night here, he could never find his way out before daylight. He must walk and walk, and though he went two hundred leagues into the forest, he must always return to the same place."

Germain continues on his way and meets the farmer to whom Marie had gone, expecting a place as a servant. The story proceeds:

"Have not you seen a young girl of fifteen or sixteen go by with a small boy?" asked the farmer, with an assumed air of indifference, although he was evidently ill at ease.

"What do you want of her?" answered Germain, taking no pains to conceal his anger.

"I might tell you that that is none of your business, my friend. But as I have no reason for secrecy, I shall tell you that she is a shepherdess whom I engaged for a year, before I knew her. When I saw her, she looked too young and frail to work on the farm. I thanked her, but I wished to pay the expenses of her short journey, and while my back was turned, she went off in a huff. She was in such a hurry that she forgot even some of her belongings and her purse, which has certainly not much in it, probably but a few pennies; but since I was going in this direction, I hoped to meet her, and give her back the things she left behind, as well as what I owe her."

Germain had too honest a heart not to pause at hearing a story which, however unlikely, was not impossible. He fastened his penetrating gaze on the farmer, who submitted to the examination with a plentiful supply of impudence or of good faith.

"I wish to get at the bottom of this matter," said Germain; "and," continued he, suppressing his indignation, "the girl lives in my village. I know her. She can't be far away. Let's ride on together; we shall find her, no doubt."

"You are right," said the farmer; "let's move on; but if we do not find her before we reach the end of this road, I shall give up, for I must turn off toward Ardentes."

"Oh, oh!" thought the peasant, "I shall not part with you, even if I have to follow you around the Devil's Pool for twenty-four hours."

"Stop," said Germain suddenly, fixing his eyes on a clump of broom which waved in a peculiar manner. "Halloa! halloa! Petit-Pierre, is that you, my child?"

The boy recognized his father's voice, and came out from the broom leaping like a young deer; but when he saw Germain in company with the farmer, he stopped dismayed, and stood irresolute.

"Come, my Pierre, come. It is I," cried the husbandman, as he leaped from his horse and ran toward his boy to take him in his arms; "and where is little Marie?"

"She is hiding there, because she is afraid of that dreadful black man, and so am I."

"You needn't be afraid. I am here. Marie, Marie. It is I."

Marie crept toward them, but the moment she saw Germain with the farmer close behind, she sprang forward, and throwing herself into his arms, clung to him as a daughter to her father.

"Oh, my brave Germain!" she cried, "you will defend me. I am not afraid when you are near."

Germain shuddered. He looked at Marie. She was pale; her clothes were torn by the thorns which had scratched her as she passed, rushing toward the brake like a stag chased by the hunters. But neither shame nor despair were in her face.

"Your master wishes to speak to you," said he, his eyes fixed on her features.

"My master!" she exclaimed fiercely; "that man is no master of mine, and he never shall be. You, Germain, you are my master. I want you to take me home with you. I will be your servant for nothing."

The farmer advanced, feigning impatience. "Little girl," said he, "you left something behind at the farm, which I am bringing back to you."

"No, you are not, sir," said little Marie. "I didn't forget anything, and I have nothing to ask of you."

"Listen a moment," returned the farmer. "It's I who have something to tell you. Come with me. Don't be afraid. It's only a word or two."

"You may say them aloud. I have no secrets with you."

"At any rate, do take your money."

"My money? You owe me nothing, thank God!"

"I suspected as much," said Germain under his breath, "but I don't care, Marie. Listen to what he has to say to you, for—I am curious to know. You can tell me afterward. Go up to his horse. I shall not lose sight of you."

Marie took three steps toward the farmer. He bent over the pommel of his saddle, and lowering his voice he said:

"Little girl, here is a bright golden louis for you. Don't say anything about it; do you hear? I shall say that I found you too frail to work on my farm. There will be no more talk about that. I shall be passing by your house one of these days; and if you have not said anything, I will give you something more; and then if you are more sensible, you have only to speak. I will take you home with me, or I will come at dusk and talk with you in the meadows. What present would you like me to bring you?"

"Here, sir, is the present I have for you," answered little Marie, aloud, as she threw the golden louis in his face with all her might. "I thank you heartily, and I beg that if you come anywhere near our house, you will be good enough to let me know. All the boys in the neighborhood will go out to welcome you, because, where I live, we are very fond of gentlemen who try to make love to poor girls. You shall see. They will be on the lookout for you."

"You lie with your dirty tongue," cried the farmer, raising his stick with a dangerous air. "You wish to make people believe what is not so, but you shall never get a penny out of me. We know what kind of a girl you are."

Marie drew back, frightened, and Germain sprang to the bridle of the farmer's horse and shook it violently.

"I understand now," said he; "it is easy to see what is going on. Get down, my man, get down; I want to talk to you."

The farmer was not eager to take up the quarrel. Anxious to escape, he set spurs to his horse and tried to loosen the peasant's grasp by striking down his hands with a cane; but Germain dodged the blow, and seizing hold of his antagonist's leg, he unseated him and flung him to the earth. The farmer regained his feet, but although he defended himself vigorously, he was knocked down once more. Germain held him to the ground. Then he said:

"Poor coward, I could thrash you if I wished. But I don't want to do you an injury, and, besides, no amount of punishment would help your conscience—but you shall not stir from this spot until you beg the girl's pardon, on your knees."

The farmer understood this sort of thing, and wished to take it all as a joke. He made believe that his offense was not serious, since it lay in words alone, and protested that he was perfectly willing to ask her pardon, provided he might kiss the girl afterward. Finally, he proposed that they go and drink a pint of wine at the nearest tavern, and so part good friends.

"You are disgusting!" answered Germain, rubbing his victim's head in the dirt, "and I never wish to see your nasty face again. So blush, if you are able, and when you come to our village, you had better slink along Sneak's Alley."

He picked up the farmer's holly-stick, broke it over his knee to show the strength of his wrists, and threw away the pieces with disgust. Then giving one hand to his son and the other to little Marie, he walked away, still trembling with anger.

Germain returns to his father-in-law's home, and things run on as before, except that through the winter somebody secretly provides wood, flour and potatoes for Marie and her

poor mother. Germain's mother-in-law discovers what is happening, and forgives Germain for taking things from the house. Moreover, when he confesses his love for the girl, the good woman and her husband encourage their son-in-law, who awkwardly proposes again to Marie and is surprised by her joyful acceptance of his love.

In an appendix to the story, George Sand describes Germain's wedding in a very interesting manner, and from it we condense the following account of a peasant's wedding in France in the early part of the nineteenth century:

About two in the afternoon before the day set for the wedding, the music came. The music means the players of the bagpipe and hurdy-gurdy, their instruments decorated with long streaming ribbons, playing an appropriate march to a measure which would have been rather slow for feet foreign to the soil, but admirably adapted to the heavy ground and hilly roads of the country.

Pistol-shots, fired by the young people and the children, announced the beginning of the wedding ceremonies. Little by little the guests assembled and danced on the grass-plot before the house in order to enter into the spirit of the occasion. When evening was come they began strange preparations; they divided into two bands, and when night had settled down they proceeded to the ceremony of the *favors.*

All this passed at the dwelling of the bride, Mother Guillette's cottage. Mother Guillette took with her her daughter, a dozen pretty shepherdesses, friends and relatives of her daughter, two or three respectable housewives, talkative neighbors, quick of wit and strict guardians of ancient customs. Next she chose a dozen stout fellows, her relatives and friends; and last of all

the parish hemp-dresser, a garrulous old man, and as good a talker as ever there was.

. . . . . .

When all the guests were met together in the house, the doors and windows were closed with the utmost care; even the garret window was barricaded; boards and benches, logs and tables were placed behind every entrance, just as if the inhabitants were making ready to sustain a siege; and within these fortifications solemn stillness prevailed until at a distance were heard songs and laughter and the sounds of rustic music. It was the band of the bridegroom, Germain at the head, followed by his most trusty companions and by the grave-digger, relatives, friends, and servants, who formed a compact and merry train. Meanwhile, as they came nearer the house they slackened their pace, held a council of war, and became silent. The girls, shut up in the house, had arranged little loop-holes at the windows by which they could see the enemy approach and deploy in battle array. A fine, cold rain was falling, which added zest to the situation, while a great fire blazed on the hearth within. Marie wished to cut short the inevitable slowness of this well-ordered siege; she had no desire to see her lover catch cold, but not being in authority she had to take an ostensible share in the mischievous cruelty of her companions.

When the two armies met, a discharge of fire-arms on the part of the besiegers set all the dogs in the neighborhood to barking. Those within the house dashed at the door with loud yelps, thinking that the attack was in earnest, and the children, little reassured by the efforts of their mothers, began to weep and to tremble. The whole scene was played so well that a stranger would have been deceived, and would have made his preparations to fight a band of brigands. Then the grave-digger, bard and orator of the groom, took his stand before the door, and with a rueful voice exchanged the following dialogue with the hemp-dresser, who was stationed above the same door:

The Grave-digger. Ah, my good people, my fellow-townsmen, for the love of Heaven, open the door.

The Hemp-dresser. Who are you, and what right have you to call us your dear fellow-townsmen? We don't know you.

The Grave-digger. We are worthy folk in great distress. Don't be afraid of us, my friends. Extend us your hospitality. Sleet is falling; our poor feet are frozen, and our journey home has been so long that our sabots are split. . . . We can see a splendid fire blazing in your dwelling. The spit must be turning, and we can make merry with you, heart and belly. So open your doors to poor pilgrims who will die on the threshold if you are not merciful.

. . . . . .

The Hemp-dresser. What absurdity are you telling us? We don't know that parish. We can easily see that you are bad people, brigands, nobodies, and liars. Go away with your nonsense. We are on our guard. You can't come in.

The Grave-digger. Ah, my poor fellow, take pity on us. We are not pilgrims, as you have guessed, but we are unlucky poachers pursued by the keepers. Even the police are after us, and if you don't hide us in your hay-loft, we shall be taken and led off to prison.

The Hemp-dresser. And who will prove you are what you say you are, this time? For you have told us one lie already that you can't maintain.

The Grave-digger. If you will let us in, we shall show you a pretty piece of game we have killed.

The Hemp-dresser. Show it right away, for we have our suspicions.

The Grave-digger. All right, open the door or a window to let us pass the creature in.

The Hemp-dresser. Oh, no, not quite so foolish. I am looking at you through a little chink, and I can see neither hunters nor game amongst you.

Here an ox-driver, a thick-set fellow of herculean strength, detached himself from a group where he had

stood unperceived, and raised toward the window a plucked goose, spitted on a strong iron bar decorated with tufts of straw and ribbons.

"Ho, ho!" cried the hemp-dresser, after cautiously extending an arm to feel the roast. "That isn't a quail nor a partridge; it isn't a hare nor a rabbit; it's something like a goose or a turkey. Upon my word you're clever hunters, and that game didn't make you run very far. Move on, you rogues; we know all your lies, and you had best go home and cook your supper. You are not going to eat ours."

. . . . . .

The Grave-digger. We have here a small bundle of hay to make the fire. We shall be satisfied with that; only grant us leave to place the spit across your fireplace.

The Hemp-dresser. That will never do. We are disgusted, and don't pity you at all. It is my opinion that you are drunk, that you need nothing, and that you only wish to come in and steal away our fire and our daughters.

The Grave-digger. Since you won't listen to reason, we shall make our way in by force.

The Hemp-dresser. Try, if you want; we are shut in well enough to have no fear of you, and since you are impudent fellows, we shall not answer you again.

Thereupon the hemp-dresser shut the garret window with a bang, and came down into the room below by a stepladder. Then he took the bride by the hand, the young people of both sexes followed, and they all began to sing and chatter merrily, while the matrons sang in piercing voices, and shrieked with laughter in derision and bravado at those without who were attempting an attack.

The besiegers, on their side, made a great hubbub. They discharged their pistols at the doors, made the dogs growl, whacked the walls, shook the blinds, and uttered frightful shrieks. In short, there was such a pandemonium that nobody could hear, and such a cloud of dust that nobody could see.

And yet this attack was all a sham. The time had not come for breaking through the etiquette. If, in prowling about, anybody were to find an unguarded aperture, or any opening whatsoever, he might try to slip in unobserved, and then, if the carrier of the spit succeeded in placing his roast before the fire, and thus prove the capture of the hearth, the comedy was over and the bridegroom had conquered.

The entrances of the house, however, were not numerous enough for any to be neglected in the customary precautions, and nobody might use violence before the moment fixed for the struggle.

When they were weary of dancing and screams, the hemp-dresser began to think of capitulation. He went up to his window, opened it with precaution, and greeted the baffled assailants with a burst of laughter.

"Well, my boys," said he, "you look very sheep-faced. You thought there was nothing easier than to come in, and you see that our defense is good. But we are beginning to have pity on you, if you will submit and accept our conditions."

The Grave-digger. Speak, good people. Tell us what we must do to approach your hearth.

The Hemp-dresser. You must sing; but sing a song we don't know—one that we can't answer by a better.

"That's not hard to do." answered the grave-digger, and he thundered in a powerful voice:

" 'Six months ago, 'twas in the spring . . .' "

" 'I wandered through the sprouting grass,' "

answered the hemp-dresser in a slightly hoarse but terrible voice. "You must be jesting, my poor friends, singing us such time-worn songs. You see very well that we can stop you at the first word."

" 'She was a prince's daughter . . .' "

" 'Right gladly would she wed,' "

answered the hemp-dresser. "Come, move on to the next; we know that a little too well."

The Grave-digger. Oh, we shall sing you so many that you will never be able to hear them all.

In this way a full hour passed. As the two antagonists were champions of the country round in the matter of songs, and as their store seemed inexhaustible, the contest might last all night with ease, all the more because the hemp-dresser, with a touch of malice, allowed several ballads of ten, twenty, or thirty couplets to be sung through, feigning by his silence to admit his defeat. Then the bridegroom's camp rejoiced and sang aloud in chorus, and thought that this time the foe was worsted; but at the first line of the last couplet, they heard the hoarse croaking of the old hemp-dresser bellow forth the second rhyme.

. . . . . .

It would have taken too long to wait for a decision of the victory. The bride's party declared itself disposed to be merciful, provided that the bride were given a present worthy of her.

Then began the song of the favors to a tune solemn as a church chant.

The men without sang together in bass voices:

" 'Open the door, true love,
Open the door;
I have presents for you, love,
Oh, say not adieu, love.' "

To this the women answered from within in falsetto, with mournful voices:

" 'My father is sorry, my mother is sad,
And I am a maiden too kind by far
At such an hour my gate to unbar.' "

The men took up the first verse as far as the fourth line and modified it thus:

" 'And a handkerchief new, love.' "

But, on behalf of the bride, the women answered in the same way as at first.

For twenty couplets, at least, the men enumerated all the wedding-presents, always mentioning something new

in the last line: a handsome apron, pretty ribbons, a cloth dress, laces, a golden cross, and even a hundred pins to complete the modest list of wedding-presents. The refusal of the women could not be shaken, but at length the men decided to speak of

" 'A good husband, too, love.' "

And the women answered, turning toward the bride and singing in unison with the men:

" 'Open the door, true love,
Open the door;
Here's a sweetheart for you, love,
Pray let us enter, too, love.' "

Immediately the hemp-dresser drew back the wooden bolt which barred the door within. At this time it was still the only fastening known in most of the dwellings of our hamlet. The groom's band burst into the bride's house, but not without a struggle; for the young men quartered within, and even the old hemp-dresser and the gossips, made it their duty to defend the hearth. The spit-bearer, upheld by his supporters, had to plant the roast before the fireplace. It was a regular battle, although people abstained from striking, and there was no anger shown in this struggle. But everybody was pushing and shoving so hard, and there was so much playful pride in this display of muscular strength, that the results might well have been serious, although they did not appear so across the laughs and songs. The poor old hemp-dresser, fighting like a lion, was pinned to the wall and squeezed by the crowd until his breath almost left him. More than one champion was upset and trodden under foot involuntarily; more than one hand, jammed against the spit, was covered with blood.

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The great spit was twisted like a screw beneath the strong fists which fought for it. A pistol-shot set fire to a small quantity of hemp arranged in sheaves and laid on a wicker shelf near the ceiling. This incident created

a diversion, and while some of the company crowded about to extinguish the sparks, the grave-digger, who had climbed unbeknown into the garret, came down the chimney and seized the spit, at the very moment when the ox-driver, who was defending it near the hearth, raised it above his head to prevent it from being torn away. Some time before the attack, the women had taken the precaution to put out the fire lest in the struggle somebody should fall in and get burned. The jocular grave-digger, in league with the ox-driver, grasped the trophy and tossed it easily across the andirons. It was done! Nobody might interfere. The grave-digger sprang to the middle of the room and lighted a few wisps of straw, which he placed about the spit under pretense of cooking the roast, for the goose was in pieces and the floor was strewn with its scattered fragments.

Then there was a great deal of laughter and much boastful dispute. Everybody showed the marks of the blows he had received, and as it was often a friend's hand that had struck them, there was no word of complaint nor of quarreling. The hemp-dresser, half flattened out, kept rubbing the small of his back and saying that, although it made small difference to him, he protested against the ruse of his friend, the grave-digger, and that if he had not been half dead, the hearth had never been captured so easily. The women swept the floor and order was restored. The table was covered with jugs of new wine. When the contestants had drunk together and taken breath, the bridegroom was led to the middle of the chamber, and, armed with a wand, he was obliged to submit to a fresh trial.

During the struggle, the bride and three of her companions had been hidden by her mother, godmother, and aunts, who had made the four girls sit down in a remote corner of the room while they covered them with a large white cloth. Three friends of Marie's height, with caps of a uniform size, were chosen, so that when they were enveloped from head to toe by the cloth it was impossible to tell them apart.

The bridegroom might not touch them, except with the tip of his staff, and then merely to designate which he thought to be his wife. They allowed him time enough to make an examination with no other help than his eyes afforded, and the women, placed on either side, kept zealous watch lest cheating should occur. Should he guess wrong, he might not dance with his bride, but only with her he had chosen by mistake.

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After ten minutes' hesitation, Germain shut his eyes, commended his soul to God, and stretched out the wand at random. It touched the forehead of little Marie, who cast the cloth from her, and shouted with triumph. Then it was his right to kiss her, and lifting her in his strong arms, he bore her to the middle of the room, where together they opened the dance, which lasted until two in the morning. The company separated to meet again at eight. As many people had come from the country round, and as there were not beds enough for everybody, each of the village maidens took to her bed two or three other girls, while the men spread themselves pell-mell on the hay in the barn-loft. You can imagine well that they had little sleep, for they did nothing but wrestle and joke, and tell foolish stories. Properly, there were three sleepless nights at weddings, and these we cannot regret.

At the time appointed for departure, when they had partaken of milk-soup, seasoned with a strong dose of pepper to stimulate the appetite—for the wedding-feast gave promise of great bounty—the guests assembled in the farm-yard. Since our parish had been abolished, we had to go half a league from home to receive the marriage blessing. It was cool and pleasant weather, but the roads were in such wretched condition that everybody was on horseback, and each man took a companion on his crupper, whether she were young or old. Germain started on the gray, and the mare, well-groomed, freshly shod, and decked out with ribbons, pranced about and snorted fire from her nostrils. The husbandman went to the cottage for his bride in company with his brother-

in-law, Jacques, who rode the old gray, and carried Mother Guillette on the crupper, while Germain returned to the farm-yard in triumph, holding his dear little wife before him. Then the merry cavalcade set out, escorted by the children, who ran ahead and fired off their pistols to make the horses jump. Mother Maurice was seated in a small cart, with Germain's three children and the fiddlers. They led the march to the sound of their instruments.

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There was a crowd at the door of the town hall and another at the church to see the pretty bride. Why should we not tell about her dress? it became her so well. Her muslin cap, without spot and covered with embroidery, had lappets trimmed with lace. At that time peasant women never allowed a single lock to be seen, and, although they conceal beneath their caps splendid coils of hair tied up with tape to hold the coif in place, even to-day it would be thought a scandal and a shame for them to show themselves bareheaded to men.

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Marie's white scarf, modestly crossed over her breast, left visible only the soft curves of a neck rounded like a turtle-dove's; her home-made cloth gown of myrtle-green outlined her pretty figure, which looked already perfect, yet which must still grow and develop, for she was but seventeen. She wore an apron of violet silk with the bib our peasant women were so foolish as to suppress, which added so much elegance and decency to the breast. Nowadays they display their scarfs more proudly, but there is no longer in their dress that delicate flower of the purity of long ago, which made them look like Holbein's virgins. They are more forward and more profuse in their courtesies. The good old custom used to be a kind of staid reserve which made their rare smile deeper and more ideal.

During the offertory, after the fashion of the day, Germain placed the "thirteen"—that is to say, thirteen pieces of silver—in his bride's hand. He slipped over

her finger a silver ring of a form unchanged for centuries, but which is replaced for henceforth by the golden wedding-ring.

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They mounted and returned very quickly to Belair. The feast was bountiful, and, mingled with songs and dances, it lasted until midnight. For fourteen hours the old people did not leave the table. The grave-digger did the cooking, and did it very well. He was celebrated for this, and he would leave his fire to come in and dance and sing before and after every course.

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Now we come to the third day of the wedding, the most curious of all, which is kept to-day in all its vigor.

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Just as the ceremony of the wedding favors is a symbol that the heart and home of the bride are won, that of the cabbage is a symbol of the fruitfulness of marriage. When breakfast is over on the day after the wedding, this fantastic representation begins. Originally of Gallic derivation, it has passed through primitive Christianity, and little by little it has become a kind of mystery, or droll morality-play of the Middle Ages.

Two boys, the merriest and most intelligent of the company, disappear from breakfast, and after costuming themselves, return escorted by dogs, children, and pistol-shots. They represent a pair of beggars—husband and wife—dressed in rags. The husband is the filthier of the two; it is vice which has brought him so low; the wife is unhappy and degraded only through the misdeeds of her husband.

They are called the gardener and the gardener's wife, and they pretend it is their duty to guard and care for the sacred cabbage. The husband has several names, each with a meaning. Sometimes they call him the "scarecrow," because his head is covered with straw or hemp, and because his legs and a portion of his body are surrounded with straw to hide his nakedness, ill concealed by his rags. He has also a great belly, or hump, con-

structed of straw or hay underneath his blouse. Then he is known as the "ragamuffin," on account of his covering of rags. Lastly he is termed the "infidel," and this is most significant of all, because by his cynicism and his debauchery he is supposed to typify the opposite of every Christian virtue.

He comes with his face all smeared with soot and the lees of wine, and sometimes made yet more hideous by a grotesque mask. An earthenware cup, notched and broken, or an old sabot attached to his girdle by a cord, shows that he has come to beg for alms of wine. Nobody refuses him, and he pretends to drink; then he pours the wine on the ground by way of libation. At every step he falls, rolls in the mud, and feigns to be a prey to the most shameful drunkenness. His poor wife runs after him, picks him up, calls for help, arranges his hempen locks, which struggle forth in unkempt wisps from beneath his filthy hat, sheds tears over her husband's degradation, and pours forth pathetic reproaches.

"Wretched man," she cries, "see the misery to which your wickedness has brought us. I have to spend all my time sewing and working for you, mending your clothes. You tear and bedraggle yourself incessantly. You have eaten up all my little property; our six children lie on straw, and we are living in a stable with the beasts. Here we are forced to beg for alms, and, besides, you are so ugly and vile and despicable that very soon they will be tossing us bread as if we were dogs. Ah, my poor people, take pity on us! Take pity on me! I haven't deserved my lot, and never had woman a more dirty and detestable husband. Help me to pick him up, else the wagons will run over him as they run over broken bottles, and I shall be a widow, and that will end by killing me with grief, though all the world says it would be an excellent riddance for me."

Such is the part of the gardener's wife, and her continued lamentations last during the entire play. For it is a genuine spontaneous comedy acted on the spur of the moment in the open air, along the roads and across

the fields, aided by every chance occurrence that presents itself. Everybody shares in the acting, people within the wedding-party and people without, wayfarers and dwellers in houses, for three or four hours of the day, as we shall see. The theme is always the same, but the variations are infinite; and it is here that we can see the instinct of mimicry, the abundance of droll ideas, the fluency, the wit at repartee, and even the natural eloquence of our peasants.

The rôle of gardener's wife is intrusted commonly to a slender man, beardless and fresh of face, who can give a great appearance of truth to his personification and plays the burlesque despair naturally enough to make people sad and glad at once, as they are in real life. These thin, beardless men are not rare among us, and, strangely enough, they are sometimes most remarkable for their muscular strength.

When the wife's misfortunes have been explained, the young men of the company try to persuade her to leave her drunken husband and to amuse herself with them. They offer her their arms and drag her away. Little by little she gives way; her spirits rise, and she begins to run about, first with one and then with another, and grows more scandalous in her behavior: a fresh "morality;" the ill-conduct of the husband excites and aggravates the evil in the wife.

Then the "infidel" wakes from his drunkenness. He looks about for his companion, arms himself with a rope and a stick, and rushes after her. They make him run, they hide, they pass the wife from one to another, they try to divert her attention and to deceive her jealous spouse. His friends try to get him drunk. At length he catches his unfaithful wife, and wishes to beat her. What is truest and most carefully portrayed in this play is that the jealous husband never attacks the men who carry off his wife. He is very polite and prudent with them, and wishes only to take vengeance on the sinning woman, because she is supposed to be too feeble to offer resistance.

At the moment, however, when he raises his stick and prepares his cord to strike the delinquent, all the men in the party interpose and throw themselves between husband and wife.

"Don't strike her! Never strike your wife," is the formula repeated to satiety during these scenes. They disarm the husband, and force him to pardon and to kiss his wife, and soon he pretends to love her better than ever. He walks along, his arm linked in hers, singing and dancing until, in a new access of drunkenness, he rolls upon the ground, and then begin all over again the lamentations of the wife, her discouragements, her pretended unfaithfulness, her husband's jealousy, the interference of the neighbors, and the reconciliation.

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When this farce is well under way, people make ready to hunt for the cabbage. They bring a stretcher and place upon it the "infidel," armed with a spade, a cord, and a large basket. Four powerful men raise him on their shoulders. His wife follows on foot, and after her come the "elders" in a body with serious and thoughtful looks; then the wedding-march begins by couples to a step tuned to music. Pistol-shots begin anew, and dogs bark louder than ever at the sight of the filthy "infidel" borne aloft in triumph. The children swing incense in derision with sabots fastened at the end of a cord.

But why this ovation to an object so repulsive? They are marching to the capture of the sacred cabbage, emblem of the fruitfulness of marriage, and it is this drunkard alone who can bear the symbolic plant in his hand. Doubtless, there is in it a pre-Christian mystery which recalls the Saturnalian feasts or some rout of the Bacchanals. Perhaps this "infidel," who is, at the same time, pre-eminently a gardener, is none other than Priapus himself, god of gardens and of drunkenness, a divinity who must have been pure and serious in his origin as is the mystery of birth, but who has been de-

graded bit by bit through license of manners and distraction of thought.

However this may be, the triumphal procession arrives at the bride's house, and enters the garden. Then they select the choicest cabbage, and this is not done very quickly, for the old people keep consulting and disputing interminably, each one pleading for the cabbage he thinks most suitable. They put it to vote, and when the choice is made the gardener fastens his cord to the stalk, and moves away as far as the size of the garden permits. The gardener's wife takes care that the sacred vegetable shall not be hurt in its fall. The wits of the wedding, the hemp-dresser, the grave-digger, the carpenter, and the sabot-maker, form a ring about the cabbage, for men who do not till the soil, but pass their lives in other people's houses, are thought to be, and are really, wittier and more talkative than simple farm-hands. One digs, with a spade, a ditch deep enough to uproot an oak. Another places on his nose a pair of wooden or card-board spectacles. He fulfills the duties of "engineer," walks up and down, constructs a plan, stares at the workmen through his glasses, plays the pedant, cries out that everything will be spoiled, has the work stopped and begun afresh as his fancy directs, and makes the whole performance as long and ridiculous as he can. This is an addition to the formula of an ancient ceremony held in mockery of theorists in general, for peasants despise them royally, or from hatred of the surveyors who decide boundaries and regulate taxes, or of the workmen employed on bridges and causeways, who transform commons into highways, and suppress old abuses which the peasants love. Be this as it may, this character in the comedy is called the "geometrician," and does his best to make himself unbearable to those who are toiling with pickaxe and shovel.

After a quarter of an hour spent in mummery, and difficulties raised in order to avoid cutting the roots, and to transplant the cabbage without injury, while shovelfuls of dirt are tossed into the faces of the onlookers—so

much the worse for him who does not retreat in time, for were he bishop or prince he must receive the baptism of earth—the "infidel" pulls the rope, the "infidel's wife" holds her apron, and the cabbage falls majestically amidst the applause of the spectators. Then a basket is brought, and the "infidel" pair plant the cabbage therein with every care and precaution. They surround it with fresh earth, and support it with sticks and strings, such as city florists use for their splendid potted camellias; they fix red apples to the points of the sticks, and twist sprigs of thyme, sage, and laurel all about them; they bedeck the whole with ribbons and streamers; they place the trophy upon the stretcher with the "infidel," whose duty it is to maintain its equilibrium and preserve it from harm; and, at length, they move away from the garden in good order and in marching step.

But when they are about to pass the gate, and again when they enter the yard of the bridegroom's house an imaginary obstacle blocks the way. The bearers of the burden stagger, utter loud cries, retreat, advance once more, and, as though crushed by a resistless force, they pretend to sink beneath its weight. While this is going on, the bystanders shout loudly, exciting and steadying this human team.

"Slowly, slowly, my child. There, there courage! Look out! Be patient! Lower your head; the door is too low! Close up; it's too narrow! A little more to the left; now to the right; on with you; don't be afraid; you're almost there."

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The triumphant and toilsome entry of the cabbage into the house is a symbol of the prosperity and fruitfulness it represents. Safe within the bridegroom's yard, the cabbage is taken from its stretcher and borne to the topmost peak of the house or barn. Whether it be a chimney, a gable, or a dove-cot that crowns the roof, the burden must, at any risk, be carried to the very highest point of the building. The "infidel" accompanies it as far as this, sets it down securely, and waters it with a

great pitcher of wine, while a salvo of pistol-shots and demonstrations of joy from the "infidel's wife" proclaim its inauguration.

Without delay, the same ceremony is repeated all over again. Another cabbage is dug from the garden of the husband and is carried with the same formalities and laid upon the roof which his wife has deserted to follow him. These trophies remain in their places until the wind and the rain destroy the baskets and carry away the cabbage. Yet their lives are long enough to give some chance of fulfillment to the prophecies which the old men and women make with bows and courtesies.

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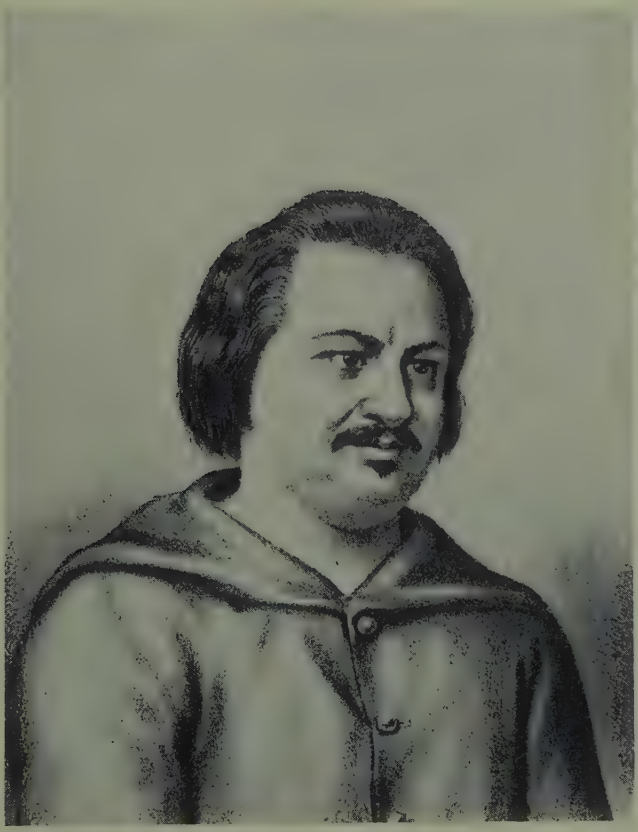
The day is already far gone when all these things are accomplished. All that remains undone is to take home the godfathers and godmothers of the newly married couple. When the so-called parents dwell at a distance, they are accompanied by the music and the whole wedding procession as far as the limits of the parish; there they dance anew on the high road, and everybody kisses them good-bye. The "infidel" and his wife are then washed and dressed decently, if the fatigue of their parts has not already driven them away to take a nap.

V. Balzac. For nearly thirty years Honore de Balzac (1799–1850) labored sedulously to acquire fame and a competence through his writing, but with little success until, with the publication of *Le Dernier Chouan*, now known as *The Chouans,* he sprang into public favor. Thereafter for twenty years, with still more unremitting labor, he produced his wonderful novels, filled with living characters faithfully portrayed. The son of a humble, but well-to-do bourgeois family, he was sent to good schools, but showed no particular aptitude for study, though he must have read extensively even in

his boyhood. Designed for the law by his father, he soon abandoned the profession and at twenty betook himself to Paris and began his career. The fierceness of his labors after he found himself popular has never been exceeded. No fewer than eighty-five novels, each a profound study of human character, were written, and in them a world of about two thousand men and women sprang into existence and became his daily companions. To say that he lived with his characters is putting it mildly; the labors which he performed in time broke down even his iron constitution, and he died from overwork. He had friends outside of his books, and one of them, Madame Hanska, with whom he had been in love for many years, he married shortly before his death. His habits of life were strict and rarely varied. Retiring at six in the evening, he rose at midnight and for twelve hours under the stimulus of strong coffee, covered page after page of manuscript. The afternoons he spent in reading and limited exercise, only to retire again when six o'clock came. Apropos of the manner in which his work absorbed him are the following words from Sainte-Beuve:

I have said that he was intoxicated as it were with his work; and indeed, from his youth up, he never came out of it, he lived in it. This world, which he had half observed, half created in every sense; those characters of every class and every quality whom he had endowed with life, became confounded in his eyes with the world and the characters of real life, which were hardly more than a weak copy of his own. He saw them, he talked



BALZAC
1799–1850

with them, he would cite them at every opportunity as persons of his intimacy and yours; he had so powerfully and distinctly created them in flesh and bone, that once posed and put into action, they and he never separated: all these personages surrounded him, and, in moments of enthusiasm, began to form a circle around him and drag him away into that immense dance of the Human Comedy, the mere sight of which makes one dizzy in passing, as it made him dizzy first of all.

There is something coarse in the genius and the writings of this great man, who, a realist in the general acceptance of the term, had withal a most romantic mind, and his novels are a production of this double tendency. He was as interested in the surroundings of his characters as he was in themselves, for he felt the importance of environment in the development of human nature; his descriptions of the rooms, the houses, the daily life of the imaginary friends, are minute and no less convincing than his psychological analysis of the persons themselves. Though he intensely disliked the peasant and bourgeois type and showed his admiration for people of position, yet his most realistic characters are drawn from the classes he held in such detestation. Perhaps his greatest weakness is to be found in his women, particularly young women, whom he frequently tried to portray, but never with distinguished success.

After he had produced a number of novels of various types, he conceived the tremendous idea of portraying human life in all its conditions and manifestations. So vast an under-

taking could be accomplished by no human being, but he reclassified his novels, wrote others on a variety of topics, and carried out the immense project farther than would seem possible. The novels of his stupendous plan, the *Comedie Humaine* (*Human Comedy*), he classifies under such heads as scenes of private life, scenes of life in the provinces, of Parisian life, of political, military and rural life, and philosophical studies. What we have said previously about the number of the characters in his world shows the marvelous progress he had made toward the realization of his impossible plan. That he was a genius no one denies, and if he was remorseless, coarse in his treatment, and if he heartlessly exposed the sordid side of life, his aim was moral, and the effect of his tales cannot be criticized. At least, that statement is true of all except the *Contes Drolatiques* (*Droll Stories*), a collection of short and vulgar but amusing stories after the manner of Rabelais of the sixteenth century, which gained a wide popularity and have no apparent connection with the rest of his work.

Among his masterpieces may be named *Le Peau de Chagrin* (*The Wild Ass's Skin*), *Eugenie Grandet, La Recherche de l' Absolu* (*The Search for the Absolute*), *Le Pere Goriot* (*Old Goriot*), *Illusions Perdues* (*Lost Illusions*), *La Cousine Betty* and *Cousin Pons*. While these are usually accepted as his masterpieces, different individuals might find among the long list of novels others which would suit their

temperaments better. It is, of course, impossible to give any idea of what Balzac accomplished or of the stories themselves, but some idea of his style may be gained from the following extract from the short story, *Doomed to Live* (*El Verdugo*):

Victor Marchand, a French officer stationed in a Spanish town, is attending a dance in the castle of the Marquis de Leganes, where he has become attached to Clara, the daughter of the house, and has learned to feel friendship for all its members. In spite of military prohibition, the Spaniards had plotted to receive their English allies, whose ships appear, attack and murder the small French garrison, excepting Marchand, who is assisted to escape by Clara. The attack is ill supported, and the French soldiers return and take a terrible revenge on the town; the General seizes the whole family of Leganes and condemns them to death. After Marchand has visited them in prison, he returns to the General. The story continues:

"I have come," said he, in a voice broken with emotion, "to ask you a favor."

"You?" said the General, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" replied Victor, "it is but a melancholy errand that I am come on. The Marques has seen the gallows being erected, and expresses a hope that you will change the mode of execution for his family; he entreats you to have the nobles beheaded."

"So be it!" said the General.

"They further ask you to allow them the last consolations of religion, and to take off their bonds; they promise not to attempt to escape."

"I consent," said the General; "but you must be answerable for them."

"The old man also offers you the whole of his fortune if you will pardon his young son."

"Really!" said the General. "His goods already belong to King Joseph; he is under arrest." His brow contracted scornfully, then he added: "I will go beyond what they ask. I understand now the importance of the last request. Well, let him buy the eternity of his name, but Spain shall remember forever his treachery and its punishment. I give up the fortune and his life to whichever of his sons will fulfill the office of executioner. Go, and do not speak to me of it again."

Dinner was ready, and the officers sat down to table to satisfy appetites sharpened by fatigue.

One of them only, Victor Marchand, was not present at the banquet. He hesitated for a long time before he entered the room. The haughty family of Leganes were in their agony. He glanced sadly at the scene before him; in this very room, only the night before, he had watched the fair heads of those two young girls and those three youths as they circled in the excitement of the dance. He shuddered when he thought how soon they must fall, struck off by the sword of the headsman. Fastened to their gilded chairs, the father and mother, their three sons, and their two young daughters, sat absolutely motionless. Eight serving-men stood upright before them, their hands bound behind their backs. These fifteen persons looked at each other gravely, their eyes scarcely betraying the thoughts that surged within them. Only profound resignation and regret for the failure of their enterprise left any mark upon the features of some of them. The soldiers stood likewise motionless, looking at them, and respecting the affliction of their cruel enemies. An expression of curiosity lit up their faces when Victor appeared. He gave the order to unbind the condemned, and went himself to loose the cords which fastened Clara to her chair. She smiled sadly. He could not refrain from touching her arm, and looking with admiring eyes

at her black locks and graceful figure. She was a true Spaniard; she had the Spanish complexion and the Spanish eyes, with their long curled lashes and pupils blacker than the raven's wing.

"Have you been successful?" she said, smiling upon him mournfully with somewhat of the charm of girlhood still lingering in her eyes.

Victor could not suppress a groan. He looked one after the other at Clara and her three brothers. One, the eldest, was aged thirty; he was small, even somewhat ill made, with a proud, disdainful look, but there was a certain nobleness in his bearing; he seemed no stranger to the delicacy of feeling which elsewhere has rendered the chivalry of Spain so famous. His name was Juanito. The second, Felipe, was aged about twenty; he was like Clara. The youngest was eight, Manuel; a painter would have found in his features a trace of that Roman steadfastness which David has given to children's faces in his episodes of the Republic. The old Marques, his head still covered with white locks, seemed to have come forth from a picture of Murillo. The young officer shook his head. When he looked at them, he was hopeless that he would ever see the bargain proposed by the General accepted by either of the four; nevertheless he ventured to impart it to Clara. At first she shuddered, Spaniard though she was; then, immediately recovering her calm demeanor, she went and knelt down before her father.

"Father," she said, "make Juanito swear to obey any orders you give him, and we shall be content."

The Marquesa trembled with hope; but when she leant towards her husband, and heard—she who was a mother—the horrible confidence whispered by Clara, she swooned away. Juanito understood all; he leapt up like a lion in its cage. After obtaining an assurance of perfect submission from the Marques, Victor took upon himself to send away the soldiers. The servants were led out, handed over to the executioner, and hanged. When the family had no guard but Victor to watch them, the old father rose and said, "Juanito."

Juanito made no answer, except by a movement of the head, equivalent to a refusal; then he fell back in his seat, and stared at his parents with eyes dry and terrible to look upon. Clara went and sat on his knee, put her arm round his neck, and kissed his eyelids.

"My dear Juanito," she said gayly, "if thou didst only know how sweet death would be to me if it were given by thee, I should not have to endure the odious touch of the headsman's hands. Thou wilt cure me of the woes that were in store for me—and, dear Juanito, thou couldst not bear to see me belong to another, well——" Her soft eyes cast one look of fire at Victor, as if to awaken in Juanito's heart his horror of the French.

"Have courage," said his brother Felipe, "or else our race, that has almost given kings to Spain, will be extinct."

Suddenly Clara rose, the group which had formed round Juanito separated, and his son, dutiful in his disobedience, saw his aged father standing before him, and heard him cry in a solemn voice, "Juanito, I command thee."

The young Count remained motionless. His father fell on his knees before him; Clara, Manuel, and Felipe did the same instinctively. They all stretched out their hands to him as to one who was to save their family from oblivion; they seemed to repeat their father's words—"My son, hast thou lost the energy, the true chivalry of Spain? How long wilt thou leave thy father on his knees? What right hast thou to think of thine own life and its suffering? Madam, is this a son of mine?" continued the old man, turning to his wife.

"He consents," cried she, in despair. She saw a movement in Juanito's eyelids, and she alone understood its meaning.

Mariquita, the second daughter, still knelt on her knees, and clasped her mother in her fragile arms; her little brother Manuel, seeing her weeping hot tears, began to chide her. At this moment the almoner of the

castle came in; he was immediately surrounded by the rest of the family and brought to Juanito. Victor could bear this scene no longer; he made a sign to Clara, and hastened away to make one last effort with the General. He found him in high good-humor in the middle of the banquet; they were beginning to make merry.

An hour later a hundred of the principal inhabitants of Menda came up to the terrace, in obedience to the General's orders, to witness the execution of the family of Leganes. A detachment of soldiers was drawn up to keep back the Spanish burghers who were ranged under the gallows on which the servants of the Marques still hung. The feet of these martyrs almost touched their heads. Thirty yards from them a block had been set up, and by it gleamed a scimitar. The headsman also was present, in case of Juanito's refusal. Presently, in the midst of the profoundest silence, the Spaniards heard the footsteps of several persons approaching, the measured tread of a company of soldiers, and the faint clinking of their muskets. These diverse sounds were mingled with the merriment of the officers' banquet; just as before it was the music of the dance which had concealed preparations for a treacherous massacre. All eyes were turned towards the castle; the noble family was seen advancing with incredible dignity. Every face was calm and serene; one man only leant, pale and haggard, on the arm of the priest. Upon this man he lavished all the consolations of religion—upon the only one of them doomed to live. The executioner understood, as did all the rest, that for that day Juanito had undertaken the office himself. The aged Marques and his wife, Clara, Mariquita and their two brothers, came and knelt down a few steps from the fatal spot. Juanito was led thither by the priest. As he approached the block the executioner touched him by the sleeve and drew him aside, probably to give him certain instructions.

The confessor placed the victims in such a position that they could not see the executioner; but like true Spaniards, they knelt erect without a sign of emotion.

Clara was the first to spring forward to her brother. "Juanito," she said, "have pity on my faint-heartedness; begin with me."

At that moment they heard the footsteps of a man running at full speed, and Victor arrived on the tragic scene. Clara was already on her knees, already her white neck seemed to invite the edge of the scimitar. A deadly pallor fell upon the officer, but he still found strength to run on.

"The General grants thee thy life if thou wilt marry me," he said to her in a low voice.

The Spaniard cast a look of proud disdain on the officer. "Strike, Juanito," she said, in a voice of profound meaning.

Her head rolled at Victor's feet. When the Marquesa heard the sound a convulsive start escaped her; this was the only sign of her affliction.

"Am I placed right so, dear Juanito?" little Manuel asked his brother.

"Ah, thou weepest, Mariquita!" said Juanito to his sister.

"Yes," answered the girl; "I was thinking of thee, my poor Juanito; thou wilt be so unhappy without us."

At length the noble figure of the Marques appeared. He looked at the blood of his children; then he turned to the spectators, who stood mute and motionless before him. He stretched out his hands to Juanito, and said in a firm voice: "Spaniards, I give my son a father's blessing. Now, *Marques,* strike without fear, as thou art without fault."

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, supported by the confessor, he groaned aloud, "She fed me at her own breast." His cry seemed to tear a shout of horror from the lips of the crowd. At this terrible sound the noise of the banquet and the laughter and merry-making of the officers died away. The Marquesa comprehended that Juanito's courage was exhausted. With one leap she had thrown herself over the balustrade, and her head was dashed to pieces against the rocks below. A shout

of admiration burst forth. Juanito fell to the ground in a swoon.

. . . . . .

In spite of the respect with which he is surrounded —in spite of the title of El Verdugo (the executioner), bestowed upon him as a title of nobility by the King of Spain—the Marques de Leganes is a prey to melancholy. He lives in solitude, and is rarely seen. Overwhelmed with the load of his glorious crime, he seems only to wait the birth of a second son, impatient to seek again the company of those Shades who are about his path continually.

VI. Conclusion. We have reached a point where probably it will be wise to conclude the extensive view which we have taken of French literature, for since the middle of the nineteenth century what has been done is too recent to be considered scientifically, and the accomplishments of France are so thoroughly cosmopolitan and so extensive that it is impossible to do them justice. In these later years she has had fully her share of great writers, whose work stands on an equality with that of any other nation. In lyric poetry Leconte de Lisle, Sully Prudhomme and Verlaine have led the van; in the drama the Younger Dumas and Augier have shed their light upon the stage; Taine and Renan, by their historical studies and keen criticisms, have given new views of history; Fromentin has been equally inspiring in the domain of art; Scherer, Brunetiere, Faguet and Lemaitre have led in criticism; the novelists, more active and more successful than the writers in any other department, have in-

cluded among their number Flaubert, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Eugene Sue, Zola, Daudet, Bourget, Pierre Loti, Anatole France and others, a galaxy of clever and enthusiastic writers which may well be the envy of other nations.

The last paragraph of Sainte-Beuve's article on Balzac may be a fitting conclusion to the present chapter and to this work:

Perhaps, over the grave of one of the most prolific of them, of the most inventive certainly that it has produced, now is the time to repeat that this literature has provided its school and had its day; it has given us its most powerful, almost gigantic talents; we may well believe now that the best part of its sap, both good and bad, is exhausted. Let it call a truce at least, let it take its repose; let it give society time to rest after its excesses, to settle down again to some sort of order, and to offer new pictures to other painters with a fresher inspiration. In latter years a terrible emulation and a furious sort of competition has begun amongst the most powerful men of this active, devouring, inflammatory literature. The fashion of publishing in feuilletons, which obliged the writer at every new chapter to deal a great blow at the reader, carried the effects and tones of the novel to an extreme, desperate diapason, which could not be sustained for any length of time. Let us recover a little. Whilst admiring some of the men who have turned their talents to account whilst lacking the conditions necessary for a better development, let us wish our future society to possess pictures not less vast, but more restful and comforting, and their painters a more reposeful life and inspirations not indeed more delicate, but more softened, more healthily natural and serene.

CHAPTER XXVII

CHRONOLOGY

IN the following summary a few leading historical events have been included with the names of authors, in order that the latter may be seen against the proper background:

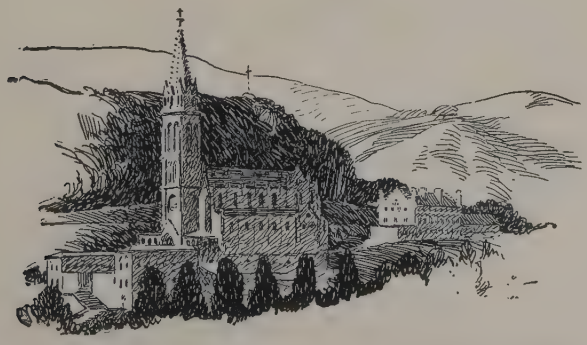
51 B. C.—Caesar conquered Gaul.
486 A. D.—Clovis ended Roman dominion.
732—Charles Martel defeated the Saracens.
751—End of the Merovingian line.
778—Battle of Roncesvalles, death of Roland.
800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor.
814—Death of Charlemagne.
842—Strasburg Oaths (oldest remains of French language).

987—Hugh Capet crowned.
1050 (about)—Redaction of oldest known French poem.
1108–1137—Reign of Louis VI.
1150 (about)—Probable date of *Chanson de Roland;* published in 1837.
Twelfth Century (latter part)—Chretien de Troyes.
Thirteenth Century—"Marie" of France; *The Lay of Graelent.*
1200—Geoffroy de Villehardouin: *Conquest of Constantinople.*
1224–1317—Jean, Sire de Joinville: *History of St. Louis.*
1226–1270—Reign of Louis IX (St. Louis).
1250—Jean de Meung (Jean Clopinel): *Roman de la Rose.*
1270 (about)—Guillaume de Lorris: *Roman de la Rose.*
1300 (about)—Oldest French manuscript of *Roman de Renard.*
1300—End of Provençal literature.
1337–1410—Jean Froissart.
1431—Joan of Arc burned at the stake.
1431—Birth of Francois Villon.
1447–1511—Phillippe de Commines.
1461–1483—Reign of Louis XI.
1490 (about)–1555 (about)—Francois Rabelais.
1492–1549—Margaret of Navarre.
1495–1545—Clement Marot.
1509–1564—John Calvin.
1515–1547—Reign of Francis I.

1524–1585—Pierre de Ronsard.
1525—The Renaissance was established in France.
1533–1592—Michel Eyquem, Seigneur de Montaigne.
1549—The Pleiade Group.
1572—Massacre of St. Bartholomew.
1585–1642—Cardinal Richelieu.
1589–1610—Reign of Henry of Navarre.
1596–1650—Rene Descartes.
1606–1684—Pierre Corneille.
1613–1680—La Rochefoucauld.
1621–1695—Jean de la Fontaine.
1622–1673—Jean Baptiste Pouquelin (Moliere).
1623–1662—Blaise Pascal.
1626–1696—Madame de Sevigne.
1627–1704—Jacques Benigne Bossuet.
1632–1704—Louis Bourdaloue.
1634—First meeting of the *Academie Française.*
1634–1696—Madame de La Fayette.
1636–1711—Nicolas Boileau (Despreaux).
1639–1699—Jean Racine.
1643–1715—Reign of Louis XIV.
1651–1715—Francois de Salignac de la Mothe-Fenelon.
1663–1743—Jean Baptiste Massillon.
1668–1747—Alain Rene Lesage.
1675–1745—Louis de Rouvroy, Duke de Saint-Simon.
1688–1763—Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux.

1689–1755—Charles de Secondat, Baron de la Brede et de Montesquieu.
1694–1778—Francois-Marie Arouet (Voltaire).
1697–1763—Antoine François Prevost d'Exiles.
1712–1778—Jean Jacques Rousseau.
1713–1773—Denys Diderot.
1732–1799—Pierre Augustin Caron (Beaumarchais).
1737–1814—Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.
1754–1821—Joseph Marie, Comte de Maistre.
1760–1825—Claude Henri de Rouvroy, Comte de Saint-Simon.
1762–1794—Andre Chenier.
1766–1817—Germaine Necker, Madame de Stael.
1768–1848—François-Rene de Chateaubriand.
1772–1837—François Marie Charles Fourier.
1774–1793—Reign of Louis XVI.
1782–1854—Hugues Felicite Robert de Lamennais.
1783–1842—Marie Henri Beyle (Stendahl).
1787–1874—François Pierre Guillaume Guizot.
1789—Fall of the Bastille.
1790–1869—Alphonse Marie-Louis de Prat de Lamartine.
1792—France proclaimed a Republic.
1792–1867—Victor Cousin.

1795–1856—Augustin Thierry.
1798–1857—Auguste Comte.
1798–1874—Jules Michelet.
1799–1863—Alfred Victor, Comte de Vigny.
1799–1850—Honore de Balzac.
1802–1885—Victor Marie Hugo.
1803–1870—Alexandre Dumas.
1804—Napoleon proclaimed Emperor.
1804–1869—Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve.
1804–1876—Armandine Lucile-Aurore Dupin (George Sand).
1809–1865—Joseph Pierre Proudhon.
1810–1857—Louis Charles Alfred de Musset.
1811–1872—Theophile Gautier.
1815—Napoleon banished to St. Helena.
1848—Second Republic established.
1870—War declared against Germany.
1871—Third Republic established.
1914—World War began.



CHURCH AT LOUDRES

GERMANY

GERMANY

CHAPTER I

HISTORY

GEOGRAPHICAL. The German Empire occupied the north central part of continental Europe; its northern boundaries were formed by Denmark and the Baltic Sea, and it had a limited outlook on the North Sea to the east of Denmark. Perhaps the most powerful nation in Europe at the outbreak of the World War in 1914, its size, both in point of area and population, was second only to Russia, having a population estimated at sixty-five millions. The southern two-thirds of the former Empire is high land, while the north-

ern third is a part of the great continental low plain. At the extreme south are the Alps of Switzerland; to the north are the secondary mountains or highlands, consisting principally of great plains, with short mountain ranges or groups. In its mountainous southern border may be seen one of the great natural forces which kept boundaries so long where they were. The most northern system of mountains has a general east and west direction through the middle of Germany and for nearly four hundred miles is broken only by the valley of the Elbe, which flows northeast into the North Sea. On the coast there are few good natural harbors.

Practically all the rivers excepting the Danube, in the southeastern part, flow north or northeast into the Baltic Sea or the North Sea. Beginning at the east, the great rivers are the Vistula, the Oder, the Elbe, the Weser and the Rhine. The lower waters of the last, however, pass through Holland. The Rhine and the Elbe are both navigable through the whole of Germany, and are commercially of enormous importance. There are nearly six thousand miles of navigable waters in the interior, which is also well supplied with lakes.

The climate varies, as would be expected, according to the latitude, although the elevation in the south neutralizes to a certain extent its position. In wealth, in manufactures, in intellectual progress and enlightenment, Germany was one of the greatest nations of the

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world, and naturally her literature is of extreme interest outside her own borders.

II. The Early German Peoples. In considering her literature, however, the boundaries of Germany cannot be too rigidly followed, for there must be included all works in the modern High German language, whether written within her boundaries or not. When the Roman Empire was at its height, that portion of Europe lying to the north of the Rhine and the Danube and west of the Vistula and the Dnieper was inhabited by various German tribes, the names of at least nine of which are familiar to the students of literature: The Angles, Jutes and Saxons occupied the peninsula of Jutland; the Lombards, Burgundians and Vandals lived along the lower reaches of the Elbe, the Oder and the Vistula; the Ostrogoths (Eastern Goths) resided north of the Black Sea, between the Dniester and the Dnieper; the Visigoths (Western Goths) occupied the lands north of the Danube and west of the Carpathians; the Franks, destined to become the dominating German people, lived along the lower Rhine.

Broken up into many tribes, lacking definite organization, each independent under its own ruler, the German people, living in rude villages practically without defense and dressed in skins of animals or coarse home-made cloths, gained subsistence principally by fishing and hunting. Until the time of Wulfila, about 381, they had no alphabet, and their only means of

written communication were runes, which consisted of symbols, each one of which was named for the object whose name began with the sound represented by the rune. War was their principal occupation, and terrifying, indeed, they appeared to the Romans, who were not a little awed by the flashing blue eyes and tall, massive frames of their savage neighbors.

III. Myths and Legends. The mythology or religion of the early Germans has been handed down to us in the songs of the Skalds, as the native Norse poets were called, and the gods and early myths are better studied in connection with the literature of Scandinavia, to which we refer the interested reader.

Born to a life of adventure, the Germans' love for heroic deeds was inherent, and from the earliest times legends and songs were handed down from father to son through centuries. Volsung, Sigi and Rerir were among their earliest heroes, while later Siegmund, Siegfried, Hagen and Gunther appear, with whose deeds we will become familiar when we study the *Nibelungenlied*. As the military system was wholly voluntary and men gave their allegiance to the person who seemed most competent to lead them successfully, there was no close organization, and the rulers of the more powerful tribes acted independently of one another.

IV. The Conquest of Rome. These wild German tribes had great intellectual capacity, and when they came in contact with the Ro-

mans they were able to absorb their civilization and adopt the arts and sciences of the race they had conquered. Moreover, at the time when they began their attacks upon the Romans, the latter were debilitated by their luxurious lives, and the process of disintegration had begun. Long before the conquest was completed, many of the best of the German soldiers found their way into the ranks of the Romans and rose to influential position. By the fourth century, when the Roman Empire had become nominally Christian, the Germans of the south had been converted to the same religion, which spread rapidly among the tribes to the north. Although the Germans were not a trading people by nature, yet Roman commerce came among them, and they learned of the fertile lands to the south. Invited by these and crowded by the Slavs, who were pushing eastward from the Russian plains, the Germans began to enter Italy and prepare for the conquest that was inevitable.

By the middle of the fifth century the Roman Empire was confined to Italy, and about this time Odoacer, the leading Teutonic chieftain, overthrew Romulus Augustus and took upon himself the government of Italy, but was content to rule it as a province of the Eastern Empire, with the title of Patrician of Italy. He fixed his residence at Ravenna, and this city remained the capital of Italy for many years.

V. Fate of the Early German Tribes. The followers of Odoacer were essentially barbarians and a constant menace to other provinces of the Empire. Theodoric had been reared in the court at Constantinople and had acquired the culture of the East, when in 476 he became King of the Ostrogoths, then living in Pannonia. Having offered his services to the Emperor of the East, he was permitted to occupy Italy with his Goths, and the entire nation swept into the peninsula, vanquished Odoacer and established itself for sixty years. Theodoric's rule was wise and intelligent. He beautified Ravenna and at the time of his death was in a fair way to establish a great kingdom in Italy. However, at the accession of Justinian, that Emperor sent his famous general Belisarius thither, and he drove the Ostrogoths from Italy and so thoroughly broke up the tribe that its remnants were absorbed by other German units.

The Visigoths, who, under their ruler Alaric, in the early part of the fifth century had terrified Italy and sacked Rome, had been given extensive territories in Gaul, but when the Franks expelled them from that territory they took refuge in Spain, where after a rule of about three hundred years they were exterminated by the Saracens.

By the end of the third century the Burgundians had given up their home on the Oder and, moving eastward to the Rhine, had early in the fifth century settled in the city of

Worms, on that river. Later they moved southward and westward and established a kingdom which, conquered by the Franks, became the province of Burgundy in France.

Toward the end of the sixth century another German nation, the Lombards, invaded Northern Italy and established themselves with Pavia for their capital, whence they ruled Italy for more than two centuries.

Again, in the fourth century, the Angles, Saxons and Jutes began marauding expeditions upon the coast of Britain, and in the latter part of the fifth century, after the Roman troops had been withdrawn, conquered the island.

VI. The Franks. The Goths and the other Germanic tribes which we have mentioned were of the wandering class that never established themselves permanently anywhere, but the Franks, on the other hand, who held to their possessions on the lower Rhine, added to them little by little and in time brought other Germanic tribes under subjection and established the modern governments of France and Germany.

The first important dynasty of Frankish kings is known as the Merovingian line, from Merovius, who aided in defeating Attila the Hun at Châlons in A. D. 451, but Clovis, his grandson, is usually regarded as the real founder. Under his rule the Salian (seacoast) Franks were converted to Christianity, the borders of his realm were widely extended, and

an alliance was formed with the Popes which materially aided his sway. It was customary for the Franks at the death of their leader to elect the best man to fill the place, and this brought on a succession of quarrels which lasted till A. D. 751, when the Merovingians were overthrown, and the Carolingian dynasty was established.

VII. CHARLEMAGNE. Pepin the Short, the first of the Carolingian dynasty, confided his kingdom to his two sons, Carloman and Charles, and in 768 they began to rule the divided kingdom. About three years later Carloman died, and Charles, known to history in France as Charlemagne and in Germany as Charles the Great, began the extraordinary career of conquest and intelligent rule which made his name the greatest of the epoch and united in one Empire practically all of continental Europe, which he considered as a re-establishment of the Western Roman Empire, and of which he was crowned Emperor by Pope Leo at Rome, in A. D. 800.

In considering the history of France we have discussed at length the reign of Charlemagne, his methods of government, his religious and educational reforms and his place in history. It must be remembered now that he was as much the emperor of the Germans as of the French, and that it was only after his death that the two great nations began to draw apart.

Charles the Great was succeeded by his only surviving son, Louis, who, after a somewhat

disastrous reign, left the Empire at the time of his death to be the subject of contention between his three sons and his grandson. In the year 843 the treaty of Verdun was made, an agreement which broke up the Empire and proved to be one of the most lasting of agreements in its influence upon the nations of Europe. Under this compact the lands were divided into three strips lying north and south, of which Louis of Bavaria took the easternmost, including practically all of the Teutonic lands east of the Rhine, while to Charles fell the district to the west, the germ of modern France. Lothaire ruled over the central and southern strip, including the cities of Aachen and Rome, and retained the title of Emperor. Lothaire's domain came to be the subject of continual disputes between the rival nations, some of which disagreements remain unsettled at the present time.

VIII. The Holy Roman Empire. Louis ruled Germany for thirty-three years, on the whole successfully, and accomplished much in the unification of his kingdom. While France was already in the death grip with the Vikings, Louis attacked her king, Charles the Bald, without apparent provocation, and these acts are something of a stain upon his memory. In 882 Charles the Fat fell heir to the whole kingdom, and by force of circumstances found practically all the Empire that had obeyed Charles the Great once more beneath a single scepter, but he was too weak and slug-

gish to control the situation, and after three years the German subjects, headed by Arnulf, a descendant of Carloman, deposed him.

The Germans hailed Arnulf as their King, and in 896 he was crowned Emperor. In his son the Carolingian line died out, and the Germans elected Conrad of Franconia, in whose reign began the struggle against the great feudal princes, which continued throughout the Middle Ages. From this time on dynasties changed frequently, owing to the elective system which prevailed. At the death of Conrad, Henry I, Duke of Saxony, the most powerful subject of Conrad, was chosen King, and under his iron hand the nobles were whipped into submission, the Hungarians were driven back, many castles were constructed for defense, and a powerful army of light cavalry was established. In 936, having extended his domain by the conquest of Lorraine, he was succeeded by his son Otto, another powerful King, who, having made his power at home more secure, found himself able to gratify his ambition to gain the imperial crown. Taking advantage of weaknesses that were apparent in Lombardy, he entered Pavia, its capital, and assumed the crown of Italy. Having gained the interest of the Pope, he was in 962 crowned Emperor of Rome in St. Peter's Cathedral, and thus, in theory at least, became the successor of Augustus, Constantine and Charles the Great, though his Empire comprised only Germany and northern Italy.

Known officially as the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, the Christian world nevertheless regarded Otto as ruler by divine authority, and from that time on it was assumed that the German king had a right to the imperial crown if he would go to Rome to receive it at the hands of the Pope. In this manner was established that remarkable connection between Germany and Italy which was so important a factor in medieval history. Peace and prosperity followed the rule of Otto, who, aided by his brother, Bruno, the archbishop of Cologne, made the royal palace the center of intellectual life and inaugurated a great religious revival, which extended far beyond the borders of the German nation. Otto the Great died in 973, and was buried in the cathedral at Magdeburg. He is still regarded as a thoroughly patriotic German, whose sole ambition was to make his people stronger as a nation.

The successors of Otto were not his equal, and the imperial rule slowly diminished in power. Otto III, a pious man, not too confident in his own wisdom, called together such of his vassals as he wished in diets or councils, where they considered methods of rule. With the death of Henry II in 1024, the Saxon family became extinct, and at a great meeting near Worms, Conrad II of Franconia, a descendant of Otto the Great, a singularly successful ruler, was chosen King, and in 1027 was given the imperial crown by Pope John XIX at one

of the most striking ceremonies in the history of the Empire. It is interesting to remember that Canute, the Danish King of England, was present.

IX. The Three Henrys. Conrad's rule was so forceful and satisfactory that at his death his son, Henry III, who had been carefully educated and who was already a famous warrior, ascended the throne without opposition or rebellion. Having called the princes and bishops together, he announced his forgiveness of all his enemies, called upon his vassals to do the same and, abstaining from private quarrels, to submit their differences to the courts rather than to settle them by the sword. His frankness won him the support of most of his nobles and assisted in making him one of the most powerful of German kings. In the years immediately preceding his reign, the Church had fallen into a condition of worldliness and immorality, which lasted until a great reform movement, originating with the teachings of the monks in the monastery of Cluny and aided by Henry, spread over the land. Realizing that no reform could be permanent that did not begin with the head of the Church, Henry went to Italy, where three rival claimants of the Papacy were struggling for control; he deposed them all and caused a German prelate to be elected, who was enthroned as Clement II, and on the same Christmas day he conferred the imperial crown upon Henry. After the death of Clement, a succession of German

From Painting by Raphael, Vatican, Rome

POPE GREGORY VII

Popes, all nominated by the Emperor and all reformers, followed, and one of them, Leo IX, a man of great learning and piety, was, however, so strongly insistent upon his prerogatives that he paved the way to the final separation between the Latin and the Greek churches.

During the minority of Henry IV, who was only six years old at the death of his father (1056), the dukes regained the upper hand, and the irresolute and willful young King brought on a general Saxon revolt, which, however, was suppressed. Hildebrand, who had been the heart and soul of the Cluny reform movement, having acquired a great influence during the pontificate of Leo IX and the four Popes who followed him, inspired all with the idea of making the Papacy independent of the Empire and a temporal power equal to any in Europe. When in 1073 Hildebrand became Pope under the name of Gregory VII, he began at once to put in force his leading ideas, and, having reformed the clergy, he attacked most vigorously the abuse of the investiture and precipitated the quarrel which lasted throughout the reign of Henry and almost through that of his son.

Hardly had Henry suppressed the Saxon revolt in 1075 when he was summoned to Rome to answer for his conduct. The indignant Emperor caused a declaration to be passed deposing the Pope, and in retaliation Gregory excommunicated Henry. As it was generally

understood that no heretic or heathen could rule over Germany, Henry feared that he might be deposed by his subjects, and seeing no other alternative but submission to the Pope, he crossed the Alps to petition for restoration. Henry reached the strongly fortified castle of Canossa, where the Pope was then staying, in January of a very severe winter (1077). Having laid off his royal robes and assumed the dress of a penitent, with bared head and feet, Henry humbly knocked at the Pope's gate and with tears begged to have the ban removed. For three successive days he was refused admission, but finally Gregory relented, gave him absolution, restored him to the communion of the Church, and sent him back home.

When Henry returned to Germany he found that the nobles had elected Rudolf of Suabia to be King, and, gathering his partisans to his side, he began a civil war which continued until 1080, when Gregory VII recognized Rudolf and again excommunicated Henry. The imperial party, on the other hand, elected Clement III to be Pope, and in 1084 Henry invaded Italy and besieged Gregory in the castle of Sant' Angelo. Desperately in need, the Pope called to his assistance Robert Guiscard, then campaigning against Constantinople, and Henry was forced to retire, but to the dismay of the Pope the Normans ruthlessly sacked Rome and sold thousands of her citizens as slaves. Gregory was compelled to

abandon the desolate city, and a few months later he died at Salerno, exclaiming: "I have always loved the law of God; therefore I die in exile." The strife was, however, not ended. The next Pope excommunicated Henry, made him a prisoner and forced him to abdicate, in 1104.

Henry V took up the struggle against the Pope and, appearing at Rome in 1110, compelled Pope Paschal II to crown him Emperor. By a compromise effected in 1122 and known as the "Concordat of Worms," it was agreed that when an investiture was made, it should be in the presence of the Emperor or his representative, from whose hand the candidate should receive the scepter and thereby acknowledge fealty to the Emperor, but that the Pope's representative should consecrate the candidate and invest him with the ring and the staff as emblems of spiritual authority. It gave the Church the choice of the bishop, but allowed the Emperor to reject him if he did not approve of him. This compromise restored the Papacy to practical independence, and it never again came under subjection of the Emperor.

X. The Hohenstauffens. In the eleventh century a warlike lord named Frederick built a castle on the Hohenstauffen, a mountain about two thousand feet in height, which lies about twenty miles east of Stuttgart, in Southern Germany. From this castle he took the family name, which was made so prominent

by his successors. Having married the daughter of Henry IV and been given the Duchy of Suabia, he was able to leave his two sons the most powerful nobles in the realm. However, at the death of Henry V, the older son failed of election as Emperor, but in 1138 the younger, Conrad, was chosen King. Then the defeated Duke of Saxony began a civil war, and in the fact that their supporters were called Welfs and Waiblingers, respectively, we find the origin of those names Guelphs and Ghibellines which defined the two great parties in Germany and Italy during the thirteenth century. The former, in general, were supporters of the Papal power, and the latter were supporters of the Empire.

Frederick Barbarossa crushed the Guelph power in Germany, invaded Italy and reëstablished the imperial authority there, but later was compelled to give to the Lombard cities the right to conclude treaties among themselves. In 1189, resigning his government to his eldest son, Henry, he set out on the Third Crusade, but died before reaching Jerusalem. According to the legend, he is not dead, but only asleep, and will awake to help his people in their hour of greatest need. In Germany his name is still cherished as that of one of the best and greatest of his race. Frederick I was succeeded by his son, Henry VI, who reigned but seven years; at his death the German princes refused to accept his three-year-old son as their hereditary sovereign, and in the civil

wars which followed the Guelphs in 1209 succeeded in establishing Otto IV upon the throne.

This was the period when Pope Innocent III was the most conspicuous figure in Christendom, and as a result of his unusual sagacity he diminished German authority in Italy, revived the crusading spirit and enlarged the temporal power of the Papacy. In 1212 he deposed Emperor Otto IV and caused Frederick II, the son of Henry VI, to be elected. Frederick had been brought up in the Pope's own palace and was carefully educated, so that when he finally established his authority he made his palace the center of the intellectual activity of Europe, and in 1224 founded at Naples the first European university established by royal charter. Poets, artists and scholars from all parts of the world flocked to his court. He undertook a successful crusade to the Holy Land, and was crowned King of Jerusalem. After his return he found himself, because of his despotic tendencies, arrayed against the Lombard cities and the Pope. The contest which followed was violent and bitter, and in the winter of 1250 Frederick died. Because of his Sicilian mother, his sympathies were with the south, and, hoping to secure aid from the north in establishing his southern despotism, he left the German princes largely to themselves, so that the great feudal barons became stronger than for many years and the power of electing the kings passed from the general assembly to a limited number of rulers,

known as the Seven Electors. Yet, the towns more than held their own against the feudal lords, and law, literature, industries and commerce developed considerably. Perhaps the most important event of this century was the extension of German influence to the north and east and the Christianizing of the Prussians. The Slavs, who were brought into the German nation at this time, readily accepted the language and religion of their conquerors.

XI. Brief-lived Dynasties. The period from the time of the death of Conrad IV in 1254 to the election of Rudolf of Hapsburg in 1273 is known as the Great Interregnum, during which civil wars abounded and Germany made little progress. Rudolf had become the most powerful prince of Southern Germany, and when he was elected one of his first acts was to subdue Ottokar, King of Bohemia, and in so doing acquire the Duchy of Austria and other territories, which made him the founder of the Imperial House of Hapsburg, which gave to Austria the majority of her emperors during the later Middle Ages. Like his successors, Rudolf was Roman Emperor in name only, but he rendered a great service to Germany in the suppression of the robber barons and the destruction of their strongholds.

Aside from the Hapsburgs, the most important dynasty of the Middle Ages was that of Luxembourg, a county which came into prominence in 1308, when the German princes

elected Henry VII to the throne. By a marriage with the heiress of the Bohemian King, Ottokar II, he gained the rest of the Bohemian dominions, but while attempting to reduce them to subjection he died on his way south, thus marking the last serious attempt of a German emperor to establish a strong government in Italy.

Charles IV, grandson of Henry VII, is famous principally because of his "Golden Bull," a charter so named because of the knob (*bulla*) of gold in which the seal was enclosed. This document, which established the number of imperial electors as seven—four temporal and three spiritual lords—made Frankfort the place of election, and Aix-la-Chapelle, of coronation. While the confusion which had hitherto attended the election of the king was diminished by this decree, it nevertheless made the electors the most powerful persons in the Empire and perpetuated the division of Germany into states. Sigismund, the last of the Luxembourgs, who died in 1437, made his reign significant principally because of the twenty-year war in which he subdued the Hussites and forced them to remain under the German kings, though they were allowed some concessions in matters of religious practice.

In Northern Italy the emperors were not allowed to interfere with the actual government of the city states, which became powerful and independent. The last Emperor to be crowned at Rome was Frederick III, known

in Austria as Frederick IV, who took the oath in 1452, but the Holy Roman Empire existed, in theory at least, until 1806, when Francis II resigned the imperial crown after having been made Emperor of Austria.

Several interesting things occurred during this long period of comparative anarchy. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Swiss threw off the tyrannical rule of the Hapsburgs, and in 1291 three cantons formed a union which began the long struggle that finally, by the Peace of Westphalia, signed in 1648, established the complete independence of the little nation. Another interesting development of this period was the creation of leagues formed among the cities to protect German merchants in foreign lands. The first great league was formed early in the twelfth century by Cologne merchants in London, where they built a fine *Hanshus* and were soon able to command foreign trade with England. Originally the old German word *Hansa* meant a troop of soldiers bound by a pledge of fidelity, and a member of the organization was called a *Hans,* but by the middle of the twelfth century it was applied almost exclusively to merchants, whose headquarters in each town was called *Hanshus.* The success of the London league and that of several similar ones led, by the middle of the thirteenth century, to a general union among the German cities for their own protection against pirates, robbers and hostile governments, and a hundred years later

most of the free cities of the north belonged to a league of some sort. In 1364 all the *Hansa* towns were united in one confederation, and this combination, known in history as the *Hanseatic League,* rendered Germany inestimable service during all its long career, but by the middle of the fifteenth century, when the dangers which had originally caused the leagues to be formed had become lessened by better government, they ceased to be influential, though the name continued in use even into the nineteenth century.

In a chapter on the Crusades, in the introduction to Italian literature, we have already discussed the organization of the Teutonic Knights, who formed a third important development during the period we have just discussed. Their chief accomplishment in German history was the Christianization of Prussia, to which we have already alluded.

XII. The Protestant Reformation. For many centuries Western Europe had been united under the Roman Catholic Church, but the rise of its temporal power had alienated the wealthy nobles in many states. Abuses had sprung up in the Church itself, and the Renaissance had increased the number of scholars and distributed learning more widely among the ruling class, so that religious domination was in the early part of the sixteenth century beginning to be questioned by many. Among those who were most prominent in denouncing abuses in the Church was Martin Luther, whose

personal career we shall have occasion to study at greater length hereafter. The effect of his doctrines and the acts of his supporters was to bring about centuries of disagreement and years of bloody civil war. In June, 1530, a diet was held at Augsburg, in which there was drawn up by the Protestants a confession of faith which has from that day formed the basis of their Church belief.

The reformers, feeling now that more vigorous action was necessary for their protection, formed the Smalkaldic League, in which they banded themselves together to maintain these principles. King Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Charles V, being unable to defend his territory from the inroads of the Turks, was refused aid by the Protestant princes unless he guaranteed to them certain religious freedom, but when the Emperor, relieved from outside pressure, was able to devote his attention again to religious matters, both he and his brother Ferdinand declared their intention to bring the Smalkaldic League to submission. In the war which ensued Charles was at first successful, but the defection of Maurice of Saxony and an alliance with Henry II of France enabled the League to terminate the Smalkaldic War successfully, and in 1555, at the Peace of Augsburg, the Lutherans were granted free exercise of their religion. The legal recognition of the Protestant Church in Germany, however, did not establish it firmly, and that nation was obliged

to endure a long civil war before the religious questions were finally settled.

One of the effects of the Protestant Reformation, which had established itself permanently in Teutonic Europe, was to direct the attention of the Catholic Church to the reform of abuses which had crept into its own organization and to bring about what has been known as the Counter-Reformation, marked not only by reform within its own borders but by the growth and rise to power of the Society of Jesus, commonly known as the Jesuits. In 1545 a general council, having as its purpose the reconciliation of the Protestant faction with the Roman Church, was called at Trent, but, while the Peace of Augsburg had made such a reconciliation impossible, the Council of Trent, which was in session with interruptions for eighteen years, formulated more carefully the creed and doctrines of the Church of Rome, established the doctrine of Papal authority, condemned traffic in indulgencies and Church benefices, removed other abuses and united the forces of the Church more closely. The result of this was a great improvement in every respect, and it was followed by efforts to extirpate Protestantism, which, however, were no more tolerant than those of the Protestants when they had equal power.

XIII. The Thirty Years' War. In 1556 Emperor Charles V abdicated the imperial crown in favor of his brother Ferdinand, who, with his son and successor, Maximilian II,

preserved peace so far as possible, but by 1608 the Protestants, having become alarmed at the increasing power of the Catholics, formed the Protestant Union, which was offset the following year by the organization of the Catholic League, and soon the feeling between these parties ran so high that war seemed inevitable. During the reign of Emperor Matthias, when in 1618 Duke Ferdinand of Styria was elected King of Bohemia and tried to take away some of the religious liberties which the Bohemians had long enjoyed, an uprising occurred in Bohemia, which was in reality the beginning of the long religious struggle known as the Thirty Years' War. The Bohemians, however, were in no condition to fight the troops of the Emperor after their uprising at Prague, and matters were little changed until the death of Emperor Matthias in 1619.

The people refused to acknowledge his successor, Ferdinand, and they chose Frederick V, elector of the Palatinate state of the old German Empire in the Rhine region, who was already the head of the Protestant Union. He had lately been married to Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England, and the German Protestants anticipated help from across the sea. Maximilian of Bavaria, a wealthy and powerful Duke, placed his army and services at the command of Ferdinand, who, with the support of Spain, was certainly to be considered a dangerous foe to Frederick. The Count of Tilly, whom Maximilian had chosen to re-

organize his army, was a general of marked skill, and when he entered Bohemia he had little difficulty in subduing it and driving Frederick a fugitive through Germany and into Holland. The whole country was ravaged, the leaders of the revolution were executed, Ferdinand was acknowledged King, and Catholicism was established in Bohemia. Not content with their success, the victors placed Frederick under the ban of the Empire and the Spaniards occupied the Palatinate. In the absence of Frederick, Elizabeth, his beautiful English wife, by her courage and enthusiasm had gained the loyalty of the young princes of Germany, who, under the leadership of George Frederick of Baden and Prince Christian of Brunswick, roused the people to fight against the Catholics. Unfortunately, they established the principle that war must support war, that is, that soldiers might live upon the country in which they were fighting. The result of this was a period of plunder and rapine which caused immense suffering in Germany and made the Thirty Years' War one of the most terrible ever known. Soldiers came from every direction, and, hiring themselves out for their share of the plunder, wore out the enemy by ruining his country.

Without going into details of this long and tedious conflict, which before it was finished involved practically the whole of civilized Europe, we may proceed to its closing years, during which France became the first military

power in Europe. Germany stubbornly refused to give up Alsace or Pomerania, and in the Peace of Westphalia, which was signed at Munster in 1648, although the Pope refused to sanction it, the whole Empire was finally broken up, though its machinery remained. There was still a nominal Emperor, and the diet met, but the German states no longer dreamed of union, and were governed by princes with the powers of kings. Vast districts of Germany had been laid waste, more than half of the population of the country was destroyed, industry and commerce were paralyzed, and culture was reduced to such a low ebb that it took two hundred years for it to regain the position it had held at the end of the sixteenth century.

XIV. The Rise of Prussia. Wakeman has written that had no one come forward at this crisis to establish a power in Northern Europe, "which might at any rate form a nucleus around which the floating atoms of Northern Germany and Northern Protestantism might gather, central Europe must have fallen a prey to French ambition or Russian barbarism." However, such a power was rapidly being formed. Until the last period of the Thirty Years' War, Brandenburg, to which the Duchy of Prussia was added in 1618, made but a small figure in the history of Europe. During the earlier years of that war, Brandenburg had remained neutral, but the landing of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden brought that province into the natural line of march, and it was devas-

tated by both armies. Pomerania, regarded by the electors of Brandenburg as their own, had become important to Sweden, and thus enmity rapidly increased between the powers. The Elector, George William, died at Königsberg, East Prussia, in 1640, leaving his depleted forces to his son, Frederick William. Unprincipled, perhaps, and extraordinarily ambitious, the new Elector was a man of keen judgment and infinite resources, and by his energy and diplomacy Brandenburg was made a strong power and the nucleus of modern Prussia. First, the Great Elector organized a well disciplined army and strengthened the local government; then by his shrewd diplomacy, patience and tact secured the withdrawal of the Swedes from Eastern Pomerania and made his state the most powerful and most centralized of Northern Germany.

In 1655 Poland and Sweden again were at war. At first, the Great Elector threw his influence to Charles Gustavus of Sweden, but finding that nothing could be gained for himself by this action, he unhesitatingly changed sides and espoused the cause of Poland. By this act he secured the independence of East Prussia, but in revenge the Swedes invaded the territory, and the war might have continued had not England and Holland interfered, so that in June, 1660, by the Treaty of Copenhagen and the Treaty of Oliva, strife at the north was at last ended. By these memorable treaties Brandenburg was established as the

foremost state of Northern Germany and the most influential among the powers which took part in the treaties.

The Great Elector continued constantly to increase his authority over his possession, and in 1663, after a hard struggle, forced upon the Prussian diet a charter of his own making, by which he agreed that the diet should meet at least once in six years and that it should have a voice in levying taxes and in other important Prussian interests. Notwithstanding the granting of many privileges, he prevented the diets from exercising their rights for several years, and during that time so fully established his authority that when they did meet they were able to accomplish little. He was, moreover, a wise prince, encouraging industrial enterprises, practicing and preaching economy and hospitably receiving skillful artisans and intelligent men from other nations. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes many of the Huguenot exiles came into Brandenburg and assisted in developing her manufacturing industries. With some interruptions occasioned by wars with the Swedes and the French, the Elector continued his career of progress and expansion until in 1679 Louis XIV compelled the Great Elector to sign a treaty by which France evacuated the Duchy of Cleves and paid Brandenburg an indemnity, while the latter gave up to Sweden all of Pomerania excepting a narrow strip along the Oder River.

Brandenburg was still a vassal state of the Roman Empire, but the Duchy of Prussia was an independent sovereignty of inferior rank. The Great Elector died in 1688, and no great advance in Prussian affairs was noticeable until in 1700 Frederick III, Elector of Brandenburg and Duke of Prussia, assumed the royal crown at Königsberg as Frederick I of Prussia. By so doing he was raised to the level of other independent sovereigns, and from this time forward Brandenburg-Prussia was recognized as an important factor in European affairs. Frederick was succeeded by his son, Frederick William I, an economical and efficient sovereign, who left a well-filled treasury and an army of over eighty thousand thoroughly disciplined troops to his son, Frederick II, surnamed the Great. Carlyle has called Frederick William "the Great Prussian Drill Sergeant," and every one is familiar with his eccentricities and his extravagance in creating the bodyguard of giants that surrounded his person.

XV. Frederick the Great. Frederick II of Prussia is one of the most conspicuous figures in a notable century. Little inclined to a military career, he loved philosophy, literature and the arts, and during his youth in taste and temperament seemed French rather than German. Due partly to his unhappy home life, in which the dislike and persecutions of his father played the principal part, his spirit and character underwent a great change in mature

years; he became selfish and cynical in nature and acquired his father's love of military exploits, determined will, inflexible honesty, quick temper and even slovenly appearance. However, he never lost his admiration for literature nor his fondness for the French language and amusements, as we shall see further on. With the people, among whom he moved freely, talking familiarly, but now and then bringing his cane sharply down on an idler, he was generally popular, and his army, which he governed with considerable liberality, followed him devotedly.

The family of Hohenzollern, to which Frederick belonged, was founded in the ninth century in Suabia, and later proved to be one of the most powerful families that ever reigned in Europe. Up to this date the Hohenzollerns had always been loyal to the house of Austria, though Prussia and Austria were already rivals for the control of Germany. Frederick the Great, more than any of his predecessors, seemed to appreciate the importance of this struggle and used every opportunity to expand his own power at the expense of Austria. In 1740 the Austrian Emperor died without an heir, and left his possessions to his daughter, Maria Theresa. Frederick seized the opportunity to enforce a shadowy claim the House of Hohenzollern had to the rich Austrian province of Silesia, and thereby brought on the War of the Austrian Succession (1740–1748), because several powers, refusing to recognize the

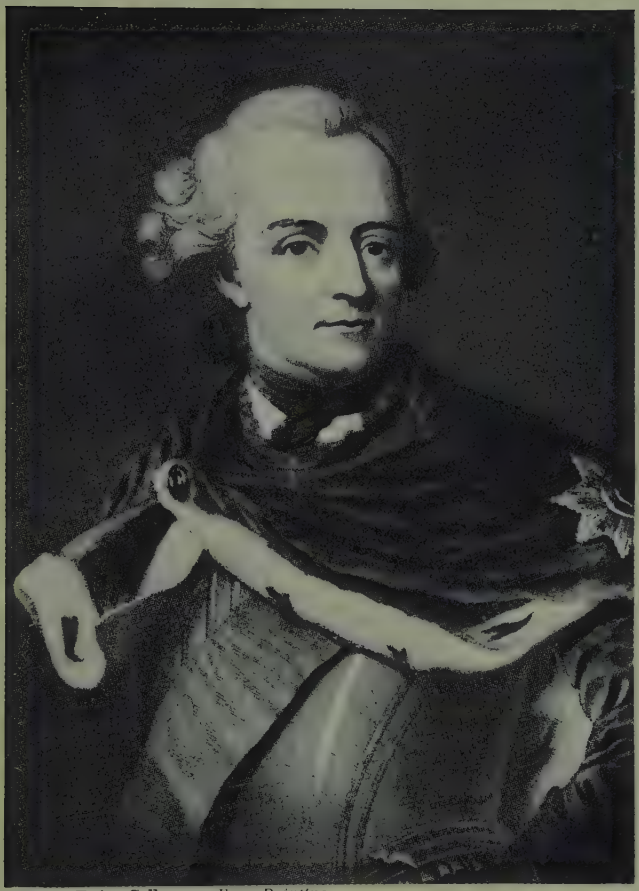


Photo: Ewing Galloway. From Painting

FREDERICK THE GREAT
1712–1786

right of a woman's rule, tried to take from Maria Theresa some parts of her territory.

By the close of the war Frederick was left in possession of Silesia, but he knew that it was to be a source of further trouble to him, for both Russia and Saxony were covetous, and other nations were willing to help them. Alliances were formed and broken, and in 1756 the Seven Years' War broke out. Here Frederick was successful for three years, but finally the strength of the allies of his opponents proved too great, England withdrew her aid, and it seemed that he was doomed to destruction; but just then one of his chief enemies, Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, died, and her successor, Peter III, sent aid to the redoubtable Frederick; by the end of the war, although he had lost Saxony, he had still further strengthened his control over his own possessions and established the claim of Prussia to be considered one of the five leading nations of Europe. From that time on, the struggle between Austria and Prussia for supremacy in the Empire was continuous, and the other German states became important only because of their alliance with one or the other of those two nations.

Frederick's administrative ability was of a high order, and his economical ideas and plans for rebuilding towns, cultivating fields, caring for the widows and orphans caused by his wars, all made his reign a period of growth, at the close of which the population had nearly

trebled, and contentment and prosperity prevailed.

XVI. Napoleonic Campaigns. Poland, surrounded by Russia, Prussia and Austria and inhabited by the Slavs and their weak government, was coveted by the three nations last mentioned, but so far, by the aid of France and other allies, she had been able to retain her hold upon the country. However, Catherine the Great, who had deposed her husband, Peter III, and after his assassination had assumed the throne, induced Austria and Prussia to join against Poland; as a result of this league Poland lost nearly a third of its area and a half of its population. The share of Prussia was about ten thousand square miles, but as this included the tract which lay between East Prussia and her western provinces, it was a valuable addition. Frederick William II, the successor of Frederick the Great, when he saw France in the throes of the Revolution, decided that the opportunity was ripe for conquests in that direction, and he attacked her, with the result that he lost more extensive possessions along the Rhine as early as 1795 than he had gained in the partition of Poland.

The next ruler, Frederick William III, attempted to remain neutral, but such an attitude was not tolerated by Napoleon, who, by the Peace of Tilsit, deprived him of half his kingdom. It seemed that the end of Prussia was at hand, but Napoleon's insulting treatment stirred the people to action, and for the first

time a real patriotism and strong love of the fatherland was born in Germany. The sluggish King, urged onward by his brilliant wife, Queen Louise, and aided by his powerful Minister, Baron von Stein, emancipated the serfs and began training them for industry and self-support, while at the same time he equalized taxation, made promotion a badge of merit, and improved the government of the cities. Baron Stein's activities, however, attracted the attention of Napoleon, and to escape the latter's enmity the Baron was compelled to take refuge in Austria. However, the new Chancellor, Hardenberg, continued in the steps of his predecessor, while Scharnhorst, the Minister of War, found means to evade Napoleon's provision that the Prussian army should not exceed forty-two thousand men, and he organized the short service militia system, which still plays so important a part in the formation of most of the European armies. The spirit of devotion to country had become so strong, and the nation had made such progress that by 1813, when Frederick William issued his famous call to arms, the Prussians were ready for their War of Liberation, in which they were instrumental in defeating Napoleon in 1815 and reëstablishing their country among the first powers of Europe. Though not permitted to retain all of the territory she had overrun, Prussia had received valuable additions to what she previously possessed and was left with statesmen who understood their posi-

tion in Europe, and now intelligently began the process of establishing herself as the champion of German unity.

XVII. The Germanic Confederation. Although under the Holy Roman Empire there was something of union, yet the bonds were so light that the federal government commanded neither respect nor obedience from the three hundred practically independent states ruled by sovereigns of every sort, who held but one trait in common, and that was the absolutism of their rule. The French invasion had destroyed many of the governing systems and wrecked the least important states, especially in the south, so that the actual number of ruling sovereigns was but thirty-nine, and the majority of these were in North Germany, where the Napoleonic wars had been less severe.

In the Congress of Powers held at Vienna in 1815, Germanic control was readjusted in such a way as to establish an effective balance of power between European states. Without going into details, it is sufficient to say that Germany still remained divided both in territory and in spirit, and that five great foreign nations still held possessions in Germany. Many of the Germans feared and envied Prussia, and there was an equally strong feeling against the dual reign of Prussia and Austria, as patriotic Germans regarded the latter as foreign. Yet, in 1815 the Germanic Confederation was organized with the express purpose

of maintaining "internal and external security and the independence and integrity of the several states." Government was in the hands of the federal assembly, or diet, in which each of the governments had representatives. This assembly could settle disputes between the members and pass laws concerning the whole union in its relationship to foreign states. Each state controlled its own affairs to so great an extent that the workings of the confederation were both slow and ineffective; the delegates were not allowed to vote according to their personal judgment, but must follow the instructions of their representative states. It was agreed, however, that within a year each state should provide itself with a written constitution, and in the south this plan was readily adopted, but at the north the rulers were able for a long time to avoid giving any constitutional rights to the people. In all cases very little attention was paid to the rights of the peasant class, while the medieval privileges of the nobility and clergy were carefully protected.

The most vigorous and active supporters of constitutional rights were found among the students of the universities, in each of which an association was formed whose aim was not only to improve the moral and intellectual state of its members, but also to offer aid and service to the fatherland. These societies, the *Burschenschaft,* later became an important factor in enriching the German language and in solid-

ifying a popular national sentiment. Metternich, a famous Austrian statesman, was alarmed by the liberal principles that ruled the universities, and he denounced them as a danger to any state. When in 1819 a German agent was murdered by a student at the University of Jena, he scented a widespread conspiracy and succeeded in promulgating what were known as the Carlsbad Decrees, which authorized the rulers to break up the student societies and maintain a stricter supervision over the universities.

A general belief arose in time among the weaker states that the prime object of the confederation was to advance the interests of Austria and Prussia, so in 1820 the southern states issued a manifesto declaring that the natural boundaries were such as to exclude Austria and Prussia, which were to be considered foreign lands and not entitled to supremacy. For several years prior to 1830 the confederation met but rarely, a strict censorship of the press was maintained, and the people were forbidden to criticize national measures. Still, among the students and educated classes the old patriotism survived and was increased by the success of liberalism in France and Greece. With the success of the Paris Revolution of July, 1830, the German liberal movement increased so in strength that the confederation felt obliged to forbid the organization of political clubs, to suppress many liberal and democratic organs and to compel rigorous execution of all laws.

The famine of 1817 caused much suffering throughout Germany, but the confederation gave no relief to the people, and after a series of struggles between opposing factions, the *Zollverein* (Customs' Union) was formed in 1833 to include all the German states except Austria. This organization abolished all duties between the states themselves and agreed to divide among its members according to the population the revenues received from customs levied on other nations. This was an important step toward union.

When Frederick William IV came to the throne in 1840 he liberated many political prisoners and instituted a number of reforms which promised well, but he soon showed himself to be a weak and vacillating man, wholly under the influence of Metternich, and for a time it seemed that liberal progress had been arrested. However, in 1848, when reports had been received of the apparently successful revolt in Paris, the liberals began an uprising so widespread and determined that a general parliament, representing every class and nation of the Germans, was convened, and it organized a provisional government under the Austrian Archduke John. The German parliament then undertook to construct a constitution based upon the general principles of that of Belgium, which guaranteed equality before the law, made the judiciary independent and guaranteed freedom of speech, of the press, of religion and of education. However, the fix-

ing of the boundaries of the new Germany occasioned much disagreement, but in the end Austria's influence was much reduced, and Prussia obtained undisputed supremacy in the new confederation. In March, 1849, Frederick William, King of Prussia, was chosen Emperor of Germany, but he refused to accept the honor while Austria opposed him, and accordingly, the position of the liberals was much weakened, and the parliament finally dissolved. A year later the old Germanic confederation was revived, in which Austria dominated, but her attitude toward Prussia became more severe and dictatorial.

William I became King of Prussia in 1861, and the nation entered upon a new epoch in her history, for the new King determined not only to uphold the Germanic confederation but also to exert his influence in favor of closer union of the Germanic states. He was fortunate enough to have for his Prime Minister Prince Otto von Bismarck, a man of strong personality, keen insight and firm and unbending disposition. Realizing that the project of forming a German nation had failed heretofore because of the opposition of Prussia and Austria, he determined to act independently of the latter, and in the end did not hesitate to drive Germany into war to accomplish his purpose. In fact, the German-Danish War, the Seven Weeks' War and the Franco-German War were all undertaken for this purpose, and in each Bismarck's foresight and promptness

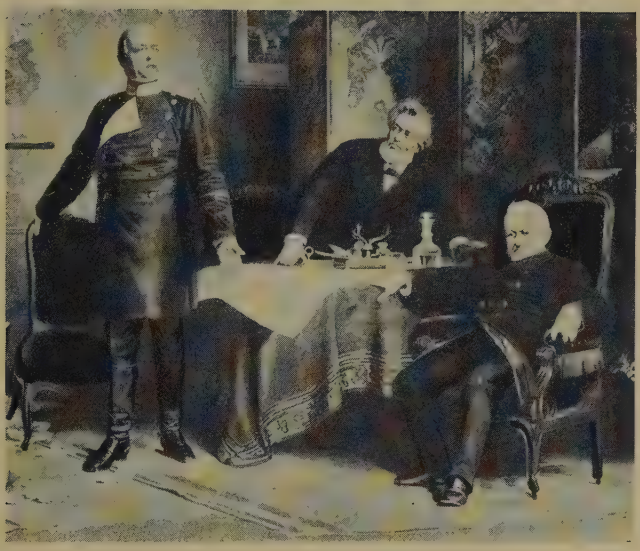
brought success. Austria was overwhelmed in the battle of Sadowa in 1866, and Prussia obtained supremacy in German affairs.

XVIII. The North German Confederation. Bismarck in the north was working practically along the same lines as the liberals in the southern states, but his methods were very different, and, believing that the southern states were not prepared to enter into a German union, he organized a confederacy of those states lying north of the Main River, and this North German Confederation, which met in February, 1867, constructed a constitution, whose four chief principles were that all the people in the states should be given a voice in the government; that Prussia should have a dominant position, but not at the cost of the self-respect of the other rulers; that the influence of the confederation should be constantly increased until it became a ruling factor in European politics; that the ultimate aim should be complete German unity, and that new states should be admitted whenever advisable.

France watched the growth of German unity with alarm; Napoleon III, realizing that Prussia jeopardized his position in Europe and determining to crush the new power at the first opportunity, in July, 1870, declared war against Prussia. It was a brief war, in which the Germans were everywhere successful; the French Emperor was captured, and Paris itself was reduced. While the armies were still besieging Paris, the success of the German

arms had become so well understood that the German states were willing to unite to form an Empire, of which King William became the first sovereign. He was crowned at Versailles, in the midst of a brilliant and enthusiastic company. Paris surrendered in January, 1871, and the Germans received an indemnity of a billion dollars, the province of Alsace and Northeastern Lorraine.

XIX. The German Empire. Few changes were necessary in the constitution which had governed the North German Confederation, and these were quickly supplied. The German Emperor was not an absolute monarch, for the powers of sovereignty were given nominally to the rulers of the states which formed the union. The legislature consisted of two houses, the upper known as the Federal Council, or *Bundesrath,* composed of the representatives of the rulers of the states, and the lower, called the *Reichstag,* made up of representatives chosen by direct universal suffrage. The states were not upon an equal footing in the government, as Prussia held the highest position, and her King, by virtue of his position as Emperor, was able to pass or defeat almost any measure he pleased. Next to the Emperor stood the Imperial Chancellor, who was appointed by the Emperor and removable at his pleasure. He was the president of the Federal Council, had a seat in the Reichstag, and usually initiated and defended the government's policy. With the aid of a ministry representing eleven de-



BISMARCK DICTATES PEACE TERMS TO THIERS

NEGOTIATING TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN GERMANY AND FRANCE AT END OF FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, 1871.

partments, he administered the laws. The judicial system was determined by the national legislature, and the Federal Council acted as a judicial tribunal in controversies between states. The constitution prohibited the imperial government from levying taxes except as customs and excise duties, but provided that if these were insufficient, each state might be required to furnish a contribution in proportion to its population.

A huge standing army was maintained for national defense, and a provision existed by which all able-bodied men spent between two and three years in active military service, and all able-bodied men between the ages of seventeen and forty-five were liable to service in the time of war. The perfection of military training and the astounding equipment of Germany's army was demonstrated by the war in 1914–1918.

The reign of William I was successful in every respect, and Germany not only increased rapidly in population and wealth, but expanded her colonial holdings until she ranked third among the great powers in the extent and value of her possessions, being surpassed only by England and France. William I was succeeded by his son, Frederick III, in 1888, but the latter was already dying from cancer and reigned only ninety-nine days. His son, William II, succeeded him, and at once declared his sympathy with the policy of his grandfather, to maintain peace and win the

confidence of the world, but to resist determinedly every aggression upon Germany and her allies. The Chancellor, Bismarck, who hitherto had practically directed the activities and policies of the Empire, found his power considerably weakened, and when a serious disagreement came between the monarch and his most powerful subject, the "Iron Chancellor" was ordered to resign. Although a reconciliation was effected between the two in 1893, Bismarck never regained his power, and in 1898 he died. The prosperity of the German nation was unparalleled, and in manufactures, in the production of coal and iron, she ranked second only to Great Britain and the United States. Her public school system was regarded as one of the most highly-organized and most perfect in the world, and the government appeared to maintain a helpful attitude toward the nation at large. The history of the great upheaval which followed is so recent as to be familiar to all readers.

XX. The Language. The German language is closely allied to the English, and is one of the three which constitute the West Teutonic division of the Germanic group of Indo-Germanic languages. The names themselves indicate the growth and development of the tongue as being altogether distinct from the Romance languages of the south, and, in fact, it is from different roots and a different stock. The area over which German is spoken is not identical either with the lands occupied

by the German race nor with the former Empire; indeed, there are portions of the eastern part of the old German Empire which are inhabited largely by Slavs, and there are many German-speaking people in other lands. It has been estimated that at the present time there are more than seventy-five million people in the world who speak German, and this makes the language rank as third among those of Europe, the first being English, the second Russian, and the fourth French.

From the earliest times German has had many dialects, which must not be regarded as corrupted forms of the written language. Rather has the written language developed under restrictions, while the dialects themselves are the natural offshoots of the original tongue. The history of the modern German literary language may be traced back to the fourteenth century, when Emperor Louis, the Bavarian, adopted German instead of Latin in his official documents. From that time on its development has been regular, and the popular idea that Luther is the founder of the modern German language is not well founded; for, in his translation of the New Testament, published in 1522, he used a language which was already quite well established. In fact, he says in his *Table Talk:*

> I have no particular language of my own in German, but use the common German language, so that both High and Low Germans may understand me. I follow the language of the Saxon Chancery, which all the

princes and kings in Germany take as their model; all the free Imperial cities and all the courts of princes write according to the Chancery of the Saxons and of our prince. Hence it is the most common German language. Emperor Maximilian and the Elector Frederick. Duke of Saxony, have thus united into one fixed language the German languages of the Roman Empire.

The literary language of modern Germany is based on the midland German dialects, rather than upon the upper German dialects. In the history of High German, three periods are easily distinguished: the old High German, from about 750 to about 1050; middle High German, from about 1050 to 1350; and modern High German, from about 1350 to the present time. These various stages afford the most natural division for a history of its literature. Thus, the old High German period was one of tentative beginnings, composed in many dialects, the most important monuments being not in High German at all, but Low German; the middle High period, including the classic times of medieval poetry, was short-lived, but intense and remarkable, especially at the beginning of the thirteenth century; and the modern High period, with all its developments of more recent years. This last period, however, usually is subdivided, so that the first part extends until about the end of the seventeenth century, when the language became fixed, and the later epoch, in which modern German attained its definite, precise, classical form.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNINGS

WULFILA. The beginning of Germanic literature rests in the *Codex Argenteus,* a translation into Gothic of the four Gospels, with other portions of the New Testament and a few fragments of the Old Testament. It is written in silver letters on a purple parchment, and is in the library of the University of Upsala. The translator, Wulfila, or Ulfilas, was a bishop of the Goths, who died probably in 381 at Constantinople, whither he had been summoned by the Emperor. His original purpose was to translate for his people all the Bible except the *Kings,* which he considered too warlike.

While England was still a Roman province, and long before there was a written literature by any Germanic people, Wulfila produced this

remarkably skillful translation, for which he had to create even an alphabet from Greek letters supplemented by Latin and Runic characters. But this translation stands alone, for at the end of the fourth century came the irruption of the Huns; the nations of Central Europe changed locations and character completely, and the Roman Empire was rocked to its foundations. From this catastrophe the Germanic tribes of continental Europe were longer in recovering than the related people of Scandinavia and England, and it was centuries before the national epic sagas which grew out of these forced migrations came to be written.

II. Pagan Writings. Almost the only legacies left to literature from those stormy times are two interesting charms and a fragment of the *Hildebrandslied*, or *Lay of Hildebrand*, written in the monastery of Fulda in about the year 800.

The charms, or *Merseburg Incantations*, which are interesting principally because of their antiquity and their pagan origin, are similar to those surviving in Danish, English and other languages, and consist each of two parts, viz.: a short account of the use made of the spell by some divine being and the spell itself. The first incantation tells us that while Phol and Wodan were riding through the forest, the horse of the former sprained his leg. Then Sinthgunt and her sister Sunna, Frija and Volla, her sister, and Wodan, all spake the charm, "Bone to bone, blood to blood,

part to part, as if pasted together." The second charm, resembling the first, gives a formula for liberating a prisoner from his fetters.

Of the *Hildebrandslied* only a fragment of sixty-eight lines of alliterative verse, on the first and last pages of a Latin manuscript, survives. Hildebrand, a vassal of Theodoric, flees eastward and takes refuge with the Huns, when his master is defeated by Odoacer. After thirty years the brave old warrior is now on his way back to wife and child, when he encounters a hostile army. Meeting the chief, Hadubrand, he recognizes in him the son he has not seen for so many years, and joyfully offers the young man a valuable arm-ring, which Attila had given him. Hadubrand thinks the generosity of the old man only a trick, and, taunting him with cowardice, insists upon a passage-at-arms. Hildebrand bemoans the necessity for the fight, but sees that it is inevitable: "He were the meanest man of the Eastland who should refuse the fight thou desirest: let the combat decide who goes hence with his foeman's armor and boasts hereafter of his victory." The resemblance of this to the story of Sohrab and Rustum is evident, but we can only speculate as to the outcome of the combat, for the fragment ends with the speech of Hildebrand. The directness of the style is almost startling, and seems to give to Germanic literature a commencement in tragedy.

III. "HELIAND." The history of German literature really begins with Charles the Great

(Charlemagne) and his encouragement of learning, of which we have learned in our studies of French literature. Besides his ecclesiastical and scholastic reforms, he was interested in secular literature and collected the songs of his people, but his son, Louis the Pious, was too narrow to interest himself in pagan literature, and no trace of the collection remains. On High German soil the most noteworthy of the monastic schools, which for five hundred years were to take the place of the modern university and preparatory schools, were those of St. Gall, on Lake Constance, and Weissenburg in Alsatia, while on the Low German border was Fulda, whose abbot, Hrabanus Maurus, was the greatest scholar of the ninth century. It should be remembered that all early literature is in dialect, and that in this instance there were already apparent those variations in the Germanic tongue which later made necessary the broad distinction between High German and Low German that separated the north from the south and produced its corresponding effect upon literature. The two longest specimens of old German poetry belong to the ninth century, and consist of the *Heliand*, with fragments of *Genesis,* written about 830 in Old Saxon verse, and the *Evangelienbuch,* composed more than thirty years later by the Alsatian monk, Otfried.

Heliand (*Christ*) and *Genesis*, which may for all we know be parts of a complete version of the Bible, were written by an unknown per-

son, who, if we may infer from the epic style of his composition, may have been one of the wandering singers who frequented the courts of kings in those early days; again, as is usually the case in such antique documents, it may be that these are the work of many hands. The title *Heliand* is of modern origin, but the poem, which contains five or six thousand lines of alliterative verse, is a genuine ancient epic which presents the Christ in a thoroughly German manner. He is a great Duke, who rewards his followers with the gift of lands and of arm-bands, in the manner of the sagas. Biblical places take on the German termination, and appear as Nazarethburg, Bethlehemburg, etc. The Apostles are powerful thanes and serve Christ because he is more generous and powerful than other leaders; such incidents as the entry into Jerusalem on an ass and such commands as that to turn the other cheek are omitted altogether or passed over slightingly, so as not to offend the dignity and warlike spirit of the fierce listeners. The turning of water into wine at Cana is the signal for a wild drinking bout, and the attack of Peter upon the servant of the high priest becomes a grim picture: "He drew his weapon from his side and smote the foremost foe with all the force of his strong right arm, and the keen edge slashed the cheek of Malchus and cut a deep, gaping gash from which gushed red blood."

IV. Otfried. The *Evangelienbuch* (*Gospel Book*) of Otfried is the first German book in

rhymed verse, and Otfried is the first German author whose name and life are known to history. That he was a priest and monk in the wealthy abbey of Weissenburg and must have lived between 800 and 870, that he was a friend of the bishop of Constance and studied at St. Gall and at Fulda, and that he wrote the *Gospel Book* and a few other things, are about all the facts that history has recorded of him.

The Latin hymns of the Church were not understood by the laity, who still clung to their pagan songs and folklore. Determined to break the Devil's wickedness and exterminate the foul legends and worldly songs which only turned the hearts of his people back to paganism, Otfried turned the Christian songs into Frankish. He was, of course, familiar with the rhythm of Latin songs, and so, perhaps, still further to separate his work from pagan lyrics he chose the rhymed line and a regular rhythm and wrote his fifteen thousand verses in strophes. Though he labored hard and marked his accents and elisions, yet his work is crude, his rhymes scarcely recognizable as such by modern standards, and his rhythm frequently halting. In all respects as a poet, he is inferior to the author or authors of *Heliand.*

Starting with the idea that we have five senses and that each leads us to a special sin, Otfried divided his poem into five parts: the nativity of John the Baptist; the meeting of the first Disciples, the first miracles and the spread of Christ's teachings; the miracles that

shook the Jewish faith; the Passion; the Resurrection, Ascension and Judgment. The best part of his book is the introduction, which is in effect a patriotic panegyric on the Franks, who, having achieved such power and distinction, should now have presented to them a work in their own tongue, wherein they could read the praise of God in attractive verse.

V. "THE LAY OF LUDWIG." It is somewhat surprising that the deeds of Charles the Great and his knights did not stimulate among the German poets, for there must have been singers in plenty, such an epic as the *Song of Roland*, which was written in France and later found its way into Germany in translations. But there is no survival of secular lyric poetry of this epoch, and no epic in German, with one solitary exception, a fragment of sixty-nine verses known as the *Ludwigslied,* which may be termed the first ballad in German literature. It is a song in honor of the victory of Ludwig III over the Norsemen who were then just establishing themselves in what subsequently became Normandy, and in one of their incursions had entered into Germany. Ludwig, then but eighteen years of age, met them, got between them and the sea, and slew them in large numbers. He is described as a youth who lost his father early, but who had been brought up under the personal supervision of God. When God sent the Norsemen to afflict the Franks on account of their sins, he dispatched Ludwig to subdue them. The Franks entered the battle

singing, "Lord, have mercy upon us," and when fighting began, "blood shone in their cheeks," and every one fought furiously but none so furiously as Ludwig, who "thrust one through with his sword, another with his spear; bitter was the draught he poured out for his enemies."

Who wrote the *Ludwigslied* is not known, but it was very possibly a monk, and as the song speaks of Ludwig as still alive, it must have been written soon after the campaign.

VI. The Tenth Century. After the ninth century a period of darkness follows, and through the tenth century German literature halted in its progress and was nearly lost. The Saxon emperors had other and mightier tasks than keeping alive a national literature in those years of warfare and rapine; the Hungarian and Slavonic invasions and struggles between local claimants to the throne destroyed the literary spirit, while the quarrel between Henry IV and Pope Gregory VII estranged from the people the clergy, who had been the chief supporters of literature. Yet, in the hearts of those sturdy pioneers still dwelt the inspiration of their legends, which often enough they must have heard from the lips of those wandering singers, who, steadily increasing in numbers, were beginning to be an important factor in the pleasures of the day.

Whatever literary remains exist of this epoch are in Latin and need not be considered here, if we except one or two that are so Ger-

manic in spirit as to deserve mention. The first of these is the *Waltharilied* (*Lay of Waltharius*), written about 930 by Ekkehard, a monk of St. Gall, and revised at a later date by another monk of the same name. It gives a saga of the Huns and Burgundians in a vivid manner, and at greater length than elsewhere. Walther of Aquitaine and his betrothed Hiltegund of Burgundy, escape from Attila, who has held them as hostages, and carry with them a valuable treasure which they had stolen from their captor. When they reach the Rhine near Worms they are assailed by Gunther, the Frankish King, who with twelve doughty knights seeks to obtain the treasure, to which he lays claim. One after another of these warriors Walther fights and slays, while Hiltegund sits guarding the treasure, till only Gunther and Hagen remain.

In Scheffel's historical novel *Ekkehard*, of which further mention is made under the author's name, is given a version of the *Lay of Waltharius* and a long and poetic account of the manner in which the tale was composed. The following is a prose version of the conclusion of the lay, from the German of Scheffel:

The sun had sunk behind the hills, the darkness of night had fallen. With thoughtful air stood Walthari the hero, and meditated whether it would be better to remain in silence and security within his stronghold, or to leave it and seek a new path through the land. Hagen alone he feared, and his soul misgave him when he saw the King embrace and kiss that knight. "I fear me," he murmured to himself, "that they have ridden back

into the town, and that with early morn the fight will begin once again with fresh combatants—if, indeed, they do not even now lurk in ambush nigh at hand.'' But when he thought of riding through the wild wood, with its fierce beasts of prey, and of wandering helplessly therein, and of, perchance, losing the maiden, a faint shudder passed through his limbs. And he pondered deeply and weighed the matter well. Then spake he: ''Whate'er may happen, we will make our camp here until morning, that the King may not boast I fled by cloudy night, like a thief, from out the Frankish land.''

With thorn-bush and branch he made himself a thick hedge, and thus closed up the narrow path. This done, he turned, with many sighs, to the dead bodies at his side. Each head he took and set it back upon its rightful trunk, and as the sun went down he threw himself upon his knees and spake the expiatory prayer, within his hand his naked sword: ''O Creator of this world, who doth decree all that taketh place, and against whose high will naught can happen, I thank Thee that to-day Thou hast lent me Thine aid in order that I might defeat mine enemies. O Lord, Thou whose strong arm destroyeth sin, but not the sinner, to Thee do I pray for mercy. Let these dead men enter straightway into Paradise, that, when my day cometh, I may meet them there.'' Thus Walthari prayed.

Then he gathered together the horses of the dead men, and made them fast to one another with a band of willow-branches. Six there were, for two had been slain, and three King Gunther had taken with him in his flight. This done, he loosed his armor, and, after having eaten and drunken, and with words of cheer comforted the fair young maiden, he laid his head upon his shield and sought to rest his tired limbs in sleep. Hiltegund, as heretofore, must guard his first slumbers, for greatly he needed that refreshment. The morning watch he himself would keep—well he knew the early hours would bring renewed combat. And Hiltegund sat by his side, and with snatches of song drove away the drowsiness

that threatened her. Then Walthari brushed the sleep from his eyes, bade the maiden rest, and he kept guard, now looking toward the horses, now listening among the rocks. And thus the night wore through. The morning dawned, a gentle dew fell softly on bush and leaf and blade of grass. Walthari stepped forward to the dead bodies. From them he removed their weapons, their breastplates and their helmets, their arm-bands too, their swords and belts. But their rich garments he touched not. Four of the horses did he then take, and load with these treasures; upon the fifth he set Hiltegund, and the sixth bestrode he himself. And, having finished these preparations, he rode out of the encircling rocks, and with his falcon eye surveyed the scene, his keen ear alert the while to hear if no thing crept or rustled among the grass, or if no tread of horses echoed from the ground. But over all lay silence. So they rode forth, first Hiltegund and beside her the booty-laden steeds, then Walthari himself, mounted on the stranger horse and leading by the bridle his own charger with the treasure of gold.

They had gone but some thousand paces when Hiltegund, glancing round, was seized with deadly terror, for from the hillside beheld she two horsemen come riding at full tilt, and, pale with fear, she cried to Walthari: "The end hath come, oh my dear lord! I pray thee, fly!" Walthari turned and viewed the enemy. "I will meet the danger!" he cried. "If Death doth beckon, better is it to fight than to ride from hence with empty hands. Thou, Hiltegund, take this bridle and lead forward with thee my laden charger. Yonder thick wood doth offer thee safe hiding. On the slope will I await these comers and give them knightly greeting!"

The maiden did at once that which Walthari commanded her, whilst he, with untroubled brow, brought forth his lance and shield. And while yet afar off, King Gunther lifted up his voice and cried to him: "No longer canst thou hide among the rocks, and show thy teeth at us like a snarling dog. Here in the open field do new blows await thee, and soon shall we see whether the end

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will be as the beginning hath been. Halt, I tell thee, and let us prove if Fortune be still hired servant to thy cause!''

Contemptuously, as had he heard them not, Walthari let the words pass, and to Hagen spoke: ''O Hagen! old friend Hagen! tell me how it cometh about that I see the man who parted from me with tears now come to me an enemy? In truth, once did I think that on mine homeward way with open arms thou wouldst have met me, and hospitably wouldst have entertained me, yea, e'en gone with me on my journey to mine home-land. Over strange and unknown paths I traveled, thinking ever in my heart: 'Ah! were I but on Frankish soil, where lives my friend, my Hagen!' Hast thou forgotten our boyish play, where, one in mind, we strove toward the self-same goal? Hast thou forgotten our friendship? Oh, when I saw thy face, to me it seemed as were I, of a surety, nigh to my parents and my home! Toward thee have I ever kept my faithful love, at court and before mine enemies, and I do pray thee now to cease this cruel work, and be again mine old friend. And doest thou so, then will I give thee praise, and the hollow of thy shield with red gold will I fill.''

With dark and angry eye Hagen looked at him. ''First dost thou practice force, and now with cunning words dost seek to make thine escape. Our faith thou thyself hast broken. Fight me thou must, for thou didst slay my friends and him my sister's son. With thy sword didst thou mow down that fair young life. Now, therefore, are we quits. No gold do I demand from thee, nor friendship's tokens, but my dead nephew's life!''

From his charger's back Hagen swung himself, and Walthari and King Gunther did likewise. On foot they stood to fight—two men against one. The first to break the peace was Hagen. With his strong arm he flung his spear. Too proud was Walthari to step aside and thus avoid its course, but he held his great shield so that the weapon rebounded from it as from a block of marble. Then King Gunther threw his stout ashen spear. Boldly

he threw it, but with so little strength that it but touched the edge of Walthari's shield, and with one shake he cast it to the ground. They seized their swords in grim silence. Walthari parried with his spear their every thrust. The blades were too short, they could not reach to his body. Then in King Gunther's brain a wicked scheme found place. The spear which he had flung so uselessly lay now at Walthari's feet, and willingly would he have regained it once more. Therefore with his eye he signed to Hagen that he should press hard forward, and, thrusting his own gold-hilted sword back into its scabbard, he himself stretched forward with stealth. Already his hand had touched the shaft, but Walthari made a sudden onslaught upon Hagen and set his foot upon the spear. Overcome by surprise and fear, the King stood there defenseless, and Death had almost claimed him when in swift protection Hagen rushed to his side. And ever more bitter grew the fight. Steadfastly did Walthari hold his ground, yet 'twas an unequal struggle. He stood as stands the bear when baited by a pack of hounds: he threatens with his sharp claws and lowers his head and growls. Evil is the fate of him who doth press too nigh. Within his arms he takes that one; when released from that embrace the victim moveth no more, and with frightened yelps the dogs retreat.

The combat swelled to its highest flood. Upon each brow, in threefold sisterhood, sat rage, dire stress of battle, and burning heat from the rays of the glowing sun. With fierce, set face Walthari darted a swift glance about him, seeking some way to end the fight or to escape from it. And to Hagen cried he then: "Oh, Hawthorn-tree, 'tis thy fond desire to prick me, and so pierce my hero-strength. Yet will I now begin a wrestling match with thee, and art thou very giant in strength, yet will I lay thee low!" He spoke, and with a sudden leap hurled his spear with such aim and force that it dashed against Hagen's armor and rent it. The spear-point scratched his skin, but could do no further injury, for Hagen's doublet was of strongest leathern make. Then,

tearing his sword from its sheath, Walthari flung himself on Gunther, and dealt him such a dreadful cut that Gunther's leg was severed at the thigh from off its frame. Half dead, Gunther lay upon his shield; even Hagen paled at sight of that mighty stroke. Again Walthari swung his blood-flecked blade on high, and would have given the wounded King his death-blow, had not Hagen received the falling sword upon his own head. From his helmet flew a shower of sparks, but the smith's work was good. His head-gear was uninjured—and Walthari's sword flew in many fragments, with noisy rattling, through the air, and fell among the grass and bushes. When Walthari saw his good blade thus destroyed, rage filled his heart. Far from him he flung the hilt—'twas of pure gold and wrought with art, yet what could that avail him now? Then, as he raised his spear with careless hand, a stroke from Hagen's sword cut off that hand. Upon the sand it lay, a bleeding thing, that hand so victorious and so honored. Yet even maimed thus, a man with but a single hand, and that the left one, no thought of flight could find an entrance into Walthari's mind. With unmoved countenance he hid his pain, and, passing his shield swiftly over the bloody stump, in his left hand he seized the curved saber which that night in the land of the Huns he had bound at his right side for use in such an hour of need. This weapon now avenged him; with it he slashed grim Hagen's face, and without an eye, with deep-cut brow and jaw, and six teeth knocked from out his mouth that stroke left Hagen.

And thus the combat ended. Well might both rest upon their arms, for grievous wounds and parching thirst called loudly on them to lay by their weapons. Therefore, with courtesy as befitted two knights, they ceased their strife, for each had shown himself the equal of his friend in strength of arm and in courage. Each left upon the ground a token of the fray: there lay Walthari's good right hand, near by, King Gunther's leg, and not far off gleamed Hagen's eye.

Two of the combatants seated themselves, the third lay upon the ground. With leaves and flowers they strove to stanch their bleeding wounds. And then Walthari lifted up his voice and called upon Hiltegund, the timid maid. She came and bound the heroes' wounds, and Walthari said: "I pray thee go and fetch unto us a cup of wine, for in good sooth we do deserve it. Bring thou the first draught to Hagen, for he was faithful to his king and courageous in battle; then hand the cup to me, for I have suffered more than any other; and, last of all, give Gunther to drink—no great fighting did he."

The maiden did even as her lord commanded, and brought the cup to Hagen. But he, although oppressed by burning thirst, spake thus: "To Walthari, to thy lord, be the first draught, for he hath shown himself this day braver than I, yea, braver than us all."

And when the pangs of thirst had been stilled they sat together, Hagen, the thorny one, and his old friend, in friendly converse. After the noise and turmoil of the fight, the sound of ringing blows upon the shield and the heavy clash of sword-strokes, they sat and drank together with merry talk and many a jest.

"In future times, my friend," the Frank spoke, "thou mayst hunt the stag, but then must thou pull on a leathern glove, and it must be stuffed with wool, and so, perchance, canst thou think that thou still dost possess thy right hand. Alack! and thou must also now, against all use and custom, bind thy broadsword at thy right side. And if Hiltegund would fall into thine arms, then must thou with the left encircle her fair form. In truth, all that thou doest will be awkward—left-handed, as the saying is——"

But Walthari answered swiftly: "Oh, cease thy railing, one-eyed man! Yet many a stag shall I bring down with my left arm, but *thou*—no more shalt thou eat of the roasted wild boar. I see thee, cross-eyed, quarreling with thy servants, and with a squinting glance returning knightly greeting. Yet, thinking of thy faith in other days, I give thee this kind counsel: when thou again dost

enter thine own house, then bid them cool for thee an infant's mess of milk and meal. A toothless man will eat the like with joy, and 'twill strengthen his weak limbs."

Thus did they renew, with jest and laughter, the bonds of their old friendship. Then they bore the King, whose wounds caused him much pain, to his horse and laid him on the steed, and the two Franks rode back to Worms, but Walthari rode on to his own land. And when he reached his home, he was received with high honor, and soon were he and Hiltegund joined in happy wedlock. After his father's death he reigned in his stead, and for thirty years he ruled the land, and the people prospered and lived contented lives. In many another fierce battle did he win fame and victory, but mine pen hath grown blunt, and I can write no more. And, gentle reader, I pray thee, be merciful to this book of mine. Well know I that my rough rhyme resembleth but the notes of the cricket, yet after the highest have I striven with ardor. Praised be Jesus Christ!

So ends the Song of Walthari.

In the Latin *Ecbasis Captivi* (*Escape of the Captive*), a monk of Lorraine wrote about 940 the first of the "beast epics," in which, under the guise of a calf astray in the woods and captured by a wolf, he gives an allegory of his own life.

In the second half of the tenth century the nun Hrotsuith (Roswitha) wrote a number of simple dramas, in reality mere dialogues, hoping to counteract the influence in the monasteries of the comedies of Terence, whose style she imitated. To call her the first German-born dramatist is to give her work more credit than it deserves.

In this age, however, one man, Notker, the "thick-lipped," otherwise known as Notker

Germanicus, because of his efforts to preserve the vernacular, translated with considerable skill, for the use of his pupils in the convent school at St. Gall, versions of the *Psalms*, of *The Consolation of Philosophy,* and some bits of philosophy which still survive. They show him to have been an excellent scholar, and if we may believe tradition he must have been an excellent man. When he died in 1022, at the age of seventy, he confessed as his greatest sin the fact that unnecessarily he once had killed a wolf.

VII. The Eleventh Century. Quite interesting, and really German in spirit, is the first romance in German literature, the Latin poem *Ruodlieb,* written at the monastery of Tegernsee in Bavaria about 1030, and dealing in a realistic manner with events of everyday life. Young Ruodlieb, on his way to seek his fortune in foreign lands, enters the service of a King, where for ten years he makes a brilliant record as hunter and soldier. Then, as he wishes to return to his mother, the King sends him on his way with two loaves of bread, in which are concealed money and a tablet containing twelve maxims, which Ruodlieb prizes highly. From the fragments which remain it is impossible to restore the whole scheme, but it is probable that the author intended to send his hero on his way home through twelve adventures which should illustrate the excellence of the twelve rules. The writer presents in a dispassionate manner the life of the nobles and of the lower

classes, without criticism or satire. In many respects it was a precursor of the chivalric romance, which later became so popular.

The eleventh century was marked by a reform in ecclesiastical matters, which originated in the Burgundian monastery of Cluny and which circumscribed the literary activities of the monks and compelled them to devote themselves more exclusively to the Church and to refrain from the pursuit of pagan ideas of any kind. Yet, in the latter half of the century, some of the clergy began to write German verses, which, however, were given up wholly to religious topics such as the Creation, the fall of Lucifer, the Redemption, attacks on the worldly life and praises of asceticism.

Most original and interesting of these is an epic poem known as the *Annolied* (*Lay of Anno*), written by some clerical poet of the monastery of Siegburg, near Cologne. Anno, whose life it celebrates, was a famous bishop of Cologne, who led the Papal party against Henry IV and died in 1075. Beginning at the Creation, the poem describes the spread of Christianity, and finally the founding of Cologne. About the same time the *Ezzolied,* of some four hundred verses, written at the command of Bishop Gunther of Bamberg, goes back to the beginning of things and describes the birth, life and death of Christ. This *Lay of Christ,* as it is often called, is said by the early chroniclers to have caused many of the clergy to take up the ascetic life. The form of

these epics and of some others show that the secular spirit was again beginning to encroach upon the religious, as in the *Annolied,* especially, it seems that the author tried to do for the religious-minded what the *spielleute,* or singers, were doing for the laity, for already this persuasive class, subdued for a time by the wave of reform we have mentioned, were coming again into great popularity. It was the rise of knighthood, too, and the growth of chivalry which particularly maddened the churchmen, who preached the fires of hell with all the vocabulary of torture at their command. In his *Meditation of Death,* the Austrian preacher, Heinrich von Melk, contrasts the brilliance of chivalry with the ghastliness of the rotting corpse, and vividly portrays the wrath to come.

VIII. The Crusades. The influence of the Crusades upon German literature was immediate and far reaching, for not only did the knights of Germany learn to know the East and its romanticism, but they became more intimately acquainted with Oriental civilization and also with the literature of the West. The wonderful tales of adventure in far-away lands, the *chansons de geste,* the classic poems of antiquity and the love lyrics of Provençe all contributed to awaken an imagination which had but slumbered in the north, so that, first borrowing from their neighbors, German writers later began to produce similar works themselves. The new ideals of chivalry were accepted, and every one responded to the thrill

of ecstasy when they thought of the knights in their holy warfare against the infidels.

One of the first results of the new spirit is seen in the *Koenig Rother*, a German epic based upon a national legend. It was written probably by a wandering singer about the middle of the twelfth century, and tells in a sprightly vein the adventures of King Rother, whose home was at Bari, in Italy. Having heard of the beauty of a daughter of the King of Constantinople, Rother sends the sons of Duke Berchter as envoys to demand her hand in marriage. The King of Constantinople throws the ambassadors into prison, and Rother, disguised as a *spielmann,* or wandering singer, sets out to free his men and obtain his bride. Having been liberated, the envoys, fighting under the leadership of Rother, deliver the King of Constantinople from his enemies and then carry off his daughter in a ship.

A further immediate result of the Crusades was to bring to Germany from France translations of the *Chanson d'Alixandre* and the *Chanson de Roland.* The former, of which the original French version has been lost, consists of some seven thousand verses which tell in an uncanonical way the romantic saga of Alexander the Great. After conquering the world, Alexander reaches its end, where the heavens turn round it like a wheel on its axle. Lacking humility, Alexander is unable to conquer Paradise, but after being turned back, repents, reforms and obtains his chance of salvation.

The *Rolandlied* is practically the famous *Song of Roland* which we studied at length in French literature; the translation is by a priest named Konrad, about 1130. At first thought it seems a little surprising that the song was so little "Germanized" in the translation, for Charles the Great was no less the Emperor of the Germans than of the French. But here, again, appears the leveling influence of the Crusades, which brought European chivalry under a stronger passion than patriotism. The nationality of *Roland* mattered little to the poet, whose enthusiasm glowed for knightly heroism, under whatever banner it might be found.

That such translations should be made by priests shows the effort the Church was making to draw the minds of its subjects by infusing something of the lure of adventure into the entertainments provided to draw the people under the influence of religious teachings. About 1150 this same purpose was carried further in the huge *Kaiserchronik* (*Chronicle of the Emperors*), which in simple verse attempted to give the lives of the Roman emperors from Romulus to Konrad of Hohenstauffen. Popular in its time, its chief value seems to have been in widening the taste for literature.

Another evidence of the quickening influence of the Crusades was the increase in chivalrous devotion to the Virgin Mary and the appearance of many fervid poems in her honor. At that time Christ was usually depicted

as the stern and awful Judge, while Mary, as the human mother, was the tender intercessor. Both lyric and narrative poetry appeared in her honor, the best of the latter type being the *Three Lays of the Maid,* written in the last quarter of the twelfth century by Wernher, a priest living in South Germany.

That German lyrics of this date are not more numerous may be attributed to the fact that, being shorter, they were easily committed to memory, and hence were not so frequently written. At any rate, we know that German lyric genius was even then fruitful, and from the few remaining vestiges of its activity we can see the crusader as influential therein, as elsewhere.

IX. The Drama. The development of the drama in Germany was slow, and it took the same general course as in France and other European nations. Even at the end of the twelfth century there was nothing that could be called a real dramatic literature, though there were the same Easter and Passion plays that the Church produced everywhere, and some steps had been taken toward secularization in the way of making the productions more elaborate, using religious topics not necessarily taken from the Bible, and in performances in the market-places. As soon as the audiences became thus general, Latin in humble dramas was compelled to give place to the German tongue.

CHAPTER III

EPICS OF THE PEOPLE

THE POPULAR EPIC. Not long after the middle of the twelfth century the more scholarly knights began to write, and thenceforward literature grew outside the monasteries, where hitherto it had been confined. For the fifty years preceding 1230 there was so great an outpouring of both lyric and narrative poetry that the time is often spoken of as the classical period of medieval literature. According to the subject treated, narrative poetry falls into one of two classes—the popular or national epic and the court epic—though the line of division is not always clear. The former group, in which the epics were reduced to writing by popular singers, dealt with German history and traditions, which had been handed down orally but in all probability reached their final form only after revision by

court scholars. In the popular sagas Theodoric, who appears as Dietrich of Bern; the annihilation of the Burgundians and their king Gundahari (Gunther) by the Huns; Siegfried of Xanten, especially favored by the Franks of the Rhine, together with other Ostrogothic kings and heroes of the sea, each formed a center of heroic legends that proved popular enough to live in the memories of the people until at the time we have mentioned unknown German poets put them into permanent metrical form.

II. The "Nibelungenlied." Composed probably in Austria during the last decade of the twelfth century, *Der Nibelunge Not (Das Nibelungenlied)* is by far the most important poem of medieval Germany, and by many is considered the great national epic worthy of being ranked with the *Iliad;* yet the great Frederick, King of Prussia, is said to have declared that it was not worth a single charge of powder. With a central theme of treachery, foul murder and dastardly revenge, it certainly cannot be considered as a picture of national life or of public morals, nor as giving a lesson to succeeding generations. Yet it is a powerful narrative of abiding interest that develops such characters as Siegfried, Hagen, Kriemhild, Ruedeger and others with force and naturalness.

Two distinct legends are woven into the plot, viz., the Frankish tradition of Siegfried, who gains the hoarded treasures of the Nibelungs,

or Children of Darkness, and the more nearly historical account of the destruction of the Burgundians, to whom in the *Lied* the name of Nibelungs is transferred. Ten complete manuscripts of the epic have been preserved, and of these three appear to approximate closely the lost original of that unnamed poet who collected the twenty or more tales that had been handed down for centuries, amalgamated them into a single story and infused into his production something more of chivalry and Christianity than the originals contained.

Underlying the story, and assumed as known by the reader, is the mythical tale of Siegfried, who slays a dragon; bathes in its blood and becomes invulnerable except at a single spot; finds a beautiful maiden in an enchanted palace surrounded by ice or flames; liberates her, and proves an unfaithful lover; secures the vast hidden treasure; understands the language of birds; possesses the *Tarnkappe,* or cloak of invisibility; and has in Alberich, the dwarf-king who guards his treasure, a powerful ally who can on demand furnish him with a thousand richly armored knights.

In the semi-historical factors of the epics anachronisms abound, and people are brought together whose lives are separated by hundreds of years, but such confusion is of little moment after the passage of so many centuries, for Attila died as early as 452, and Theodoric in 525. More serious defects to the modern critic are the endless repetitions, the tedious-

ness of the descriptions of costumes and the splendors of court life, the ineptitude of battle scenes and the oceans of blood that flood every episode. Yet even these defects are pardonable when it is remembered that the poem was intended to entertain a listener, not a reader, and that twelfth century hearers were interested in just the glories that do not move us.

Carlyle says:

> The *Nibelungen* has been called the Northern Epos; yet it has, in great part, a dramatic character: those thirty-nine *Aventiuren* (*Adventures*), which it consists of, might be so many scenes in a tragedy. The catastrophe is dimly prophesied from the beginning; and, at every fresh step, rises more and more clearly into view. A shadow of coming fate, as it were, a low inarticulate voice of doom falls, from the first, out of that charmed Nibelungen-land: the discord of two women is as a little spark of evil passion, which ere long enlarges itself into a crime; foul murder is done; and now the sin rolls on like a devouring fire, till the guilty and the innocent are alike encircled with it, and a whole land is ashes, and a whole race is swept away.

III. "The Fall of the Nibelungs." The *Nibelungenlied* is sufficiently important and withal interesting to justify an extended outline, with extracts, the latter taken from the excellent prose translation of Margaret Armour (Mrs. W. B. MacDougall). The first book relates the story of Siegfried's love for Kriemhild:

Kriemhild, daughter of Dankrat and Uta, King and Queen of the Burgundians, who live at Worms, on the Rhine, dreams of fondling

a wild falcon, which eagles wrest from her, a vision thus interpreted by her mother: "The falcon that thou savest is a noble man; yet if God keep him not, he is a lost man." Thus is the tragedy of the epic foreshadowed.

When Siegfried, son of Siegmund and Sieglind in the Netherland, comes to maturity, his father holds a feast and enfeoffs him with lands and castles, but Siegfried declines to rule while his father lives. The young man has heard of Kriemhild, and, taking eleven of his noblest knights, goes to Worms to woo her. Hagen recognizes Siegfried, and describes him to King Gunther, brother of Kriemhild:

But for this I vouch, that, though I never saw Siegfried, yonder knight that goeth so proud is, of a surety, none but he. New adventures he bringeth hither. By this hero's hand fell the brave Nibelungs, Shilbung and Nibelung, the high princes. Wonders hath he wrought by his prowess. I have heard tell that on a day when he rode alone, he came to a mountain, and chanced on a company of brave men that guarded the Nibelung's hoard, whereof he knew naught. The Nibelung men had, at that moment, made an end of bringing it forth from a hole in the hill, and oddly enow, they were about to share it. Siegfried saw them and marveled thereat. He drew so close that they were ware of him, and he of them. Whereupon one said, "Here cometh Siegfried, the hero of the Netherland!" Strange adventure met he amidst of them. Shilbung and Nibelung welcomed him, and with one accord the princely youths asked him to divide the treasure atween them, and begged this so eagerly that he could not say them nay. The tale goeth that he saw there more precious stones than an hundred double wagons had sufficed to carry, and of the red Nibelung gold yet more. This must bold Siegfried

divide. In guerdon therefor they gave him the sword of the Nibelungs, and were ill paid by Siegfried for the service. He strove vainly to end the task, whereat they were wroth. And when he could not bear it through, the kings, with their men, fell upon him. But with their father's sword, that hight Balmung, he wrested from them both hoard and land. The princes had twelve champions—stark giants, yet little it bested them. Siegfried slew them wrathfully with his hand, and, with Balmung, vanquished seven hundred knights; and many youths there, afraid of the man and his sword, did homage for castles and land. He smote the two kings dead. Then he, himself, came in scathe by Albric, that would have avenged the death of his masters then and there, till that he felt Siegfried's exceeding might. When the dwarf could not overcome him, they ran like lions to the mountain, where Siegfried won from Albric the cloud-cloak that hight *Tarnkappe*. Then was Siegfried, the terrible man, master of the hoard. They that had dared the combat lay slain; and he bade carry the treasure back whence the Nibelungs had brought it forth; and he made Albric the keeper thereof, after that he had sworn an oath to serve him as his man, and to do all that he commanded him.

The visitor tells Gunther he will fight him for his kingdom, but, being received kindly, he tarries a year without seeing Kriemhild, who, however, has seen and fallen in love with him. An invasion of the country by the Saxons and Danes gives Siegfried an opportunity to distinguish himself and save Gunther's kingdom, some time after which he meets Kriemhild and tarries with the Burgundians, scarce daring to ask her hand.

About this time Gunther hears of Brunhild, "high-throned across the sea," and wishes to

SIEGFRIED AND KRIEMHILD

marry her, but feeling the need of assistance in so dangerous a wooing, engages the help of Siegfried by promising him Kriemhild for wife:

Then Princess Kriemhild summoned from their chambers thirty of her maidens that had great skill in such work.

Silk from Araby, white as snow, and from Zazamanc, green like clover, they embroidered with precious stones. The royal maiden cut them herself. In sooth, they were goodly robes. Linings finely fashioned from fishes' skins, rarely seen then, they covered, as many as they had, with silk, and wrought them with gold. Many a marvel could one tell of these garments. For they had, in plenty, the finest silks from Morocco and Libya that the children of kings ever wore. It was not hard to see that Kriemhild loved the warriors. And because they desired rich apparel, the black-spotted ermine was not spared, the which good knights covet still for hightides.

Precious stones sparkled on gold of Araby. Certes, the women were not idle. Inside of seven weeks the clothes were ready, and also weapons for the knights.

When the King and Siegfried, accompanied by Dankwart and Hagen of Trony, are introduced to the court of Brunhild and have stated their errand, she answers:

"If he be thy lord, and thou be his man, let him withstand me at the games. If he have the mastery, then am I his wife, but let him fail in one of them, and ye be all dead men."

Then said Hagen of Trony, "Lady, show us the games that thou proposest. It will go hard with Gunther or he yield thee the mastery, for he troweth well to win so fair a maiden."

"He must put the stone, and leap after it, and throw the spear with me. Ye may easily forfeit honor and life; wherefore be not so confident, but bethink you well."

Then bold Siegfried went to the King, and bade him fear naught, but speak freely to the Queen. "For," said he, "I will aid thee with cunning devices."

And King Gunther said, "Command me, great Queen, and were it more yet, I would risk it for thy sake. I will lose my head, or win thee to wife."

When the Queen heard this word, she bade haste to the sports, as was meet, and let them bring her harness, a golden buckler and a goodly shield. She did on a surcoat of silk from Libya, that had never been pierced in combat, cunningly fashioned and embroidered, and shining with precious stones. Her pride greatly angered the knights, and Dankwart and Hagen were downcast, for they feared for their lord, and thought, "Ill-starred was this journey."

Meanwhile, Siegfried, the cunning man, went, when none spied him, to the ship, where he found the *Tarnkappe*, and he did it on swiftly, that none knew. Then he hasted back to the crowd of knights, where the Queen gave order for the sports, and, by his magic, he stole in among them, that no man was ware of him. The ring was marked out in the presence of armed knights to the number of seven hundred. These were the umpires, that should tell truly who won in the sports.

Then came Brunhild. She stood armed, as she had meant to do battle with all the kings of all the world. The silk was covered with gold spangles that showed her white skin. Her attendants brought her, for the strife, a shield of ruddy gold with iron studs, mickle and broad. The maid's thong was an embroidered band, whereon lay stones green like grass, that sparkled among the gold. The knight must, certes, be bold that won such a lady. They say the shield the maiden bore was three spans thick under the folds, rich with steel and gold, that four of her chamberlains scarce could carry it.

When stark Hagen saw them drag the shield forward, the hero of Trony was wroth, and cried, "How now, King Gunther? We be dead men, for thou wooest the Devil's wife!"

Yet more must ye hear of her vesture. Her coat of mail was covered with silk from Azagouc, costly and rich, and the stones thereof sparkled on the Queen's body. They brought her the spear, heavy and big and sharp, that she was wont to throw. Stark and huge it was, mickle and broad, and made grim wounds with its edges. And hear, now, the marvel of its heaviness. Three weights and a half of iron were welded for it. Three of Brunhild's lords scarce carried it. A woeful man was King Gunther, and he thought, "Lo! now, not the Devil in Hell could escape her. Were I in Burgundy with my life, she might wait long enough for my wooing." He stood dismayed. Then they brought him his armor, and he did it on.

Hagen came nigh to lose his wits for sorrow, and Dankwart, his brother, said, "By my troth, I rue this adventure. Once we hight warriors, and shall we perish in this country by the hand of a woman? Alack! that we ever came hither! Had my brother Hagen but his sword, and I mine, Brunhild's men would abate their pride; I ween they would walk softer. If I had sworn peace with a thousand oaths, that maid should die sooner than that my lord should lose his life."

"It were easy to quit this land," said Hagen, his brother, "if we had our harness for the strife, and our good swords. This dame would be milder, I trow."

The noble maiden heard him plain, and, with smiling mouth, she looked over her shoulder. "Since he deemeth him so bold, bring his harness, and give to the heroes their sharp weapons. It is all one to me whether they be armed or naked. I never feared the might of any man, and doubt not but I shall overcome this king."

When they had brought the weapons, as the maid commanded, bold Dankwart grew red with joy. "Now let them drive what sport they like," he said; "Gunther is safe, since we have our swords."

Brunhild's great strength appeared. They brought her a stone into the circle, heavy and huge, round also,

and broad. Twelve strong knights scarce sufficed thereto. And this she threw when she had hurled the spear. Whereat the Burgundians were sore troubled, and Hagen cried, "Who is this that Gunther wooeth? Would she were the Devil's bride in Hell!"

Then she turned back the sleeves from her white arms, and seized the shield, and brandished the spear above her head, and the contest began. Gunther was sore dismayed. If Siegfried had not helped him, certes he had lost his life; but Siegfried went up to him secretly, and touched his hand. Gunther fell in fear by reason of his magic, and he thought, "Who touched me?" He looked round and saw no man. But Siegfried said, "It is I, Siegfried, thy friend. Fear naught from the Queen. Give me the shield from thy hands, and let me carry it, and give heed to what I say. Make thou the gestures, and I will do the work." And Gunther was glad when he knew him. "Guard well the secret of my magic, for all our sakes, lest the Queen slay thee. See how boldly she challengeth thee."

Thereupon the royal maiden hurled her spear against the mickle and broad shield of Sieglind's child, that sparks flew from it, as before a wind. The stark spear pierced through the shield, and struck fire from the coat of mail below. And the mighty man fell, and had perished but for the *Tarnkappe*. The blood gushed from Siegfried's mouth. But he sprang up swiftly, and took the spear that she had shot through his buckler, and threw it back again with great force. He thought, "I will not slay so fair a maiden," and he turned the spear, and hurled it with the haft loud against her harness. From her mail, also, the sparks flew as on the wind, for Siegmund's child threw mightily; and her strength failed before the blow. King Gunther, I ween, had never done it alone.

Brunhild sprang to her feet, again, and cried, "I thank thee, Gunther, for that blow." For she thought he had done it with his own strength, nor guessed that a far mightier man had felled her.

Then, greatly wroth, she hasted and lifted the stone on high; she flung it far from her, and leaped after it with loud-ringing armor. The stone landed twenty and four paces off; but the maid sprang further. Then Siegfried went swiftly where the stone lay. Gunther lifted it, but it was the man they saw not that threw it. Siegfried was mighty, bold and big. He hurled the stone further, and he leaped further; moreover, through his magic, he had strength enow to bear King Gunther with him. The spring was made, the stone lay on the ground, and none was seen there but Gunther, the knight. Fair Brunhild was red with anger.

So Siegfried saved Gunther from death.

Then Brunhild said aloud to her folk, when she saw the hero at the far end of the ring unhurt, "Come hither at once, my kinsmen and my lieges. Ye are subject henceforth to King Gunther."

Alarmed for their safety, Siegfried hastens to the Nibelungs, obtains a thousand warriors, and returns to lead Gunther and his bride to the Rhine country. After the marriage, Brunhild, who knows more of Siegfried than appears, is jealous of Kriemhild and angry at Gunther, and on the wedding night refuses his caresses; as he persists, she binds him and hangs him on a nail for the night. The next day he solicits the aid of Siegfried, who, the second night, made invisible by the *Tarnkappe,* overcomes Brunhild, but only after a terrible struggle, and leaves Gunther the supposed victor. However, Siegfried takes with him the girdle and ring of Brunhild, and foolishly gives them to Kriemhild without explaining how or where he obtained them. For years all goes well; to Kriemhild is born a son, whom

she names Gunther and to Brunhild a son, whom she names Siegfried. Brunhild, however, has been told that Siegfried is a vassal to Gunther, and, growing constantly more jealous, resolves to ask the couple to come to her court so that she may find out why Siegfried pays no tribute. The invitation is accepted, and a quarrel develops between the two women:

Gunther's wife stood before the minster, and the knights dallied in converse with the women, till that Kriemhild came up with her meiny. All that noble maidens had ever worn was but as a wind to what these had on. So rich was Kriemhild that thirty kings' wives together had not been as gorgeous as she was. None could deny, though they had wished it, that the apparel Kriemhild's maidens wore that day was the richest they had ever seen. Kriemhild did this on purpose to anger Brunhild.

So they met before the minster. And Brunhild, with deadly spite, cried out to Kriemhild to stand still. "Before the Queen shall no vassal go."

Out then spake Kriemhild, for she was wroth. "Better hadst thou held thy peace. Thou hast shamed thine own body. How should the leman of a vassal become a king's wife?"

"Whom namest thou leman?" cried the Queen.

"Even thee," answered Kriemhild. "For it was Siegfried my husband, and not my brother, that won thee first. Where were thy senses? It was surely ill done to favor a vassal so. Reproaches from thee are much amiss."

"Verily," cried Brunhild, "Gunther shall hear of it."

"What is that to me? Thine arrogancy hath deceived thee. Thou hast called me thy vassal. Know now of a truth it hath irked me, and I am thine enemy evermore."

Then Brunhild began to weep, and Kriemhild tarried not longer, but went with her attendants into the minster before the King's wife. There was deadly hate, and bright eyes grew wet and dim.

Whether they prayed or sang, the service seemed too long to Brunhild, for her heart and her mind were troubled, the which many a bold and good man paid for afterward.

Brunhild stopped before the minster with her women, for she thought, "Kriemhild, the foul-mouthed woman, shall tell me further whereof she so loud accuseth me. If he hath boasted of this thing, he shall answer for it with his life."

Then Kriemhild with her knights came forth, and Brunhild began, "Stop! thou hast called me a wanton and shalt prove it, for know that thy words irk me sore."

Said Kriemhild, "Let me pass. With this gold that I have on my hand I can prove it. Siegfried brought it when he came from thee."

It was a heavy day for Brunhild. She said, "That gold so precious was stolen from me, and hath been hidden these many years. Now I know who hath taken it." Both the women were furious.

"I am no thief," cried Kriemhild. "Hadst thou prized thine honor thou hadst held thy peace, for, with this girdle round my waist, I can prove my word, and that Siegfried was verily thy leman." She wore a girdle of silk of Nineveh, goodly enow, and worked with precious stones.

When Brunhild saw it she started to weep. And soon Gunther knew it, and all his men, for the Queen cried, "Bring hither the King of Rhineland; I would tell him how his sister hath mocked me, and sayeth openly that I be Siegfried's leman."

The King came with his warriors, and, when he saw that his dear one wept, he spake kindly, "What aileth thee, dear wife?"

She answered, "Shamed must I stand, for thy sister would part me from mine honor! I make my plaint to

thee. She proclaimeth aloud that Siegfried hath had me to his leman."

Gunther answered, "Evilly hath she done."

"She weareth here a girdle that I have long lost, and my red gold. Woe is me that ever I was born! If thou clearest me not from this shame, I will never love thee more."

Said Gunther, "Bid him hither, that he confess whether he hath boasted of this, or no."

They summoned Siegfried, who, when he saw their anger and knew not the cause, spake quickly, "Why weep these women? Tell me straight; and wherefore am I summoned?"

Whereto Gunther answered, "Right vexed am I. Brunhild, my wife, telleth me here that thou hast boasted thou wert her leman. Kriemhild declareth this. Hast thou done it, O knight?"

Siegfried answered, "Not I. If she hath said so, I will rest not till she repent it. I swear with a high oath, in the presence of all thy knights, that I said not this thing."

The King of the Rhine made answer, "So be it. If thou swear the oath here, I will acquit thee of the falsehood." Then the Burgundians stood round in a ring, and Siegfried swore it with his hand; whereupon the great King said, "Verily, I hold thee guiltless, nor lay to thy charge the word my sister imputeth to thee."

Said Siegfried further, "If she rejoiceth to have troubled thy fair wife, I am grieved beyond measure." The knights glanced at each other.

"Women must be taught to bridle their tongues. Forbid proud speech to thy wife: I will do the like to mine. Such bitterness and pride are a shame."

Angry words have divided many women. Brunhild made such dole, that Gunther's men had pity on her. And Hagen of Trony went to her and asked what ailed her, for he found her weeping. She told him the tale, and he sware straightway that Kriemhild's husband should pay for it, or never would Hagen be glad again.

Hagen, who knows of Siegfried's invulnerability, treacherously induces Kriemhild to betray the secret:

"My husband is stark and bold. When that he slew the dragon on the mountain, he bathed him in its blood; wherefore no weapon can pierce him. Nevertheless, when he rideth in battle, and spears fly from the hands of heroes, I tremble lest I lose him. Alack! for Siegfried's sake how oft have I been heavy of my cheer! And now, dear cousin, I will trust thee with the secret, and tell thee, that thou mayst prove thy faith, where my husband may be wounded. For that I know thee honorable, I do this. When the hot blood flowed from the wound of the dragon, and Siegfried bathed therein, there fell atween his shoulders the broad leaf of a lime tree. There one might stab him, and thence is my care and dole."

Then answered Hagen of Trony, "Sew, with thine own hand, a small sign upon his outer garment, that I may know where to defend him when we stand in battle."

She did it to profit the knight, and worked his doom thereby. She said, "I will sew secretly, with fine silk, a little cross upon his garment, and there, O knight, shalt thou guard to me my husband when ye ride in the thick of the strife, and he withstandeth his foemen in the fierce onset."

All the knights go on a hunt, during which Hagen finds no opportunity to commit the murderous deed, but afterward he succeeds:

Then said Hagen of Trony, "Dear master, methought we were to hunt to-day at Spessart, and I sent the wine thither. For the present we must go thirsty; another time I will take better care."

But Siegfried cried, "Small thank to him. Seven sumpters with meat and spiced wines should he have sent here at the least, or, if that might not be, we should have gone nigher to the Rhine."

Hagen of Trony answered, "I know of a cool spring close at hand. Be not wroth with me, but take my counsel, and go thither." The which was done, to the hurt of many warriors. Siegfried was sore athirst and bade push back the table, that he might go to the spring at the foot of the mountain. Falsely had the knights contrived it. The wild beasts that Siegfried's hand had slain they let pile on a wagon and take home, and all they that saw it praised him.

Foully did Hagen break faith with Siegfried. He said, when they were starting for the broad lime tree, "I hear from all sides that none can keep pace with Kriemhild's husband when he runneth. Let us see now."

Bold Siegfried of the Netherland answered, "Thou mayst easily prove it, if thou wilt run with me to the brook for a wager. The praise shall be to him that winneth there first."

"Let us see then," said Hagen the knight.

And stark Siegfried answered, "If I lose, I will lay me at thy feet in the grass."

A glad man was King Gunther when he heard that!

Said Siegfried further, "Nay, I will undertake more. I will carry on me all that I wear—spear, shield, and hunting gear." Whereupon he girded on his sword and his quiver in haste. Then the others did off their clothes, till they stood in their white shirts, and they ran through the clover like two wild panthers; but bold Siegfried was seen there the first. Before all men he won the prize in everything. He loosed his sword straightway, and laid down his quiver. His good spear he leaned against the lime tree; then the noble guest stood and waited, for his courtesy was great. He laid down his shield by the stream. Albeit he was sore athirst, he drank not till that the King had finished, who gave his evil thanks.

The stream was cool, pure, and good. Gunther bent down to the water, and rose again when he had drunk. Siegfried had gladly done the like, but he suffered for his courtesy. Hagen carried his bow and his sword out of his reach, and sprang back and gripped the spear. Then

HAGEN TREACHEROUSLY KILLS SIEGFRIED

THE *Nibelungenlied* IS THE SOURCE FROM WHICH ARTISTS, WRITERS AND MUSICIANS HAVE DRAWN FREELY FOR MATERIAL AND INSPIRATION. WAGNER'S GREAT MUSIC-DRAMA, *The Ring of the Nibelungs*, IS AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE.

he spied for the secret mark on his vesture; and while Siegfried drank from the stream, Hagen stabbed him where the cross was, that his heart's blood spurted out on the traitor's clothes. Never since hath knight done so wickedly. He left the spear sticking deep in his heart, and fled in grimmer haste than ever he had done from any man on this earth before.

When stark Siegfried felt the deep wound, he sprang up maddened from the water, for the long boar spear stuck out from his heart. He thought to find bow or sword; if he had, Hagen had got his due. But the sore-wounded man saw no sword, and had nothing save his shield. He picked it up from the water's edge and ran at Hagen. King Gunther's man could not escape him. For all that he was wounded to the death, he smote so mightily that the shield well-nigh brake, and the precious stones flew out. The noble guest had fain taken vengeance.

Hagen fell beneath his stroke. The meadow rang loud with the noise of the blow. If he had had his sword to hand, Hagen had been a dead man. But the anguish of his wound constrained him. His color was wan; he could not stand upright; and the strength of his body failed him, for he bare death's mark on his white cheek. Fair women enow made dole for him.

Then Kriemhild's husband fell among the flowers. The blood flowed fast from his wound, and in his great anguish he began to upbraid them that had falsely contrived his death. "False cowards!" cried the dying knight. "What availeth all my service to you, since ye have slain me? I was true to you, and pay the price for it. Ye have done ill by your friends. Cursed by this deed are your sons yet unborn. Ye have avenged your spite on my body all too bitterly. For your crime ye shall be shunned by good knights."

All the warriors ran where he lay stabbed. To many among them it was a woeful day. They that were true mourned for him, the which the hero had well deserved of all men.

The King of Burgundy, also, wept for his death, but the dying man said, "He needeth not to weep for the evil, by whom the evil cometh. Better had he left it undone, for mickle is his blame."

Then said grim Hagen, "I know not what ye rue. All is ended for us—care and trouble. Few are they now that will withstand us. Glad am I that, through me, his might is fallen."

"Lightly mayst thou boast now," said Siegfried; "if I had known thy murderous hate, it had been an easy thing to guard my body from thee. My bitterest dole is for Kriemhild, my wife. God pity me that ever I had a son. For all men will reproach him that he hath murderers to his kinsmen. I would grieve for that, had I the time."

He said to the King, "Never in this world was so foul a murder as thou hast done on me. In thy sore need I saved thy life and thine honor. Dear have I paid for that I did well by thee." With a groan the wounded man said further, "Yet if thou canst show truth to any on this earth, O King, show it to my dear wife, that I commend to thee. Let it advantage her to be thy sister. By all princely honor stand by her. Long must my father and my knights wait for my coming. Never hath woman won such woe through a dear one."

He writhed in his bitter anguish, and spake painfully, "Ye shall rue this foul deed in the days to come. Know this of a truth, that in slaying me ye have slain yourselves."

The flowers were all wet with blood. He strove with death, but not for long, for the weapon of death cut too deep. And the bold knight and good spake no more.

Kriemhild's grief is inconsolable, and her hatred of Brunhild is intense; in the presence of Hagen the wounds of the corpse bleed, and the widowed Queen learns the real murderer. Nevertheless, she deserts her husband's people

and remains to live with her own and dream of revenge. After four years she appears pacified, and Hagen goes to get the treasure of the Nibelungs, but when that is taken from her, her rage returns, and she lacks only the opportunity to avenge herself. At the end of the first part of the story eleven more years have passed, and she is living with her mother at Lorsch.

The first four "adventures," or chapters, of the second part are given to the courtship of Etzel, King of the Huns, his marriage to Kriemhild, their journey home, the birth of their son Ortlieb, and seven years of comparative happiness, during which, however, Kriemhild has not forgotten Siegfried nor ceased to meditate revenge. Then the tale proceeds with an account of Kriemhild's invitation to her relatives to come to a festival in their honor, the journey of the envoys, the opposition of Hagen, but final acceptance by Gunther and his brethren who, however, are persuaded by Hagen to take with them a thousand knights and their retinues and to follow quickly after the envoys, for he sees treachery.

The following continuation of the tale is condensed from Carlyle's essay on the *Nibelungenlied:*

Many a little touch of pathos, and even solemn beauty lies carelessly scattered in these rhymes, had we space to exhibit such here. As specimen of a strange, winding, diffuse, yet innocently graceful style of narrative, we had translated some considerable portion of this twenty-fifth

Aventiure, "How the Nibelungen marched (fared) to the Huns," into verses as literal as might be; which now, alas, look mournfully different from the original. Nevertheless, to do for the reader what we can, let somewhat of that modernized ware, such as it is, be set before him. The brave Nibelungen are on the eve of departure; and about ferrying over the Rhine: and here it may be noted that Worms, with our old Singer, lies not in its true position, but at some distance from the river; a proof at least that he was never there, and probably sang and lived in some very distant region:

The boats were floating ready,
And many men there were;
What clothes of price they had
They took and stow'd them there,
Was never a rest from toiling
Until the eventide,
Then they took the flood right gayly,
Would longer not abide.

Brave tents and hutches
You saw raised on the grass,
Other side the Rhine-stream
That camp it pitched was:
The King to stay a while
Was besought of his fair wife;
That night she saw him with her,
And never more in life.

Trumpets and flutes spoke out,
At dawning of the day,
That time was come for parting,
So they rose to march away:
Who loved-one had in arms
Did kiss that same, I ween;
And fond farewells were bidden
By cause of Etzel's Queen.

. . . . . .

The steeds were standing ready,
For the Kings and for their men;
With kisses tenderest
Took leave full many then,
Who, in gallant cheer and hope,
To march were nought afraid:
Then since that day bewaileth
Many a noble wife and maid.

But when the rapid Recken
Took horse and prickt away,
The women shent in sorrow
You saw behind them stay;
Of parting all too long
Their hearts to them did tell;
When grief so great is coming,
The mind forbodes not well.

Nathless the brisk Burgonden
All on their way did go,
Then rose the country over
A mickle dole and woe;
On both sides of the hills
Woman and man did weep:
Let their folk do how they list,
These gay their course did keep.

The Nibelungen Recken
Did march with them as well,
In a thousand glittering hauberks,
Who at home had ta'en farewell
Of many a fair woman
Should see them never more:
The wound of her brave Siegfried
Did grieve Chriemhilde sore.

When they reached the Danube, Hagen looked for a crossing:
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He was full bravely harness'd,
Himself he knightly bore,
With buckler and with helmet,
Which bright enough he wore:
And, bound above his hauberk,
A weapon broad was seem,
That cut with both its edges,
Was never sword so keen.

Then hither he and thither
Search'd for the Ferryman,
He heard a splashing of waters,
To watch the same he 'gan,
It was the white Mer-women,
That in a fountain clear,
To cool their fair bodyes,
Were merrily bathing here.

From these Mer-women, who "skimmed aloof like white cygnets" at sight of him, Hagen snatches up "their wondrous raiment;" on condition of returning which, they rede him his fortune; how this expedition is to speed. At first favorably:

She said: "To Etzel's country
Of a truth ye well may hie,
For here I pledge my hand,
Now kill me if I lie,
That heroes seeking honor
Did never arrive thereat
So richly as ye shall do,
Believe thou surely that."

But no sooner is the wondrous raiment restored them than they change their tale; for in spite of that matchless honor, it appears every one of the adventurous Recken is to perish.

Outspake the wild Mer-woman:
"I tell thee it will arrive,
Of all your gallant host
No man shall be left alive,

Except King Gunther's chaplain,
As we full well do know;
He only, home returning,
To the Rhine-land back shall go."

Then spake Von Troneg Hagen,
His wrath did fiercely swell:
"Such tidings to my master
I were right loath to tell,
That in King Etzel's country
We all must lose our life:
Yet show me over the water,
Thou wise all-knowing *wife.*"

Thereupon, seeing him bent on ruin, she gives directions how to find the ferry, but withal counsels him to deal warily; the ferryhouse stands on the other side of the river; the boatman, too, is not only the hottest-tempered of men, but rich and indolent; nevertheless, if nothing else will serve, let Hagen call himself Amelrich, and that name will bring him. All happens as predicted: the boatman, heedless of all shouting and offers of gold clasps, bestirs him lustily at the name of Amelrich; but the more indignant is he, on taking in his fare, to find it a counterfeit. He orders Hagen, if he loves his life, to leap out.

"Now say not that," spake Hagen;
"Right hard am I bested,
Take from me for good friendship
This clasp of gold so red;
And row our thousand heroes
And steeds across this river."
Then spake the wrathful boatman,
"That will I surely never."

Then one of his oars he lifted,
Right broad it was and long,
He struck it down on Hagen,
Did the hero mickle wrong,

That in the boat he staggered,
And alighted on his knee;
Other such wrathful boatman
Did never the Troneger see.

His proud unbidden guest
He would now provoke still more,
He struck his head so stoutly
That it broke in twain the oar,
With strokes on head of Hagen;
He was a sturdy wight:
Nathless had Gelfrat's boatman
Small profit of that fight.

With fiercely-raging spirit
The Troneger turn'd him round,
Clutch'd quick enough his scabbard,
And a weapon there he found;
He smote his head from off him,
And cast it on the sand,
Thus had that wrathful boatman
His death from Hagen's hand.

Even as Von Troneg Hagen
The wrathful boatman slew,
The boat whirl'd round to the river,
He had work enough to do;
Or ever he turn'd it shorewards,
To weary he began,
But kept full stoutly rowing,
The bold King Gunther's man.

He wheel'd it back, brave Hagen,
With many a lusty stroke,
The strong oar, with such rowing,
In his hand asunder broke;
He fain would reach the Recken,
All waiting on the shore,
No tackle now he had;
Hei, how deftly he spliced the oar,

With thong from off his buckler!
It was a slender band;
Right over against a forest
He drove the boat to land;
Where Gunther's Recken waited,
In crowds along the beach;
Full many a goodly hero
Moved down his boat to reach.

Hagen ferries them over himself "into the unknown land," like a right rare steersman; yet ever brooding fiercely on that prediction of the wild Mer-woman, which had outdone even his own dark forebodings. Seeing the chaplain, who alone of them all was to return, standing in the boat beside his *chappelsoume* (pyxes and other sacred furniture), he determines to belie at least this part of the prophecy, and on a sudden hurls the chaplain overboard. Nay, as the poor priest swims after the boat, he pushes him down, regardless of all remonstrance, resolved that he shall die. Nevertheless it proved not so: the chaplain made for the other side; when his strength failed, "then God's hand helped him," and at length he reached the shore. Thus does the stern truth stand revealed to Hagen, by the very means he took for eluding it: "he thought with himself these Recken must all lose their lives." From this time, a grim reckless spirit takes possession of him; a courage, an audacity, waxing more and more into the fixed strength of desperation. The passage once finished, he dashes the boat in pieces, and casts it in the stream, greatly as the others wonder at him.

"Why do ye this, good brother?"
Said the Ritter Dankwart then;
"How shall we cross this river,
When the road we come again?
Returning home from Hunland,
Here must we lingering stay?"—
Not then did Hagen tell him
That return no more could they.

In revenge for the death of their ferryman Gelfrat and Elsy attack the Burgundians, but both of them with a hundred Bavarian knights are slain by the visitors, who, proceeding on their way, stop at the castle of Ruedeger at Bechlaren and are hospitably entertained. When they depart, Giselher, youngest brother of Kriemhild, has been married to the daughter of Rudeger; a wonderful sword has been given to Gernot, another brother; a suit of strong armor to Gunther; a shield to Hagen, and costly apparel to Dankwart.

On their arrival at the court of Etzel they are received with honor, though Hagen has warned them of danger. Kriemhild welcomes them effusively, but is enraged when the Burgundians refuse to give up their arms at her request:

"Woe is me!" cried Kriemhild. "Why will not Hagen and my brother give up their shields? They are warned. If I knew him that did it, he should die."

Sir Dietrich answered wrathfully then, "I am he that warned the noble kings, and bold Hagen, the man of Burgundy. Do thy worst, thou devil's wife, I care not!"

Kriemhild was greatly ashamed, for she stood in bitter fear of Dietrich. She went from him without a word, but with swift and wrathful glances at her foes.

Then two knights clasped hands—the one was Dietrich, the other Hagen. Dietrich, the valiant warrior, said courteously, "I grieve to see thee here, since the Queen hath spoken thus."

Folker, the fiddler, and Hagen, after having cowed four hundred knights whom Kriemhild

had instigated to do them harm, wait for a visit from the Queen:

Then the fiddler, a bold minstrel, saw the Queen coming down the stair from the house, and said to his comrade, "Now see, friend Hagen, how she that hath falsely bidden us to this land, cometh toward us. Never have I beheld, with a King's wife, so many men, sword in hand, as for strife. Knowest thou, friend Hagen, that they hate thee? I counsel thee to look to thy life and thine honor. Certes, it were well. Methinketh they be wrothful of their mood. Many among them have shoulders broad enow. Who would save his life had best do it betimes. I ween they wear harness below their silk, whereof I hear none declare the meaning."

But Hagen, the bold man, answered angrily, "Well I know that it is against me they carry their bright weapons in their hands. But, for all that, I will yet ride back to Burgundy. Now say, friend Folker, wilt thou stand by me, if Kriemhild's men fall on me? Tell me, as thou lovest me. To thy service thou wouldst bind me evermore."

"I will help thee truly," answered the minstrel; "if I saw the King coming with all his warriors, I would not, while I lived, stir a foot from thy side through fear."

"God in heaven quit thee, noble Folker! If they fight with me, what need I more. Since thou wilt help me, as I have heard thee promise, these knights had best walk warily."

"Now rise we from our seat, and let her pass," said the minstrel. "She is a Queen. Do her this honor; she is a high-born lady. Therein we honor ourselves."

"Nay, as thou lovest me!" Hagen said. "These knights might deem I did it through fear, and thought to fly. I will not rise from my seat for any of them. It beseemeth us better to sit still. Shall I show honor to her that hateth me? That I will never do, so long as I be a living man. Certes, I care little if King Etzel's wife misliketh me."

Hagen, the overweening man, laid a bright weapon across his knee, from the hilt whereof shone a flaming jasper, greener than grass. Well Kriemhild knew that it was Siegfried's.

When she saw the sword, her heart was heavy. The hilt was of gold, the scabbard of red broidered silk. It minded her on her woe, and she began to weep. Bold Hagen, I ween, had done it apurpose.

Brave Folker drew closer to him on the bench a stark fiddle-bow, mickle and long, made like a sword, sharp and broad. There sat the good knights unafraid. They deemed them too high to rise from their seat through fear of any.

Then the noble Queen advanced to them and gave them angry greetings. She said, "Now tell me, Sir Hagen, who sent for thee, that thou hast dared to ride into this land? Wert thou in thy senses, thou hadst not done it."

"None sent for me," answered Hagen. "Three knights that I call master, were bidden hither. I am their liegeman, and never yet tarried behind when they rode to a hightide."

She said, "Now tell me further. Wherefore didst thou that which hath earned thee my hate? Thou slewest Siegfried, my dear husband, that I cannot mourn enow to my life's end."

He answered, "Enough! What thou hast said sufficeth. It was I, Hagen, that slew Siegfried, the hero. He paid dear for the evil words that Kriemhild spake to fair Brunhild. I deny not, mighty Queen, that I am guilty, and the cause of all the mischief. Avenge it who will, man or woman. I will not lie; I have wrought thee much woe."

She said, "Ye hear him, knights! He denieth not the wrong he hath done me. I care not how he suffer for it, ye men of Etzel."

King Etzel receives them all with great honor, but at night the Burgundians are wor-

ried, and Hagen and Folker guard their quarters while the remainder sleep, and by their vigilance frighten away the knights of Kriemhild that had come to slay them. At church bad blood again appears, and in the tourney which follows Hagen slays a worthy Hun and increases the ill feeling. Kriemhild bribes Bloedel to kill Hagen, against whom only she seeks revenge, and at the banquet, when little Ortlieb is brought in, Hagen speaks slightingly of the child and further exasperates the Queen:

Bloedel's knights all stood ready. With a thousand hauberks they went where Dankwart sat at table, with the yeomen. Grim was soon the hate between the heroes.

When Sir Bloedel strode up to the table, Dankwart the marshal greeted him fair. "Welcome to this house, Sir Bloedel. What news dost thou bring?"

"Greet me not," said Bloedel. "My coming meaneth thy death, because of Hagen, thy brother, that slew Siegfried. Thou and many another knight shall pay for it."

"Nay now, Sir Bloedel," said Dankwart. "So might we well rue this hightide. I was a little child when Siegfried lost his life. I know not what King Etzel's wife hath against me."

"I can tell thee nothing, save that thy kinsmen, Gunther and Hagen, did it. Now stand on your defense, ye homeless ones. Ye must die, for your lives are forfeit to Kriemhild."

"Dost thou persist?" said Dankwart. "Then it irketh me that I asked it. I had better have spared my words."

The good knight and bold sprang up from the table, and drew a sharp weapon that was mickle and long, and smote Bloedel a swift blow therewith, that his head, in its helmet, fell at their feet.

"That be thy wedding-gift to Nudung's bride, that thou thoughtest to win!" he cried. "Let them mate her to-morrow with another man; if he ask the dowry, he can have the like." A faithful Hun had told him that morning, secretly, that the Queen plotted their doom.

When Bloedel's men saw their master lying slain, they endured it no longer, but fell with drawn swords in grim wrath on the youths. Many rued it later.

Loud cried Dankwart to the squires and yeomen, "Ye see that we are undone. Fight for your lives, ye homeless ones, that ye may lie dead without shame."

They that had not swords seized the benches, and caught up the stools from the floor. The squires of Burgundy were not slow to answer them. With these they dinted many a helmet.

The homeless youths made grim defense. They drave the armed men from the house. Yet five hundred and more lay therein dead. They were red and wet with blood.

This heavy news reached Etzel's knights. Grim was their grief that Bloedel and his men were slain by the brother of Hagen, and the squires. Or Etzel knew anything of the matter, two thousand Huns or more did on their armor and hasted thither, for so it must needs be, and left not one alive. These false knights brought a mighty host before the house. The strangers defended them well; but what availed their prowess? They had all to die. Or long the fray waxed grimmer yet.

Now shall ye list to marvels and wondrous deeds. Nine thousand squires lay dead, and twelve of Dankwart's men. He stood alone among his foes. The noise was hushed, the din had ceased. Dankwart looked over his shoulder and cried, "Woe is me for the friends I have lost! Among my foemen I stand alone."

Swords enow fell upon his body. Many a hero's wife was yet to weep for it. He raised his buckler, and lowered the thong, and wetted many a hauberk with blood.

"Woe is me for this wrong!" cried Aldrian's child. "Stand back, ye knights of Hungary, and let me to the air, that it cool a battle-weary man." Then he began, in their despite, to hew his way to the door.

When he sprang from the house, how many a sword rang on his helmet! They that had not seen the wonders of his hand fell upon him there.

"Would to God," said Dankwart, "I had a messenger to tell my brother Hagen in what peril I stand! He would help me hence, or die by me."

But the Hunnish knights answered, "Thou, thyself, shalt be the messenger, when we carry thee in dead to thy brother. So shall Gunther's man first hear of his loss. To Etzel thou hast done grievous hurt."

He said, "Keep your threats, and stand back, or I will wet the harness of some of you. I will bear the news myself to the court, and bewail my great wrong to my masters."

He did Etzel's men such scathe, that they durst not draw against him. Then they shot so many darts into his shield that he must drop it for heaviness.

They thought to vanquish him without his shield. Ha! what deep wounds he made in their helmets! Many a bold man staggered before him. Great honor and praise were Dankwart's. From both sides they sprang at him. I ween they were too hasty. He fought his way through his foemen like a wild boar in the forest through the hounds—bolder he could not have been. His path was ever wet anew with hot blood. When did single knight withstand foemen better? Proudly Hagen's brother went to court.

The sewers and the cup-bearers heard the clash of swords. Many dropped the drink and the meats they carried. On the stairs he found stark enemies enow.

"How now, ye sewers?" cried the weary knight; "see to the guests, and bear in the good meats to your lords, and let me take my message to my masters."

They that had the hardihood, and sprang down on him from the stairs, he smote so fiercely with his sword

that they fell back for fear. With his strength he had done right wonderly.

When the news of the slaughter is brought to the Burgundians at the banquet, Hagen slays the little Ortlieb, and, seeing a "minstrel sitting at Etzel's table, springs at him in wrath and lops off his right hand on his viol: 'Take that for the invitation thou broughtest to the Burgundians.' 'Woe is me for my hand!' cried Werbel. 'Sir Hagen of Trony, what have I done to thee? I rode with true heart to thy master's land. How shall I make my music now?' Little recked Hagen if he never fiddled more." Many knights are slain by the wrathful Burgundians, but Etzel, Dietrich and Ruedeger, with their personal following, are permitted to leave the hall. Then the Burgundians throw the dead out of the windows and prepare for a siege. While they jeer at Kriemhild and her knights, she makes the offer: "For him that will slay Hagen of Trony and bring me his head, I will fill Etzel's shield with red gold. Thereto he shall have for his meed goodly castles and lands."

Iring, the Margrave of Denmark, accepts the offer, and while Etzel bewails the situation that forces him to be false to the rules of hospitality, enters the hall and after a savage conflict is slain, with many of his knights. The end of the day finds the Burgundians in sore straits, but even when Gunther, Gernot and Giselher in turn appeal to Etzel he denies them aid or escape because they have slain his child:

King Etzel's knights would have let them forth, but when Kriemhild heard it, she was wroth, and even this boon was denied to the strangers.

"Nay now, ye Huns, I entreat you, in good faith, that ye let not these lusters after blood come out from the hall, lest thy kinsmen all perish miserably. If none of them were left alive save Uta's children, my noble brothers, and won they to the air to cool their harness, ye were lost. Bolder knights were never born into the world."

Then said young Giselher, "Fairest sister mine, right evil I deem it that thou badest me across the Rhine to this bitter woe. How have I deserved death from the Huns? I was ever true to thee, nor did thee any hurt. I rode hither, dearest sister, for that I trusted to thy love. Needs must thou show mercy."

"I will show no mercy, for I got none. Bitter wrong did Hagen of Trony to me in my home yonder, and here he hath slain my child. They that came with him must pay for it. Yet, if ye will deliver Hagen captive, I will grant your prayer, and let you live; for ye are my brothers, and the children of one mother. I will prevail upon my knights here to grant a truce."

"God in heaven forbid!" cried Gernot. "Though we were a thousand, liefer would we all die by thy kinsmen, than give one single man for our ransom. That we will never do."

"We must perish then," said Giselher; "but we will fall as good knights. We are still here; would any fight with us? I will never do falsely by my friend."

Cried bold Dankwart too (he had done ill to hold his peace), "My brother Hagen standeth not alone. They that have denied us quarter may rue it yet. By my troth, ye will find it to your cost."

Then said the Queen, "Ye heroes undismayed, go forward to the steps and avenge our wrong. I will thank you forever, and with cause. I will requite Hagen's insolence to the full. Let not one of them forth at any point, and I will let kindle the hall at its four sides. So will my heart's dole be avenged."

Etzel's knights were not loth. With darts and with blows they drave back into the house them that stood without. Loud was the din; but the princes and their men were not parted, nor failed they in faith to one another.

Etzel's wife bade the hall be kindled, and they tormented the bodies of the heroes with fire. The wind blew, and the house was soon all aflame. Folk never suffered worse, I ween. There were many that cried, "Woe is me for this pain! Liefer had we died in battle. God pity us, for we are all lost. The Queen taketh bitter vengeance."

One among them wailed, "We perish by the smoke and the fire. Grim is our torment. The stark heat maketh me so athirst, that I die."

Said Hagen of Trony, "Ye noble knights and good, let any that are athirst drink the blood. In this heat it is better than wine, and there is naught sweeter here."

Then went one where he found a dead body. He knelt by the wounds, and did off his helmet, and began to drink the streaming blood. Albeit he was little used thereto, he deemed it right good. "God quit thee, Sir Hagen!" said the weary man, "I have learned a good drink. Never did I taste better wine. If I live, I will thank thee."

When the others heard his praise, many more of them drank the blood, and their bodies were strengthened, for the which many a noble woman paid through her dear ones.

The fire-flakes fell down on them in the hall, but they warded them off with their shields. Both the smoke and the fire tormented them. Never before suffered heroes such sore pain.

Then said Hagen of Trony, "Stand fast by the wall. Let not the brands fall on your helmets. Trample them with your feet deeper in the blood. A woeful hightide is the Queen's."

The night ended at last. The bold gleeman, and Hagen, his comrade, stood before the house and leaned

upon their shields. They waited for further hurt from Etzel's knights. It advantaged the strangers much that the roof was vaulted. By reason thereof more were left alive. Albeit they at the windows suffered scathe, they bare them valiantly, as their bold hearts bade them.

Then said the fiddler, "Go we now into the hall, that the Huns deem we be all dead from this torment, albeit some among them shall yet feel our might."

Giselher, the youth of Burgundy, said, "It is day-break, I ween. A cool wind bloweth. God grant we may see happier days. My sister Kriemhild hath bidden us to a doleful hightide."

One of them spake, "I see the dawn. Since we can do no better, arm you, ye knights, for battle, that, come we never hence, we may die with honor."

Etzel deemed the guests were all dead of their travail and the stress of the fire. But six hundred bold men yet lived. Never king had better knights. They that kept ward over the strangers had seen that some were left, albeit the princes and their men had suffered loss. They saw many that walked up and down in the house.

They told Kriemhild that many were left alive, but the Queen answered, "It cannot be. None could live in that fire. I trow they all lie dead."

The kings and their men had still gladly asked for mercy, had there been any to show it. But there was none in the whole country of the Huns. Wherefore they avenged their death with willing hand.

They were greeted early in the morning with a fierce onslaught, and came in great scathe. Stark spears were hurled at them. Well the knights within stood on their defense.

Etzel's men were the bolder, that they might win Kriemhild's fee. Thereto, they obeyed the King gladly; but soon they looked on death.

One might tell marvels of her gifts and promises. She bade them bear forth red gold upon shields, and gave thereof to all that desired it, or would take it. So great treasure was never given against foemen.

The host of warriors came armed to the hall. The fiddler said, "We are here. I never was gladder to see any knights than those that have taken the King's gold to our hurt."

Not a few of them cried out, "Come nigher, ye heroes! Do your worst, and make an end quickly, for here are none but must die."

Soon their bucklers were filled full of darts. What shall I say more? Twelve hundred warriors strove once and again to win entrance. The guests cooled their hardihood with wounds. None could part the strife. The blood flowed from death-deep wounds. Many were slain. Each bewailed some friend. All Etzel's worthy knights perished. Their kinsmen sorrowed bitterly.

Ruedeger, even though sorely against his will, is constrained to fight for the King, but, though he goes twice to the hall and performs prodigies of valor, is at last slain—"So fell they in the strife, Gernot and Ruedeger, slain by each other's hand." When Dietrich hears of the slaughter his passion is roused, but still his pledges of friendship are considered binding, and he refuses to attack the besieged, though Hildebrand leads the knights of Dietrich to the assault, and all are slain. Now are the Burgundians much reduced, and the final act of the tragedy is at hand. Our account of it is taken from the metrical translation of Horton and Bell. It is the thirty-ninth canto, or "adventure:"

Then for himself Lord Dietrich sought out a suit to wear,
And Master Hildebrand help'd him to don his fighting gear.
So sore was the lamenting made by the stalwart man,
That all the house to echo with his loud voice began.

But quickly he recover'd a fitting hero's mood,
And grimly was his armor donn'd by that warrior good.
A shield compact right firmly he carried in his hand;—
Then straightway forth he sallied with Master Hildebrand.

Spake Hagen, lord of Tronjé: "I see there, drawing nigh,
The noble warrior Dietrich; for that great injury
That here hath him befallen, he will upon us set.
This day 'twill be discover'd who doth the honors get.

"Ay! to himself Lord Dietrich of Bern doth think that ne'er
His like, so strong of body and terrible there were!
And should he for our doings a reckoning demand,"
So Hagen spake: "against him I dare right well to stand."

They heard the words of Hagen,—Dietrich and Hildebrand.
He came to where the warriors had taken both their stand
Without the house, together, leaning against the hall.
His goodly shield had Dietrich upon its rim let fall.

Dietrich protests against the slaughter of Hildebrand's men, and is answered by Gunther:

Then answer'd him the hero of Bern, "So let it be!
Yet Gunther, noble sovran, now of thy courtesy
Repay me for the sorrow that of thy doing came,
And make, bold knight, atonement, that I confirm the same.

"Give up thyself as hostage, thou and thy liegeman there;
Then I myself will guard ye with all my greatest care,
Lest any of the Hunfolk should do ye aught of ill;
In me thou shalt find nothing save faith and all good-will."

But Hagen spake in answer: "Now God in Heaven forfend
That any pair of warriors themselves to thee should bend,
Who arm'd as yet so stoutly here stand before thine eyes,
And still are all unfetter'd to face their enemies."

"Beware, Gunther and Hagen," then Dietrich answer made,
"How ye refuse my offer! ye twain on me have laid
So sore a load of sorrow—on heart and spirit too;
If ye amends will make me, that may ye cheaply do.

"I give you my true promise, and pledge it with my hand,
That I myself will with you ride home unto your land;
I'll guide you in all honor, or will myself be slain,
And will, the while I serve you, forget my bitter pain."

"Now think thereon no longer," Hagen in answer bade,
" 'Twere not a fitting story about us to be said,
That two such doughty warriors had bow'd to your demand:
One sees beside you standing no one save Hildebrand."

Then upspake Master Hildebrand: "Sir Hagen, God doth know,—
Seeing that one hath offer'd to make a peace with you,—
The hour is nigh when fitly the offer you might take:
The peace my lord proposes 'twere well for you to make."

"I'd sooner make atonement," in answer Hagen said,
"Ere in such coward fashion from any place I fled
As thou hast done but lately, good Master Hildebrand!
Methought against a foeman thou couldst more boldly stand!"

Old Hildebrand made answer: "Why taunt'st thou me therefor?
Who sat upon his buckler the Vaske-rock before,
While friends of his so many the Spanish Walther slew?
About thyself in plenty are things that one might shew."

Then spake the noble Dietrich: "It fits not heroes good
To rail at one another as any old wives would.
You, Hildebrand, forbid I to wrangle any more:
On me, a homeless warrior, are weighing troubles sore.

"Come let us hear, Sir Hagen," to him spake Dietrich then,
"What was it ye were saying, ye ready warriors twain,
When first ye saw me coming to you in armor dight?
Ye vow'd that ye against me would singly stand in fight."

"That no man will deny you," thane Hagen made reply,
"And with some sturdy sword-strokes here fain am I to try,—
Unless the blade of Niblung within my hand should break:
Wroth am I that you purpose us two in pledge to take."

When Dietrich thus had hearken'd to savage Hagen's mood,
Quickly his shield uplifted that gallant thane and good.
How swiftly Hagen toward him down from the stairway sprang!
The goodly sword of Niblung loudly on Dietrich rang.

Then well the noble Dietrich knew that the valiant man
Right ruthless was in humor. The lord of Bern began
Against this deadly onset to guard himself aright;
To him well known was Hagen, that all-accomplish'd knight.

Dread, too, had he of Balmung, a potent sword enow.
From time to time yet Dietrich gave back a wily blow,
Until at last, in fighting, Hagan o'ermaster'd he:
A single wound he dealt him; 'twas deep and long to see.

Bethought him then Lord Dietrich: "Thou'rt weaken'd by the strife,
I should have little honor were I to take thy life.
Sooner will I make trial, if I may thee compel
To be to me a hostage." With trouble this befell.

He let his shield fall downwards—great was his strength
of limb,
And Tronian Hagen clasp'd he close in his arms to him.
And thus was captive taken by him that gallant man;
Whereat the noble Gunther sorely to grieve began.

Then Dietrich led forth Hagen, fast bound, to where her
stand
The noble Queen had taken; and gave into her hand
The boldest of all warriors that ever weapon bare;—
Then had she joy in plenty for all her bitter care.

For thanks the wife of Etzel unto the thane bent low:
"In heart and eke in body for ever blest be thou!
Now hast thou well repaid me for my unhappy lot;
For this I'll ever serve thee if death prevent me not."

Then answer'd the Lord Dietrich: "His life thou e'en
must spare,
O noble Queen! Then haply thou mayst become aware
How well he will atone for all he hath done to thee!
He must no whit be worsen'd, that him in bonds ye see."

She bade them carry Hagen to durance vile away,
And there imprison'd straitly unseen of men he lay.
Gunther the noble sovran aloud began to cry:
"Where went that chief of Bern? He hath done me
injury."

Then presently to meet him the noble Dietrich came.
Great was the might of Gunther, and well 'twas known to
fame.
Nor did he tarry longer;—before the hall he ran.
From their two weapons' meeting a dreadful din began.

Albeit that Lord Dietrich great fame long time had had,
So sore was Gunther's anger he raved like one gone mad;
For deadly foe he held him, so bitter was his pain:
'Tis reckon'd still a marvel that Dietrich was not slain.

So strong and full of valor was either of the twain,
The palace walls and turrets rang with their blows again.
While on the goodly helmets with swords they hack'd and
hew'd.
Then, verily, King Gunther a royal courage shew'd.

Yet he of Bern o'ercame him, as likewise he had done
To Hagen; through the hauberk the hero's blood to run
Was seen, from that sharp weapon wherewith Sir Dietrich
clove.
Yet, weary as was Gunther, he valiantly strove.

Bound was the noble chieftain by Dietrich's hand alone,
Although a king should never such bonds have undergone.
He thought if he should leave them, the king and vassal,
free,
That all on whom they lighted by them fordone must be.

Dietrich of Bern then took him a captive, closely-bound,
And by the hand he led him where he Kriemhilda found.
At sight of his affliction her sorrows greatly waned;
She spake: "Be welcome, Gunther, of the Burgundian
land!"

He spake: "I needs must thank thee, most noble sister
mine,
Though I would fain a greeting more gracious have than
thine!
O Queen, well do I know thee, how wrathful is thy mood,
And that for me and Hagen thou hast no greeting good."

Of Bern then spake the hero: "Never, most noble Queen,
Knights of such fair demeanor, your hostages have been
As these, most gracious lady, whom now to you I give:
See that ye let the strangers for my sake safely live."

. . . . . .

For first the Queen betook her where she might Hagen see:
And spake unto the warrior,—how full of enmity!
"What thou from me hast taken if thou again wilt give,
Then home thou yet mayst journey to Burgundy alive."

But Hagen grim made answer: "You throw your words
away,
Most noble Queen, for truly I've sworn, and now I say
The treasure I will show not, so long as either one
Be living of my masters;—I'll yield it up to none."

"Then will I end the matter!" so spake the noble wife,
And forthwith bade her liegemen to take her brother's
life.
They struck his head from off him, which by the hair she
bore
Before the Tronian hero; then was his grief full sore.

For when, with sorrow stricken, he saw his master's head,
Thereon unto Kriemhilda the warrior spake and said:
"E'en as thou saidst, the matter thou hast to ending
brought,
And likewise all hath happen'd as I beforehand thought.

"And now the noble sovran of Burgundy is not,
Nor Giselher the stripling, and eke the Lord Gernot,
None knoweth of the treasure save God and me alone:
And unto thee, she-devil, it never shall be known!"

Said she: "An evil guerdon dost thou to me award;
Yet in mine own possession I will have Siegfried's sword,
Which my beloved husband, when last I saw him, bare
For whom, by thy transgression, began my heartfelt
care."

She drew it from the scabbard—he could not hinder her—
And of his life bethought her to rid that warrior.
With both her hands she swung it, and smote his head
right off:
King Etzel saw her do it, his grief was sore enough.

The prince cried: "Woe betide me, lo! now, how here is
slain,
And by a woman's doing, the very noblest thane

That ever came to battle, or ever buckler bore!
Albeit I was his foeman I could not sorrow more!"

Old Hildebrand cried: "Truly she shall no gainer be
That she hath dared to slay him! Whate'er befalleth me,
Although myself but lately to direst straits he brought,
For this brave Tronian's murder I'll yet have vengeance wrought."

Then Hildebrand right wrathful upon Kriemhilda leapt,
And at the Queen with broadsword a heavy stroke he swept.
Ay, Hildebrand she dreaded with sore anxiety.
But what could it avail her to shriek thus horribly?

The bodies of the slaughter'd were lying all around;
And there the noble lady lay mangled on the ground.
Dietrich along with Etzel fell bitterly to weep;
For kinsmen and for lieges they mourn'd in sorrow deep.

There mickle pride and honor in death dishonor'd lay.
The people all were stricken with pity and dismay.
In sorrowing was ended the king's high festival—
As loving ever endeth in sorrow after all.

I cannot tell you plainly what later may have been,
Save that in bitter weeping were knights and ladies seen—
And noble liegemen also—for friends beloved laid low.
The story now is ended: this is the Niblungs' woe.

IV. "GUDRUN." The second of the popular epics of this early period is *Gudrun,* an inferior production as a whole, though it has merits which the *Nibelungenlied* does not possess. An original there must have been, related to the English *Beowulf,* but it has been lost, and we have only one manuscript, an Aus-

trian version, written in the first or second decade of the thirteenth century. With a less workmanlike plot and looser construction generally, with more of repetitious episodes than the *Nibelungenlied*, it has, however, a milder and more Christianized conception of life, a higher chivalric ideal and a gentler, more lovable heroine.

It is, moreover, a sweeping epic of the seas, a tale of bride-stealing and bloody fighting on land and water, but concerning itself more with the personal history of individuals than with national affairs. Its meter resembles that of its prototype, though the last verse of the stanza halts more, and is less agreeable to the modern reader.

There are two tales, more or less parallel, the first giving the story of Hilde, the mother, and the second that of Gudrun, the daughter. The first four cantos, *Adventures*, they are called, tell the story of Hagen, the grandfather of Gudrun, who when a child was carried by a griffin to a lonely isle, where he found three beautiful princesses, and to one of whom, Hilde of India, he was married. Their daughter, Hilde, is kept by her jealous father from all wooers until finally a Scandinavian king, Hettel, disguised as a merchant, with three of his vassals, Horand the singer, Frute the generous, and Wate the grim warrior, arrive at Hagen's home in Ireland, where the sweet voice of Horand gains an audience with Hilde, and his honeyed words in praise of his master are

heard with no unwillingness by the indulgent Princess. Invited to inspect the wares of the pretended merchant, Hilde and her retinue come on board one of the ships, and Hettel, having thrown overboard the men of the party, makes his escape, leaving the maddened Hagen helpless on the shore. Hagen follows the kidnapers, and overtakes the fugitives just as they land in Scandinavia. In the fierce battle which follows on the shore, both Hagen and Hettel are severely wounded before Hilde intervenes and brings the struggle to a peaceful end.

In course of time a son, Ortwin, and a daughter, Gudrun, are born to the young couple, the latter more exquisitely beautiful than even her mother Hilde. Gudrun, guarded no less closely by her father than Hilde had been by hers, loses her heart to Herwig, King of Seeland, who, after a similar battle with Hettel, succeeds in being betrothed to his lady love. But here the life of Gudrun ceases to be like that of her mother. Siegfried of Morland, a disappointed suitor of Gudrun, makes war on King Herwig, and while Hettel, gone to his assistance, has left his land unprotected, a third suitor, Hartmut, with his father, King Ludwig of Ormandie (Normandy) makes a foray on Hettel's land and carries off Gudrun and her maidens. Hettel quickly gives chase, but on the island of Wulpensand, off the Dutch coast, he is defeated and slain by Ludwig in a terrible battle.

Gudrun is carried captive to Normandy; here, because she refuses to marry Hartmut, she is compelled to perform most menial tasks and is treated with extreme cruelty in countless ways for about thirteen years, for five and a half of which she is compelled even in the depth of winter to kneel by the sea day after day washing clothes. By the end of that time Hettel's people, the Hegelingen, feel themselves strong enough for revenge and set out for Normandy. An angel in the form of a bird informs Gudrun of her approaching rescuers, and one morning, while she and her faithful maid, Hildburg, are washing barefoot in the snow, a boat with two men in it lands and asks for Gudrun. She assures them that the Gudrun they seek is long since dead, but as the men burst into tears at the news, she recognizes one of the men as her affianced Herwig, and the other proves to be her brother Ortwin. The next morning the Hegelingen attack the castle of King Ludwig and after describing a sanguinary battle in which Ludwig and his wife are both slain, the poem closes with the marriage of Herwig and Gudrun, Ortwin and the Norman Princess Ortrun, and the young King of Normandy with the faithful and charming Hildburg.

V. Other Popular Epics. Most of the other imitations of the *Nibelungenlied* cluster around Dietrich of Bern, and have been gathered in a collection known as *Das Heldenbuch* (*The Book of Heroes*). The relation of Dietrich to these legends is not unlike that of Ar-

thur to the English cycle and Charlemagne to the French epics. Dietrich was a great leader; "when he smote the Gepidae by the Danube, and when he drove the Foederati of Odoacer into the Adige, the King had himself headed the final and decisive charge which broke the shield wall of the enemy." In all the saga-lore he is noble and high-minded, slow to wrath but terrible in anger, a more kingly figure than Arthur or Charlemagne, and more a national hero in keeping with his race. Of the dozen or more minor epics in the Dietrich-saga, some are mere fragments, and only a few can be highly regarded now. One of the best is *Der Rosengarten* (*The Rosegarden*), which tells of the conflicts that took place around Kriemhild's rose-garden at Worms, when she held a hightide and offered a kiss and a wreath to whoever should vanquish her knights in a tourney. Dietrich undertakes the task, and eleven of his Amelungs fight with eleven Burgundians with varying results. Dietrich is matched with Siegfried, and at first the horny, invulnerable skin and magic sword of that warrior are like to give him the victory, but old Hildebrand, seeing that his master is hard-pressed and not fighting at his best, sends word to him that he, Hildebrand, has been killed. Then Dietrich returns to the fray, and softening with his fiery breath the skin of Siegfried, drives him to seeking inglorious refuge with his wife. The raging knight is about to kill Kriemhild when he learns of the deception practiced by Hilde-

brand, and contents himself with the promised rewards.

Alpharts Tod (*Alphart's Death*), perhaps the most beautiful of the minor epics, is the pathetic tale of a noble young knight, who, while scouting for Dietrich, is set upon both in front and rear by the dastardly Heime and Witege, and slain after a terrible fight. In *Dietrichs Flucht* (*Dietrich's Flight*) is told the story of the traitorous plots of Heime and Witege, by whom he is driven from his kingdom into a refuge with Etzel, King of the Huns, who gives him an army to drive the usurper Ermanric from his throne. After having accomplished this, Dietrich returns to the Huns and takes a wife, only to hear of a new rebellion among his subjects and Emanric again in power. *Die Rabenschlacht* (*Battle of Ravenna*) tells of the final defeat of Ermanric and the pathetic death of the two sons of Etzel.

Das Eckenlied (*The Lay of Ecke*) is a more elaborately finished poem, showing some evidence of court influence and telling the story of Ecke, a young giant of twenty, who wishes to gain honor by a combat with Dietrich. Three queens of Tyrol promise him the choice of themselves if he will bring Dietrich bound for them to see. Moreover, they give him a suit of impenetrable armor and fit him out in so dazzling a manner that when he rushes off to the combat the denizens of the woods pause in amazement. The great hero is overtaken in the woods at night, and for a long time Ecke's

taunts fail to disturb him. At last, goaded into action, Dietrich fights and slays the big youth, but avers that he shall never forget that he has slain a man against whom he had no just cause for quarrel.

Laurin, oder der kleine Rosengarten (*Laurin, or the Little Rosegarden*) is a charming story wherein the rose-garden of Worms is removed to Tyrol. Laurin, King of the dwarfs, has a magic girdle that gives him the strength of ten men and a coat of invisibility which he can use at will. He is the guardian of the rose-garden, whose boundaries are marked only by a silken thread, and he has decreed that whoever commits trespass shall lose his right foot and left hand. Witege, then a faithful subject to Dietrich, enters the garden, tramples the roses, is unhorsed by Laurin and would suffer the penalty but that Dietrich interferes, and Laurin, in spite of sword and invisibility, is, after a series of combats and adventures, overcome and obliged to conduct his conquerors into his subterranean kingdom.

Some of the stories in the *Heldenbuch* are not of the Dietrich saga. *Ortnit*, for instance, is the common tale of a king who steals his bride in a foreign land, but whose father sends a brood of dragons into the ravisher's kingdom, and one of them kills him. *Wolfdietrich* is the story of the son of Hugdietrich of Constantinople. In childhood the boy shows such astounding strength that his father is led to believe him a devil's child and hands him over

to Duke Berchtung to be killed. The Duke, faithful vassal though he be, becomes so interested in the wonderful boy that he cannot find the heart to kill him, but leaves him beside the pond, thinking, perhaps, that the child may lean over to gather the beautiful lilies, fall in, and be drowned. When this does not happen, Berchtung gives the little lad to a peasant to bring up, and becomes the faithful vassal of Wolfdietrich as the boy matures. In the meantime, Hugdietrich has divided his kingdom among his other sons, and in the wars that follow Wolfdietrich's whole army, except Berchtung and his ten sons, is exterminated, and the Prince escapes to Lombardy, where he kills the dragons that infest Ortnit's kingdom. Subsequently he effects the rescue of Berchtung's sons from prison in Constantinople, finds his revenge upon his enemies, and rewards the faithful Duke and his loyal sons.

CHURCH OF SAINT MARTIN, OBERWESEL

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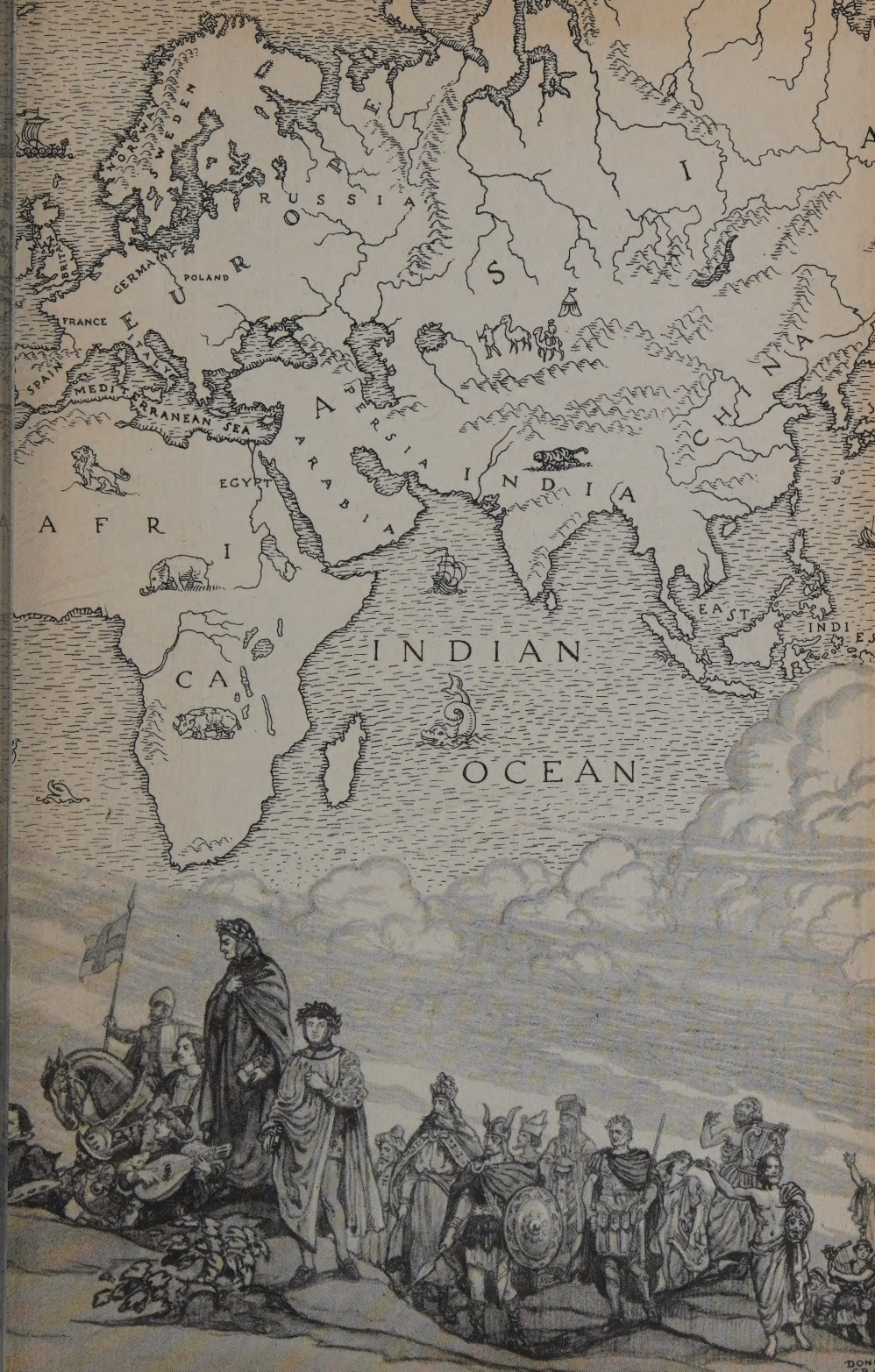
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